

THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

~~WINDHAM~~
VOL. XXXIII.
~~WINDHAM~~

ROWE, VOL. III. IV.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Nor Caesar ' thou disdain, that I rehearse
Thee and thy wars, in no ignoble verse;
Since, if in aught the Latian Muse excel,
My name, and thine immortal, I foretell;
Eternity our labours shall reward,
And Lucan flourish like the Grecian bard;
My Numbers shall to latest time convey
The tyrant Caesar, and Pharsalia's day. PHAR. Book IX

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.
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THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the consuls assemble the senate, who unanimously appoint Pompey general of the war against Cæsar, and decree public thanks to the several princes and states who assisted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time Prætor of Achaia, consults the Oracle of Delphos, con-
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA. VOL. II. A

THE ARGUMENT.

cerning the event of the Civil War. And, upon this occasion, the Poet goes into a digression concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the present silence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæsar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and punishes the offenders. From Placentia, where this disorder happened, he orders them to march to Brundisium; where, after a short turn to Rome, and assuming the consulship, or rather the supreme power, he joins them himself. From Brundisium, though it was then the middle of winter, he transports part of his army by sea to Epirus, and lands at Palæste. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæsar's arrival, and being in pursuit for Dyrrachium, marched that way: on the banks of the river Apsus, they met and encamped close together. Cæsar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brundisium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and being uneasy at his delays, leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempestuous sea in a small bark to hasten the transport. Upon Cæsar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be soon decided by a battle; and upon that consideration, resolved to send his wife to expect the event at Lesbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

LUCAN'S PHIARSALIA.

BOOK V.

Thus, equal Fortune holds a while the scale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail ;
In doubt the goddess, yet, their fate detains,
And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.

And now the setting Pleiades grew low, 5
The hills stood hoary in December's snow ;
The solemn season was approaching near,
When other names, renew'd the Fasti wear, }
And double Janus leads the coming year. }
The consuls, while their rods they yet maintain'd,
While, yet, some shew of liberty remain'd, - 11
With missives round the scatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the senate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman state,
In foreign seats, consulting, meanly sate. 15
No face of war the grave assembly wears,
But civil pow'r in peaceful pomp appears :
The purple order to their place resort,
While waiting Lictors guard the crowded court.

Ver. 5. *The setting Pleiades.*] The seven stars set cosmically, as the astronomers call it, (or about sun-rising) about the middle of November. It signifies here only the latter end of the year.

Ver. 8. *When other names.*] Of the new consuls. For the Fasti see before in the notes on Book II.

Ver. 19. *Lictors.*] These were somewhat like our Sergeants at Mace: they attended the principal Roman magistrates, and carried the ensigns of their authority, the rods and axes, before them.

No faction these, nor party, seem to be, 20
 But a full senate, legal, just and free.
 Great, as he is, here Pompey stands confest
 A private man, and one athong the rest.

Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs
 cease,

And ev'ry mournful sound is hush'd in peace ;
 When from the consular distinguish'd throne, 26
 Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.

If yet our Roman virtue is the same,
 Yet worthy of the race from which we came, }
 And emulates our great forefather's name,
 Let not our thoughts, by sad remembrance led, 31
 Bewail those captive walls from whence we fled.
 This time demands that to ourselves we turn,
 Nor, fathers, have we leisure now to mourn ;
 But let each early care, each honest heart, 35
 Our senate's sacred dignity assert.

To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
 That pow'r which kings obey, and nations fear, }
 That only legal pow'r of Rome, is here.
 For whether to the Northern Bear we go, 40
 Where pale she glitters o'er eternal snow ;
 Or whether in those sultry climes we burn,
 Where night and day with equal hours return ;
 The world shall still acknowledge us its head,
 And empire follow wheresoe'er we lead. 45
 When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
 At Veix Rome with her Camillus dwelt.

Ver. 32. *Those captive walls.*] Rome possessed by Cæsar.

Ver. 47. *At Veix Rome.*] When Rome was sacked by the

Beneath forsaken roofs proud Cæsar reigns,
Our vacant courts, and silent laws constrains :
While slaves obedient to his tyrant will, 50
Outlaws and profligates, his senate fill :
With him a banish'd guilty crowd appear,
All that are just and innocent are here.
Dispers'd by war, though guiltless of its crimes,
Our order yielded to these impious times ! 55
At length returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the scatter'd members meet.
The Gods, and Fortune greet us on the way,
And with the world lost Italy repay.
Upon Illyria's favorable coast, 60
Vulcius with his furious band are lost ;
While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæsar's senators lie slain.
March then, ye warriors ! second Fate's design,
And to the leading Gods your ardour join, 65
With equal constancy to battle come,
As when you shunn'd the foe, and left your native
The period of the consuls pow'r is near, [Rome.
Who yield our fasces with the ending year :
But you, ye fathers, whom we still obey, 70
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd sway,

Gauls, the senate assembled at Veiz, about three leagues from their own city, and there appointed Camillus dictator.

Ver. 59. *And with the world.*] The consul Lentulus would insinuate, that their successes against Vulcius and Curio did overbalance the losses they had sustained in Spain and Italy ; and were to be looked upon as an earnest of their recovering the empire of the world.

Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greatest Pompey lead the war.

In loud applause the pleas'd assembly join,
And to the glorious task the chief assign: 75
His country's fate they trust to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And some with gifts, and some with praise are
crown'd :

Of these, the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd. 81
Of Athens much they speak ; Massilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their still unshaken faithful Asian friend. 85
Brave Cotys, and his valiant son they grace,
With bold Rhasipolis from stormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba justly is decreed
To his paternal sceptre to succeed.
And thou too, Ptolemy (unrighteous fate !) 90
Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal state ;
The crown upon thy perjur'd temples shone,
That once was borne by Philip's god-like son.

Ver. 80. *Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd.*] The Colossus and Temple of the sun in that island were famous in antiquity.

Ver. 83. *Her parent Phocia.*] See notes on Book III.

Ver. 84. *Deiotarus his truth.*] Deiotarus king of Galatia brought 600 horse to join Pompey ; Cotys king of Thrace sent 800, under the conduct of his son Sadalis ; and Rhasipolis brought 200 from Macedonia.

Ver. 90. *And thou too, Ptolemy.*] Ptolemy defrauded his sister Cleopatra of her share in the kingdom ; and in killing Pompey, saved Cæsar the guilt of that impious act. Lagos was a surname of the Ptolemy's family.

O'er Egypt shakes the boy his cruel sword :
 (Oh ! that he had been only, Egypt's lord !) 95
 But the dire gift more dreadful mischiefs wait,
 While Lagos' sceptre gives him Pompey's fate :
 Preventing Cæsar's, and his sister's hand,
 He seiz'd his patricide, and her command.
 Th' assembly rose, and all on war intent 100
 Bustle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
 Appius alone, impatient to be taught,
 With what the threat'ning future times were fraught,
 With busy curiosity explores 104
 The dreadful purpose of the heav'nly pow'rs.
 To Delphos straight he flies, where long the God
 In silence had possess'd his close abode ;
 His oracles had long been known to cease,
 And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.
 Between the ruddy west and eastern skies, 110
 In the mid-earth Parnassus' tops arise :
 To Phœbus, and the cheerful God of wine,
 Sacred in common stands the hill divine.
 Still as the third revolving year comes round,
 The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
 The double deity in solemn songs resound. }

Ver. 102. *Appius alone.*] Appius the governor of Achaia, desirous to know the event of the civil war, compelled the priestess of Delphos to descend to the oracle, which had not of a long time been used.

Ver. 111. *Parnassus' tops.*] The mountain Parnassus was sacred to Phœbus and Bacchus, and by the ancients believed to be exactly in the middle of the earth.

Ver. 115. *The Mænades.*] These were priestesses properly of Bacchus. The *Trieterica*, or three-yearly feasts, were sacred to that god in honor of his return from his victories in India,

When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was spread,
 This only mountain rear'd his lofty head ;
 One rising rock, preserv'd, a bound was giv'n,
 Between the vasty deep, and ambient heav'n. 120
 Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
 Python by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
 While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous reign.

But when the God perceiv'd, how from below
 The conscious caves divinest-breathings blow, 125
 How vapours could unfold th' enquirer's doom,
 And talking winds could speak of things to come ;
 Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
 There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
 From thence the prophet's art, and honors he acquire'd.

So runs the tale. And oh ! what God indeed
 Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid ? 132
 What pow'r divine forsakes the heav'n's fair light,
 To dwell with earth, and everlasting night ?
 What is this spirit, potent, wise, and great, 135
 Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat ;

Ver. 122. *Python*.] Was a monstrous serpent sent by Juno to persecute Latona. He was killed by Pæan or Apollo.

Ver. 123. *Themis*.] The goddess of justice.

Ver. 125. *Diviner breathings*.] The origin of this oracle was said to be from certain blasts or exhalations which proceeded from a deep cavern in the earth, and which inspired the Pythian, or prophetess, with a spirit of prediction. And Lucan in this place, makes Apollo add his godhead to some divine quality that was before in the earth itself. For a larger account of this oracle, see Dr. Potter, the present bishop of Oxford, in his *Archæologia Græca*, lib. ii. cap. 9.

Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
Whose oracles the years to come disclose ;
Who through eternity at once foresees,
And tells that fate which he himself decrees ? 140
Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whose energy informs the pendant ball,
Through this dark passage seek the realms above,
And strives to re-unite itself to Jove.
Whate'er the Dæmon, when he stands confest 145
Within his raging priestess' panting breast,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thund'ring from her foamy mouth he speaks.
Such is the burst of bell'wing Ætna's sound,
When fair Sicilia's pastures shake around ; 150
Such from Inarimè Typhæus roars,
While rattling rocks bestrew Campania's shores.
The list'ning God, still ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle denies :
Yet wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear 155
The fool's fond wishes, or the guilty's pray'r ;
Though vainly, in repeated vows they trust,
None e'er find grace before him, but the just.

Ver. 151 *Inarime.*] An island on the coast of Italy near Naples, now Iachia, in which there is a volcano or fiery eruption. The giant Typhæus is feigned by the poets to have been struck with lightning by Jupiter, and this island thrown upon him.

Ver. 154. *To none his aid.*] That is, in the times when there were frequent oracles given (using the present tense for the preterite, frequent in poetry.) It is plain, not only from Lucan in this book, but other ancient authors, that this and other oracles had been silent some time before the Civil war between Cæsar and Pompey.

Oft to a banish'd, wand'ring, houseless race,
 The sacred dictates have assign'd a place. 160
 Oft from the strong he saves the weak in war :
 This truth, ye Salaminian seas declare !
 And heals the barren land, and pestilential air. }
 Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
 The Delphic silence surely is the worst. 165
 But tyrants, justly fearful of their doom,
 Forbid the Gods to tell us what's to come.
 Mean-while, the prophetess may well rejoice,
 And bless the ceasing of the sacred voice :
 Since death too oft her holy task attends, 170
 And immature her dreadful labor ends.
 Torn by the fierce distracting rage she springs,
 And dies beneath the God for whom she sings.
 These silent caves, these Tripods long unmov'd,
 Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd : 175

Ver. 159. Oft to a banish'd.] There are frequent instances in story of these useful oracles. The Phœnicians, driven by earthquakes from their first habitations, were taught to fix first at Sidon, and after at Tyre. When Greece was invaded by Xerxes, the Athenians were advised to trust in their wooden walls, (their ships) and beat the Persians at sea at the battle of Salamis. A famine in Egypt, and the plague at Thebes for the murder of Laius, were both removed by consulting this oracle.

Ver. 166. But tyrants.] They forbid their subjects to enquire.

Ver. 174. Tripods.] There are several differing opinions concerning the Tripus or Tripod at Delphos, which are collected by the learned Dr. Potter (as above.) The most common, and, I think, the most probable is, that it was a three-legged stool or seat, placed over the hole or vent of the sacred cavern: upon this the priestess sat or leaned, and received the divine afflatus, or blast, from below. Those that have a curiosity to be better informed, may see *Fandale de Oraculis*,

He bids the guardian of the dread abode
Send in the trembling priestess to the God.
The rev'rend sire the Latian chief obey'd,
And sudden seiz'd the unsuspecting maid,
Where careless in the peaceful grove she stray'd. }
Dismay'd, aghast, and pale he drags her on ; 181
She stops, and strives the fatal task to shun :
Subdu'd by force, to fraud and art she flies,
And, thus to turn the Roman's purpose tries.
What curious hopes thy wand'ring fancy move, 185
The silent Delphic oracle to prove ?
In vain, Ausonian Appius, art thou come ;
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, disdaining us, the sacred voice
Has made some other distant land its choice ; 190
Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
Low in the dust had laid our lofty spires,
In heaps the mould'ring ashes heavy ro'd,
And chok'd the channels of the breathing God :
Or whether Heav'n no longer gives replies, 195
But bids the Sibyl's mystic verse suffice ;
Or if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
And holds the world unworthy of his care ;
Whate'er the cause, our God has long been mute,
And answers not to any suppliant's suit. 200

Ver. 191. *When the fierce barbarians' fires.*] When Delphos was taken and sacked, and the Temple burnt by Brennus and the Gauls.

Ver. 196. *The Sibyl's mystic verse*] That volume which was kept at Rome, and consulted upon the most important public occasions.

But ah ! too well her artifice is known,
 Her fears confess the God, whom they disown.
 Howe'er, each rite she seemingly prepares ;
 A fillet gathers up her foremost hairs ;
 While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
 And knit the looser locks which flow behind. 206
 Sudden, the stronger priest, though yet she strives,
 The ling'ring maid within the temple drives :
 But still she fears, still shuns the dreadful shrine,
 Lags in the outer space, and feels the rage divine.
 But far unlike the God, her calmer breast 211
 No strong enthusiastic throes confess ;
 No terrors in her starting hairs were seen,
 To cast from off her brow the wreathing green ;
 No broken accents half obstructed hung, 215
 Nor swelling murmurs roll her lab'ring tongue.
 From her fierce jaws no sounding horrors come,
 No thunders bellow through the working foam,
 'To rend the spacious cave, and shake the vaulted
 dome. }
 Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
 The wily, fearful, god-dissembling maid. 221
 The furious Roman soon the fraud espy'd,
 And, hope not thou to scape my rage, he cry'd ;
 Sore shalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
 (The Gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
 Unless thou cease thy mortal sounds to tell, 226
 Unless thou plunge thee in the mystic cell,

Ver. 226. *Thy mortal sounds.*] Your own words ; what
 you speak from yourself, and not from the inspiration of Apollo.

Unless the gods themselves reveal the doom,
Which shall befall the warring world and Rome.

He spoke, and aw'd by the superior dread, 230
The trembling priestess to the Tripod fled :
Close to the holy breathing vent she cleaves,
And largely the unwonted God receives.
Nor aye the potent spirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid ; 235
Nor e'er so strong inspiring Pæan came,
Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame :
The mortal mind driv'n out forsook her breast,
And the sole Godhead ev'ry part possesseth.
Now swell her veins, her turgid sinews rise, 240
And bounding frantic through the cave she flies ;
Her hissing locks the wreathy fillet scorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods spurn.
Now wild she dances o'er the vacant fane,
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the
pain. 245

Nor yet the less, th' avenging wrathful God,
Pours in his fires, and shakes his sounding rod :
He lashes now, and goads her on amain ;
And now he checks her stubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, just lab'ring to disclose, 250
And speak that fate which in her bosom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads crowd ;

Ver. 247. *His sounding rod.*] In these divine furies the priestess seemed to be driven along with whips.

Men, times, and things, or present, or to come,
 Work lab'ring up and down, and urge for room.
 Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been, 256
 Rolls in her thought, and to her sight is seen.
 The ocean's utmost bounds her eyes explore,
 And number ev'ry sand on ev'ry shore ;
 Nature, and all her works, at once they see, 260
 Know when she first begun, and when her end
 shall be.

And as the Sibyl once in Cūmæ's cell,
 When vulgar fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
 The Roman destiny distinguish'd took,
 And kept it careful in her sacred book ; 265
 So now, Phemonœ, in crowds of thought,
 The single doom of Latian Appius sought.
 Nor in that mass, where multitudes abound,
 A private fortune can with ease be found.
 At length her foamy mouth begins to flow, 270
 Groans more distinct, and plainer murmurs go :
 A doleful howl the roomy cavern shook,
 And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents spoke.

While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,
 In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends ; 275
 Thither, as to thy refuge, shalt thou fly,
 There find repose, and unmolested lie.
 She said ; the God her lab'ring tongue suppress,
 And in eternal darkness veil'd the rest.

Ver. 266. *Phemonœ.*] Lucan gives this name to the priestess of his time, probably because it was the name of the first maid that delivered these oracles.

Now by degrees the fire ætherial fail'd,
 And the dull human sense again prevail'd ; 310
 While Phœbus, sudden, in a murky shade,
 Hid the past vision from the mortal maid.
 Thick clouds of dark oblivion rise between,
 And snatch away at once the wondrous scene ;
 Stretch'd on the ground the fainting priestess lies,
 While to the Tripod, back, th' informing spirit flies.

Mean-while, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
 Dream'd of long safety, and a neutral state :
 And, ere the great event of war was known,
 Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own. 320
 Fool ! to believe that pow'r could ward the blow,
 Or snatch thee from amidst the gen'ral woe !
 In times like these, what God but death can save ?
 The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
 Where struggling seas Charystos rude constrains,
 And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnusia reigns ;
 Where by the whirling current barks are tost
 From Chalcis to unlucky Auli's coast ;
 There shalt thou meet the Gods' appointed doom,
 A private death, and long-remember'd tomb. 330

Ver. 320. *Eubœan Chalcis.*] Chalcis and Aulis lie over-against each other, one in Eubœa (Negropont) the other in Bœotia, with the Euripus or gulf between.

Ver. 330. *Rhamnusia.*] Nemesis, or the goddess of divine vengeance, was particularly worshipped at Rhamnus, a town in Attica, and from thence called Rhamnusia. Appius thinking this oracle had warn'd him only to abstain from this war, retired into that country called Cœle Eubœa, where before the battle of Pharsalia he died of a disease, and was there buried, and so possessed quietly the place which the oracle had promised him.

To other wars the victor now succeeds,
 And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
 When the chang'd Gods his ruin seem'd to threat,
 And cross the long successful course of fate.
 Amidst his camp, and fearless of his foes, 335
 Sudden he saw where inborn dangers rose,
 He saw those troops that long had faithful stood,
 Friends to his cause, and enemies to good,
 Grown weary of their chief, and satiated with
 blood.

Whether the trumpet's sound too long had ceas'd,
 And slaughter slept in unaccustom'd rest : 341
 Or whether, arrogant by mischief made,
 The soldier held his guilt but half repay'd :
 Whilst avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
 Turn against Cæsar, and his cause, the scale,
 And set the mercenary sword to sale.
 Nor, e'er before, so truly could he read
 What dangers strow those paths the mighty tread.
 Then, first he found, on what a faithless base 349
 Their nodding tow'rs ambition's builders place :
 He who so late, a potent faction's head,
 Drew in the nations, and the legions led ;
 Now stript of all, beheld in ev'ry hand
 The warriors' weapons at their own command ;

Ver. 331. *To other wars.*] Cæsar was now returned from Spain to Placentia in Italy, and was going to follow Pompey into Epirus and Macedonia, when this mutiny in his army happened. As Lucan tells the story, he seems not to have been present at the time it first began, but upon the first notice of it to have repaired to the camp. Nor does the speech of one of the ring-leaders (though addressed to him) suppose him to be present.

Nor service now, nor safety they afford, 355
 But leave him single to his guardian sword.
 Nor is this rage the grumbling of a crowd,
 That shun to tell their discontents aloud ;
 Where all with gloomy looks suspicious go,
 And dread of an informer chokes their woe ; 360
 But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
 And scorn the bashful mean restraints of fear.
 For laws, in great rebellions, lose their end,
 And all go free, when multitudes offend.

Among the rest, one thus : At length 'tis time
 To quit thy cause, oh Cæsar ! and our crime : 366
 The world around for foes thou hast explor'd,
 And lavishly expos'd us to the sword ;
 To make Thee great, a worthless crowd we fall,
 Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul ; 370
 In ev'ry clime beneath the spacious sky,
 Our leader conquers, and his soldiers die.
 What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
 Or that lost blood which stains the Rhine and Rhone !
 When scarr'd with wounds, and worn with la-
 bours hard,
 We come with hopes of recompence prepar'd,
 Thou giv'st us war, more war, for our reward. }
 Though purple rivers in thy cause we spilt,
 And stain'd our horrid hands in ev'ry guilt ;
 With unavailing wickedness we toil'd, 380
 In vain the Gods, in vain the senate spoil'd ;
 Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
 Our pious poverty is all we've left.

Say to what height thy daring arms would rise ?
If Rome's too little, what can e'er suffice ? 385
Oh see at length ! with pity, Cæsar, see,
These with'ring arms, these hairs grown white for
In painful wars our joyless days have past, [thee]
Let weary age lie down in peace at last :
Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay, 390
And sigh, at home, our parting souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And ask this wondrous favor at thy hand :
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To close our drooping eyelids when we die. 395
Be merciful, and let disease afford.
Some other way to die, beside the sword ;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wouldst thou urge us ignorant and blind, 400
To some more monstrous mischief yet behind ?
Are we the only fools, forbid to know
How much we may deserve by one sure blow ?
Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we please ;
Well has thy war inspir'd such thoughts as these :
What laws, what oaths can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder these determin'd daring hands ?
That Cæsar, who was once ordain'd our head,
When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,
Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate ; 410
Guilt equal, gives equality of state.

Ver. 402. *Are we the only fools.*] Do you think, we only are ignorant how greatly we may deserve of the commonwealth by killing you ?

Nor shall his foul ingratitude prevail,
 Nor weigh our merits in his partial scale ;
 He views our labors with a scornful glance,
 And calls our victories, the works of chance : 415
 But his proud heart, henceforth, shall learn to own,
 His pow'r, his fate, depends on us alone.

Yes, Cæsar, spite of all those rods that wait;
 With mean obsequious service, on thy state ;
 Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war shall cease,
 And we thy soldiers will command a peace. 421

He spoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inspir'd,
 The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
 And with loud cries their absent chief requir'd ;

Permit it thus, ye righteous Gods, to be ; 425
 Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree ;
 And since lost faith, and virtue are no more,
 Let Cæsar's hands the public peace restore.

What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
 And heard this tumult with the last despair ? 430
 But Cæsar, form'd for perils hard and great,
 Headlong to drive, and brave opposing fate ;
 While yet with fiercest fires their furies flame,
 Secure, and scornful of the danger, came.

Nor was he wroth to see the madness rise, 435
 And mark the vengeance threat'ning in their eyes ;
 With pleasure could he crown their curst designs,
 With rapes of matrons, and the spoils of shrines ;
 Had they but ask'd it, well he could approve
 The waste and plunder of Tarpeian Jove : 440

Ver. 440. *Tarpeian Jove.*] The Capitol.

No mischief he, no sacrilege, denies,
But would himself bestow the horrid prize.
With joy he sees their souls by rage possess'd,
Sooths and indulges ev'ry frantic breast,
And only fears what reason may suggest.
Still, Cæsar, would'st thou tread the paths of blood?
Would'st thou, thou singly, hate thy country's
good!

Shall the rude soldier first of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain;
Give o'er at length, and let thy labors cease, 450
Nor vex the world, but learn to suffer peace.
Why shouldst thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
When ev'n relenting rage itself gives place,
And fierce Enyo seems to shun thy face. 455

High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the crowd he cast an angry look,
And dreadful, thus with indignation spoke.

Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain 460
Against your absent leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
Here find your end of war, your long-sought rest,
And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you? 465
To rail, is all your feeble rage can do.

Ver. 455. *Fierce Enyo.*) The goddess of Civil-war.

In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
 Can sow sedition, and increase a crowd ;
 You ! who can loath the glories of the great, 470
 And poorly meditate a base retreat.
 But, hence ! be gone from victory and me,
 Leave me to what my better fates decree :
 New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,
 And find a hand for ev'ry vacant sword. 475
 Behold, what crowds on flying Pompey wait,
 What multitudes attend his abject state !
 And shall success, and Cæsar, droop the while ? }
 Shall I want numbers to divide the spoil, }
 And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil ? }
 Legions shall come to end the bloodless war, 481
 And shouting follow my triumphal car.
 While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race, }
 Shall view our honors with a downward face, }
 And curse yourselves in secret as we pass. }
 Can your vain aid, can your departing force, 486
 Withhold my conquest, or delay my course ?
 So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
 And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry ;
 The deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor }
 supply. }
 Nor think such vulgar souls as yours were giv'n,
 To be the task of fate, and care of heav'n :
 Few are the lordly, the distinguish'd great,
 On whom the watchful Gods, like guardians, wait ;
 The rest for common use were all design'd, 495
 An unregarded rabble of mankind,

By my auspicious name, and Fortune, led,
 Wide o'er the world your conqu'ring arms were }
 spread;
 But say, what had you done, with Pompey at your }
 head ?
 Vast was the fame by Labienus won ; 500
 When rank'd amidst my warlike friends, he shone :
 Now mark, what follows on his faithful change,
 And see him with his chief new-chosen range :
 By land, and sea, where-e'er my arms he spies,
 An ignominious renegade he flies. 505
 Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
 Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear :
 Who quits his leader, wheresoe'er he go,
 Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.
 Yes, ye great Gods ! your kinder care I own, 510
 You made the faith of these false legions known :
 You warn me well to change these coward bands,
 Nor trust my fate to such betraying hands.
 And thou too, Fortune, point'st me out the way,
 A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay : 515
 Henceforth my care regards myself alone,
 War's glorious gain shall now be all my own.
 For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
 My ensigns shall by manly hands be born.

Ver. 500. *Labienus.*] He had been Caesar's lieutenant in Gaul, but was persuaded by Caesar's enemies to forsake him, and go over to Pompey.

Ver. 506. *Nor is it worth my care.*] It is very indifferent to me whether you only forsake me, and remain neuter, or go over to Pompey and assist him.

Some few of you, my sentence here shall wait,
 And warn succeeding factions by your fate. 521
 Down ! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
 And with your prostrate necks; my doom attend.
 And you, ye younger striplings of the war;
 You, whom I mean to make my future care; 525
 Strike home ! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
 And learn to execute my dread commands.

He spoke ; and at the impious sound dismay'd,
 The trembling unresisting crowd obey'd :
 No more their late equality they boast, 530
 But bend beneath his frown a suppliant host.
 Singly secure, he stands confess'd their lord,
 And rules, in spite of him, the soldiers sword.
 Doubtful, at first, their patience he surveys,
 And wonders why each haughty heart obeys ; 535
 Beyond his hopes he sees the stubborn bow,
 And bare their breasts obedient to the blow ;
 Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed disclaim,
 And would not find their fiercer souls so tame.
 A few, at length, selected from the rest, 540
 Bled for example ; and the tumult ceas'd :
 While the consenting host the victims view'd,
 And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.

Ver. 530. *Their late equality.*] See before, Ver. 410.

Ver. 539. *And would not find.*] As thinking such a disposition of mind too tame for the execution of designs like his.

Ver. 540. *A few at length.*] Caesar satisfied, with intamy, all the ninth legion at Placentia, and with much ado, after many prayers and great submissions, received them again, but not without making severe examples of the chief mutineers.

Now to Brundisium's walls he bids them tend,
 Where ten long days their weary marches end ;
 There he commands assembling barks to meet, 546
 And furnish from the neighb'ring shores his fleet.
 Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
 From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide ;
 Thither with swelling sails their way they take,
 From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake ; 551
 From where Apulia's fruitful mountains rise,
 Where high along the coast Garganus lies, }
 And beating seas, and fighting winds defies. }

Mean-while the chief to Rome directs his way,
 Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his sway. 556
 There, with mock pray'rs, the suppliant vulgar wait,
 And urge on him the great dictator's state.
 Obedient he, since thus their wills ordain,
 A gracious tyrant condescends to reign. 560
 His mighty name the joyful Fasti wear,
 Worthy to usher in the curst Pharsalian year.
 Then was the time, when sycophants began
 To heap all titles on one lordly man ;

Ver. 546. *From Taras.*] Or Tara, a river of Naples, in the province of Otranto ; it rises in the Apennine mountains, and falls into the gulf of Tarentum.

Hydrus and Hydruntum was the ancient name of Otranto ; here it signifies a river probably near that place of the same name.

Salapia and Sipus were both towns in Apulia.

Garganus, a mountain in Apulia.

Ver. 556. *Mean-while the chief.*] Caesar made himself dictator at Rome without any lawful election, (that is) neither named by the senate nor consul ; and eleven days after quitted his dictatorship, having made himself and Publius Servilius consuls.

Then learn'd our sires that sawing dying strain,
 Which we, their slavish sons, so well retain : 566
 Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd pair,
 The ens of justice, with the sword of war ;
 Fasces, and eagles, mingling, march along,
 And in proud Cæsar's train promiscuous throng.
 And while all pow'rs in him alone unite, 571
 He mocks the people with the shews of right.
 The Martian field th' assembling tribes receives,
 And each his unregarded suffrage gives ;
 Still with the same solemnity of face, 575
 The rev'rend augur seems to fill his place :
 Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
 Nor sees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
 Then sunk the state and dignity of Rome,
 Thence monthly consuls nominally come : 580

Ver. 565. *Then learn'd our sires.*] Then began those names of flattery which were afterwards used to their emperors of *Divus, Semper Augustus, Pater Patriæ*, &c. Divine, For ever August, Father of his Country, &c.

Ver. 571. *And while all powers.*] After all government was in the hands of Cæsar alone, all the ancient rites observed in creating of magistrates were quite taken away ; an imaginary face of election was still kept up in the Field of Mars ; the tribes were summoned indeed but were not admitted to give their suffrages distinctly and regularly. The other orders were vain and merely formal ; for the emperor commended him to the centuries whom he intended should be consul, or else designed him and actually chose him himself. The observations of the augurs were formerly greatly regarded on these occasions ; but under the emperors the religion was prostituted to the prince, and the prophet prophesied as Cæsar pleased.

It is proper to observe here, that the appearance of an owl within the city was reckoned amongst the most unlucky omens.

Ver. 580. *Monthly Consuls.*] Under the emperors, consuls were often chosen for half a year, or for one, two, or three months.

Just as the sov'reign bids, their names appear,
 To head the calendar, and mark the year.
 Then too, to finish out the pageant show,
 With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
 By night the festival was huddled o'er, 585
 Nor could the God, unworthy, ask for more;
 He who look'd on, and saw such foul disgrace,
 Such slavery befall his Trojan race.

Now, Cæsar, like the flame that cuts the skies,
 And swifter than the vengeful tigress, flies,
 Where waste and overgrown Apulia lies;
 O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd plains,
 Brundisium's crooked shores, and Cretan walls he
 gains.

Loud Boreas there his navy close confines,
 While wary seamen dread the wintry signs. 595
 But he, th' impatient chief, disdains to spare
 Those hours that better may be spent in war:
 He grieves to see his ready fleet withheld,
 While others boldly plough the wat'ry field. 599
 Eager to rouse their sloth, behold, (he cries)
 The constant wind that rules the wintry skies,
 With what a settled certainty it flies!

Ver. 584. To Alban Jove.] The *Feria Latina*, or Latin festivals here mentioned, were such as were celebrated by the new church in the Alban mountain to Jupiter by torchlight with great solemnity. But Lucan says, with little reverence for Jupiter, that the god deserved they should be thus disrespectfully huddled over by Cæsar, for suffering the Romans, who were the sons of Ascanius and Ascanius (the latter of whom instituted these rites) to be brought into slavery.

Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
 The cloudy changes of the faithless spring.
 Not need we now to shift, to tack, and veer : 605
 Steady the friendly north commands to steer.
 Oh ! that the fury of the driving blast
 May swell the sail, and bend the lofty mast.
 So, shall our navy soon be wafted o'er,
 Ere yon Phœacian galleys dip the oar,
 And intercept the wish'd-for Grecian shore.
 Cut ev'ry cable then, and haste away ; 615
 The waiting winds and seas upbraid our long
 delay.

Low in the west the setting sun was laid,
 Up rose the night in glitt'ring stars array'd,
 And silver Cynthia cast a length'ning shade ;
 When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,
 All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet ;
 The slacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
 To gather all the breath the winds can blow. 620
 Swift, for a while, they scud before the wind,
 And leave Hesperia's less'ning shores behind ;
 When, lo ! the dying breeze begins to fail,
 And flutters on the mast the flagging sail :
 The duller waves with slower heavings creep, 625
 And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
 As when the winter's potent breath constrains
 The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains ;

Ver. 610. *Phœacian gallees.*] Pompey's gallees that lay at
 Pyrrhæchium, which was built by the Phœaciæ, who inhabited
 Corcyra, now Corfu.

No more the Bosphori their streams maintain,
Nor rushing Ister heaves the languid main ; 630
Each keel inclos'd, at once forgets its course,
While o'er the new-made champion bounds the
horse ;

Bold on the crystal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with sounding heels the stable tide.
So still a form th' Ionian waters take, 635
Dull as the muddy marsh and standing lake :
No breezes o'er the curling surface pass,
Nor sun-beams tremble in the liquid glass ;
No usual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rolling ebbs and flows : 640
But sluggish Ocean sleeps in stupid peace,
And weary Nature's motions seem to cease.
With diff'ring eyes the hostile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and useless wat'ry field. 644
There Pompey's daring prows attempt, in vain,
To plough their passage thro' th' unyielding main :
While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæsar's legions
here

The dire distress of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the skies,
That waves may dash, and mounting billows rise ;
That storms may with returning fury reign, 651
And the mad ocean be itself again.

Ver. 639. *The Bosphori.*] Two straits, one called the Thracian, the other the Circæian Bosphorus, lie at each end of the Euxine Sea. The former is now the channel of Constantinople, and the latter the Straits of Caffa.

At length the still, the sluggish darkness fled,
 And cloudy morning rear'd its low'ring head.
 The rolling flood the gliding navy bore, 655
 And hills appear'd to pass upon the shore.
 Attending breezes waft them to the land,
 And Cæsar's anchors bite Palæste's strand.

In neighb'ring camps the hostile chiefs sit down,
 Where Genusus the swift, and Apsus run; 660
 Among th' ignobler crowd of rivers, these
 Soon lose their waters in the mingling seas:
 No mighty streams, nor distant springs they know,
 But rise from muddy lakes, and melting snow.
 Here meet the rivals who the world divide, 665
 Once by the tend'rest bands of kindred ty'd.
 The world with joy their interview beheld,
 Now only parted by a single field.
 Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe, 669
 Whene'er they come thus near, they must forgive,
 Vain hopes! for soon they part to meet no more,
 'Till both shall reach the curst Egyptian shore;
 'Till the proud father shall in arms succeed,
 And see his vanquish'd son untimely bleed; 674
 'Till he beholds his ashes on the strand,
 Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
 'Till Pompey's fate shall Cæsar's tears demand. }

The latter yet his eager rage restrains,
 While Antony the ling'ring troops detains.

Ver. 658. *Palæste.*] A village in Epirus near the city of Oricum.
 Ver. 660. *Genusus.*] Now Arseniza, and Apsus, now Apsro,
 two rivers of Macedonia that fall into the Adriatic sea.

Ver. 679. *While Antony,*] When Cæsar passed over into
 Greece with part of his army, he left the other with M. Antony
 at Brundisium.

Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
 Impatient Cæsar often chides his stay,
 Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray. }

Still shall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait ?
 Still wouldst thou stop the gods, and hinder fate ?
 What could be done before, was done by me ;
 Now ready Fortune only stays for thee. 686
 What holds thee then ? Do rocks thy course with-
 stand ?

Or Libyan Syrts oppose their faithless strand ?
 Or dost thou fear new dangers to explore ?
 I call thee not, but where I pass'd before, 690
 For all those hours thou lovest, I complain,
 And sue to heav'n for prosp'rous winds in vain.
 My soldiers (often has their faith been try'd)
 If not withheld, had hasten'd to my side. 694
 What toil, what hazards will they not partake ?
 What seas and shipwrecks scorn, for Cæsar's sake ?
 Nor will I think the gods so partial are,
 To give thee fair Ausonia for thy share ;
 While Cæsar, and the senate, are forgot,
 And in Epirus bound their barren lot. 700

In words like these, he calls him oft in vain,
 And thus the hasty missives oft complain.
 At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
 What vast success his rash'ring darings crown'd ; 704
 Who saw how much the fav'ring gods had done,
 Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on ;
 Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
 Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way :

Bold in a single skiff he means to go, 709
And tempt those seas that navies dare not plough.

'Twas now the time when cares and labor cease,
And ev'n the rage of arms was hush'd to peace :
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched
And slept the sounder for the painful day. [lay,
Through the still camp the night's third hour re-
sounds, 715

And warns the second watches to their rounds ;
When through the horrors of the murky shade,
Secret the careful warrior's footsteps tread.
His train, unknowing, slept within his tent,
And Fortune only follow'd where he went. 720
With silent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The sleepy centinels bestrew the ground :
Yet, unreprieving, now, he pass'd them o'er,
And sought with eager haste the winding shore.
There, through the gloom, his searching eyes ex-
plor'd, 725

Where to the mould'ring rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty master of this little boat,
Securely slept within a neighb'ring cot :
No massy beams support his humble hall,
But reeds and marshy rushes wove the wall ; 730
Old shatter'd planking for a roof was spread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy shed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior stroke,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling shoke.

Ver. 715. *The Night's third hour.*] Our nine at night.
See Book II. V. 1070.

What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries) }
 Driv'n by the raging seas, and stormy skies,
 To my poor lowly roof for shelter flies? }
 He spoke; and hasty left his homely bed,
 With oozy flags and with'ring sea-weed spread.
 Then from the hearth the smoky match he takes,
 And in the tow the drowsy fire awakes; 741
 Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he supplies,
 'Till kindling sparks, and glitt'ring flames arise.
 Oh happy Poverty! thou greatest good,
 Bestow'd by heav'n, but seldom understood! 745
 Here nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,
 Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way;
 Security thy narrow limits keeps,
 Safe are thy cottages, and sound thy sleeps.
 Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great, 750
 Where Gods, and god-like prince, choose their seat;
 See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
 Nor starts, though Cæsar's call commands to rise.
 What terrors had you felt that call to hear! }
 How had your tow'rs and ramparts shook with fear, }
 And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
 The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader said)
 Beyond thy hopes, or wishes, to be paid;
 If in this instant hour thou wast me o'er,
 With speedy haste, to yon Hesperian shore, 760
 No more shall want thy weary hand constrain,
 To work thy bark upon the boist'rous main;
 Henceforth good ease and plenty shall beside;
 The Gods and I, will for thy age provide. 764

glorious change attends thy low estate,
 Golden and mighty riches round thee wait ;
 Beware, and use the lucky hour of fate.

Thus he ; and though in humble vestments
 dress'd,

Spite of himself, his words his pow'r express'd,
 And Cæsar in his bounty stood confess'd.

To him the wary pilot thus replies : 771

A thousand omens threaten from the skies ;

A thousand boding signs my soul affright,

And warn me not to tempt the seas by night.

In clouds the setting sun obscur'd his head, 775

Nor painted o'er the ruddy west with red :

Now north, now south, he shot his parted beams,

And tipp'd the sullen black with golden gleams :

Pale shone his middle orb with faintish rays,

And suffer'd mortal eyes at ease to gaze. 780

Nor rose the silver queen of night serene ;

Supine and dull her blunted horns were seen,

With foggy stains, and cloudy blots between.

Dreadful white she shone all fiery red,

Then sickn'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.

Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow roar, 786

In leafy groves, and on the sounding shore.

In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,

And thwart, and run across, and mix their way :

Ver. 777. Now north, now south,] As is very often seen when the sun is behind a black cloud, and the rays strike out on each side. These prognostics of the weather are much the same with those in Virgil's first *Georgic*, and many of them are to be found in *Aratus*.

The cormorants the wat'ry deep forsake, 790
 And soaring herons avoid the plashy lake ;
 While, waddling on the margin of the main,
 The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
 Howe'er, if some great enterprize demand,
 Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand : 795
 My vent'rous bark the troubled deep shall try,
 To thy wish'd port her plunging prow shall ply,
 Unless the seas resolve to beat us by. }

He spoke ; and spread his canvas to the wind,
 Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind. 800
 Swift flew the nimble keel ; and as they past,
 Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast ;
 Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion seem,
 Shake through the blaze, and dart a quiv'ring beam ;
 Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood, 805
 And in'ring ridges roll the threatening flood ;
 While loud and louder murm'ring winds arise,
 And growl from ev'ry quarter of the skies.
 When thus the trembling master, pale with fear,
 Behold what wrath the dreadful Gods prepare ; 810
 My art is at a loss ; the various tide
 Beats my unstable bark on ev'ry side :
 From the norwest the setting current swell,
 While southern storms the driving racks distill.
 Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
 Nor can one relic of our wreck be lost
 By winds, like these, on fair Hesperia's coast. }

Ver. 813. *From the norwest.* } The violent current of the
 sea setting one way, and the clouds another.

Ver. 815. *Nor can one relic.* } As if he had said ; Though
 we are sure to be cast away, yet not the least piece of the vessel
 shall be driven towards Italy.

Our only means of safety is to yield,
 And waste our strength with harts the sunny field,
 To give our unsuccessful labor o'er, 820
 And stander while yet we may, the neighbouring shore.
 But Caesar, still superior to distress,
 Fearless, and confident of sure success,
 Thus to the pilot loud——'I he seas despise,
 And the vain threat'ning of the noisy skies. 825
 Though Gods deny this ymn, Ausonian strand;
 Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
 Thy ignorance alone can make thy fears,
 Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
 Thou know'st not what a fate to whom 'tis giv'n 830
 Never to wait the casual gusty heav'n.
 Obedient Fortune waits my humble thrall,
 And always ready, ————
 Let winds and waves ———— as I bid the wage,
 And waste ———— their empty rage; 835
 A ———— is thy fate,
 To ———— thy life on Caesar's fate depend.
 When stand'st thou on this dreadful scene;
 Still wonder what the Gods and Fortune mean!
 But actually their benefits thus they give, 840
 And from my danger, provoke thy fears,
 And from the fear of death they bid me live,
 And still make me what they are sure to give.
 Then leave you them behind with all thy fear,
 Nor shall shipwreck ever longer last. 845
 Thy last misfortune shall the storm appease,
 Shall glide triumphantly o'er the calmer seas,
 And reach Brundisium's safer port with ease. }

Nor can the Gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow. 840

Thus while in vaunting words the leader spoke;
Full on his bark the thund'ring tempest stroke;
Off rips the rending canvas from the mast,
And whirling flits before the driving blast;
In ev'ry joint the groaning alder sounds, 855
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand wounds.
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,

From ev'ry quarter roars the rushing wind:
First from the wide Atlantic Ocean's bed,
Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head; 860

Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-east encount'ring fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffed the yielding side.

The curling surges loud conflicting meet, 865
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian strand,
Ploughs up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,

Nor show'ry Notus in th' Æolian cell; 870
But each ~~saturnian~~ side, his pow'r to boast,
Rang' ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~to~~ ^{to} defend his coast.
Equal ~~the~~ ^{as} they strive in vain,

While — ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~unmov'd~~ ^{unmov'd} ~~remain~~ ^{remain};
In lesser wars they yield to stormy host's, 875
And captive waves to other deeps ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~striv'n~~ ^{striv'n};
The Tyrrhen billows dash Ægean shores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.

How then must Earth the swelling ocean dread,
 What floods run higher than each mountain's head !
 Subject, and low the trembling beldame lay, 881
 A _____ if for lost, the conqu'ring water's prey.
 What other worlds, what seas unknown before,
 Then drove their billows on our beaten shore !
 What distant deeps, their prodigies to boast, 885
 Heav'd their huge monsters on th' Ausonian coast !
 So when avenging Jove long-time had hurl'd,
 And tir'd his thunders on a haften'd world :
 New wrath, the God, new punishment display'd,
 And call'd his wat'ry brother to his aid : 890
 Offending Earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
 And had his floods no longer stand confin'd ;
 At once the surges o'er the nations rise,
 And seas are only bounded by the skies.
 Such now the spreading deluge had been seen, 895
 Had not th' Almighty Ruler stood between ;
 Pass'd waves, the cloud-compelling sire obey'd,
 Confess'd his hand suppressing, and were stay'd.

Nor was that gloom the common shade of night,
 The friendly darkness, that relieves the light ; 900
 But fearful, black, and horrid
 A musty vapor breath'd from
 So thick the mingling seas and
 Scarce could the struggling
 Through Nature's frame the convulsion stroke,
 Heav'n groan'd, the lab'ring pole, and axis shook :
 Upsoar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
 And broke the sacred elemental chain :

Black fiends, unhallow'd, sought the blest abodes;
 Profan'd the day, and mingled with the Gods: 910
 One only hope, when ev'ry other fail'd,
 With Cæsar, and with Nature's self, prevail'd;
 The storm that sought their ruin, prov'd them
 strong.

Now could they fall, who stood that shock so
 long.

High as Leucadi's, less'ning cliffs arise, 915

On the tall, billow's top, the vessel flies;

While the pale master, from the surge's brow,

With giddy eyes surveys the depth below:

When strait the gaping main at once divides,

On naked sands, the rushing bark subsides,

And the low liquid vale the topmast hides,

The trembling shipmen, all dismay'd with fear,

Forget his course, and know not how to steer;

No more the useless rudder guides the prow,

To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow. 925

But, lo! the storm itself assistance lends,

While one assaults, another wave defends:

This lays the, sidelong aide, on the main,

And that restores the leaning bark again.

Obedient to the mighty winds she plies, 930

Now seeks the depths, and now invades the skies;

There born aloft, she apprehends no more,

Or shoaly Sæon, or Thessalia's shore:

Ver. 915: *Leucadiæ*. Cf. *Lucus*, an island in the Ionian
 Sea, over-against Acarunus, now called the Isle of St. Mair.

High hills she dreads, and promontories now,
And fairs to touch Ceraunia's airy brow. 935

At length the universal wreck appear'd,
To Caesar's self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
Why all these pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
This labor of the seas, and earth, and skies?
All nature, and the Gods at once alarm'd, 940
Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye pow'rs divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to these rude seas;
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my first of wishes, you deny; 945
My soul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence assigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Cut short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
My life, already, stands the noblest theme, 950
To fill long annals of recording fame.
The northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
Inferior Pontus yields to me at home,
And only fills a second place in Rome. 955
My country has my high behests obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
All sovereignty, all honors are my own,
Consul, Dictator, I am all alone. 959

Ver. 935. *Ceraunia*.] Or *Acro-Ceraunium*, a promontory in Epirus, running out into the Adriatic-Sea.

But thou, my only Goddess, and my friend,
 Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attempt,
 Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
 Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
 I sunk thus poorly to the shades below.
 Dispose, ye Gods! my carcase as you please, 255
 Deep let it drown beneath these raging seas:
 I ask no urn my ashes to infold,
 Nor marble monuments, nor shines of gold;
 Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
 Expect me still, and think I am to come; 270
 So shall my name with terror still be heard,
 And my return in ev'ry nation fear'd.

He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
 High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
 Nor sunk again, alternate, as before, 275
 But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
 Rome, and his fortune were at once restor'd,
 And Earth again receiv'd him for her lord.

Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
 The warriors crowd, their leader to behold; 280
 In tears, around, the murmur'ing legions stand,
 And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.
 What means too daring Caesar (thus they cry)
 To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky?
 What a vile helpless herd had we been left, 285
 Of ev'ry hope at once in thee bereft?
 While on thy life so many thousands wait,
 While nations live dependent on thy fate.

While the whole world on thee, their head, rest
 'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.
 And could'st thou not one faithful soldier find,
 One equal to his mighty master's mind,
 One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
 While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
 We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain. 995
 Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
 That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
 Is there a slave whose heart thou hold'st
 light,
 To give him up to this tempestuous night? 1000
 While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys,
 To seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.
 Still wouldst thou weary out indulgent heav'n,
 And scatter all the lavish Gods have giv'n?
 Dost thou the care of Providence employ,
 Only to save thee when the seas run high? 1005
 Suspicious Jove thy wishes would promote
 Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat:
 He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
 Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
 And cast thy shipwreck on th' Hesperian strand. }
 In kind reproaches thus they waste the night,
 'Till the grey east disclos'd the breaking light:
 Flare the sun his beamy face display'd,
 While the tir'd storm, and weary waves were laid.
 Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails, 1015
 And catch the gently-rising northern gales:

In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
 The pilots, and the wind, conspire to guide;
 And waft them fitly o'er the smoother tide:
 Except they move, like some well-order'd band,
 In ranks and battalions marching o'er the land. 1021
 Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
 And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
 So when, from Strymon's wintry banks, the cranes,
 In feather'd legions, cut th' æthereal plains;
 To warmer Nile they bend their airy way, 1026
 Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
 But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
 The wingy leaders all are at a loss:
 Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly,
 And scatter in confusion o'er the sky. 1031
 The day return'd, with Phœbus Auster rose,
 And hard upon the straining canvas blows.
 Leading afore him swift the fleet he bore,
 O'erpassing Lyssus, to Nymphæum's shore;
 Safe from northern winds, within the
 port they moor.

Ver. 1024. *Strymon*.] Is a river in that part of Thracæ which joins to Macedonia. It is now called *Strymonia*. The commentators observe upon this passage, that the cranes in their flight (as here from a colder to a warmer climate) usually kept in the form of one of these three Greek letters Δ Λ or Ξ, unless the violence of the wind broke their order.

Ver. 1035. *O'erpassing Lyssus*.] This was a town of Macedonia at the mouth of the river Drilon on the borders of Ælyricum. The Nymphæum here mentioned is a promontory of Macedonia on the Ionian Sea, not far from Apollonia.

I do not know whether it be worth while to observe, that this passage concerning the course of Cæsar's fleet is differently stated by the historians.

While thus united Caesar's arms appear,
 And Fortune draws the great decision near ;
 And Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
 And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast. 1040
 To distant Lesbos fain he would remove,
 Far from the war, the partner of his love.
 Oh, who can speak, what numbers can reveal
 The tenderness, which pious lovers feel ?
 Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell,
 With all the crowd of cares that in their bosoms
 dwell ? 1045
 See what new passions now the hero knows,
 Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes
 Rome, and the world he hazards in the strife,
 And gives up all to Fortune, but his wife. 1050
 Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
 Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go,
 Defers the killing news with fond delay,
 And ling'ring, puts off fate from day to day.
 The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
 And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye.
 When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia press'd
 Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast :
 Wond'ring, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,
 And felt warm tears upon his manly face. 1060

Vers. 1041. *To distant Lesbos*] This was one of the most considerable islands in the Archipelago, on the coast of Asia. It was greatly favoured by Pompey, and after it had suffered in the civil war, was restored by him to its liberty. See more of this place in the eighth book.

Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
 And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.
 When, with a groan, thus he. My truest wife,
 To say how much I love thee more than life,
 Poorly expresses what my heart would show,
 Since life, alas! is grown my burden now: 1066
 That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
 That cruel parting hour at length is come.
 Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
 Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight. 1070
 Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
 The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
 Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
 Seek not to change my purpose with thy pray'rs;
 Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have try'd, 1075
 And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
 Think not, thy distance will increase thy fear:
 Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,
 Too soon the fatal news shall reach thy ear. }
 Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires,
 Nor dost thou love as Virtue's law requires; 1081
 If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,
 Red with the stains of blood, and guilty war.
 When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,
 Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms, }
 And rise to battle from these tender arms?

Ver. 1081. *Nor dost thou love.*] As if Cornelia could not come up to the virtue of the Roman matrons, if she did not look with detestation, even upon her husband, when he was engaged in a Civil war.

Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
 And join thy absence to the public woe.
 But thou, be hid, be safe from ev'ry fear, 1088
 While kings and nations in destruction share;
 Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
 Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
 Then if the Gods my overthrow ordain,
 And the fierce victor chase me o'er the plain,
 Thou shalt be left me still, my better part, 1093
 To sooth my cares, and heal my broken heart;
 Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
 And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.

Struck and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
 All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook. 1100
 Motion, and life, and speech at length returns,
 And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:
 No, Pompey! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
 'Tis not the hand of Fate has robb'd my bed;
 But like some base Plebeian I am curs'd, 1105
 And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd.
 But Caesar bids us part! thy father comes!
 And we must yield to what that tyrann'dooms!
 Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
 That thou should'st think her safe whilst alone? }
 Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one? }
 Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
 And bid my single head the coming storm abide?

Ver. 1106. *Stand divorc'd.*] Divorces were very frequent among the Romans; though Cornelia, who was a lady of singular virtue, complains here that she should be parted from her husband upon any other occasion than death.

Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye ? 1114
 Dost thou not hope, and wish, ev'n now to die ?
 And can I then be safe ? Yet death is free ;
 That last relief is not deny'd to me :
 Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
 Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
 Thou bidst me with the pangs of absence strive,
 And, 'till I hear thy certain loss, survive. 1121
 My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear ;
 But, oh ! my heart's a woman's, and I fear.
 If the good Gods, indulgent to my pray'r,
 Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their
 care ; 1125

In distant climes I may prolong my wee,
 And be the last thy victory to know.
 On some bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
 A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep ;
 There from each sail misfortune shall I guess,
 And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
 Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
 The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near ;
 Defenceless I may still be made a prize,
 And Cæsar snatch me with him as he flies : 1135
 With ease my known retreat he shall explore,
 While thy great name distinguishes the shore :
 Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd ;
 The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
 But if th' o'er-ruling pow'rs thy cause forsake,
 Grant me this only last request I make ; 1141



When thou shalt be of troops, and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy safety left ;
Oh ! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But choose a refuge in some distant part. 1145
Where-e'er thy unauspicious bark shall steer,
Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there. }

So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with sorrow, left her holy bed : 1150
She sees all ling'ring, all delays are vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the pain ;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One last embrace from her forsaken lord. 1154
Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true, }
To lose the pleasure of one last adieu.
In all the woeful days that cross'd their bliss,
Sure never hour was known so sad as this ; 1159
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain, }
They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
And Fortune shot her envious shafts in vain. }

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid ;
Her train officious hasten to her aid :
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand, 1165
Support her, slow-descending o'er the strand.
There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the shore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she
knew,
When from her native Italy she flew : 1170

Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her flight,
Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her side.
When weary oft in heaviness she lies, 1175
And dazy slumber steals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have
 prest,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns, 1180
She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh ! too soon the want shall be supply'd,
The Gods too cruelly for that provide :
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd. 1186

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Caesar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after several marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vast line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of provisions, and a very gallant resistance of Scæva, a centurion of Caesar's, at length breaks through. After this, Caesar makes another unsuccessful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Thessaly: And Pompey, against the persuasion and counsel of his friends, follows him. After a description of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Thessaly; the Poet takes occasion from this country, being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the Civil war from the sorceress Erictho.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

Now, near encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring
height,
The Latian chiefs prepare for sudden fight.
The rival pair seem hither brought by fate,
As if the Gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman state.
Caesar, intent upon his hostile son,
Demands a conquest here, and here alone ;
Neglects what laurels captive towns must yield,
And scorps the harvest of the Grecian field.
Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
Eager, that lost, great chance of war he waits,
Where fortune's fall determines both their fates.
Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array, 15
His threat'ning eagles wide their wings display ;
Thrice, but in vain, his hostile arms he shew'd,
His ready rage, and thirst of Latian blood.

But when he saw, how cautious Pompey's care,
 Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war: 20
 Through woody paths he bent his secret way,
 And meant to make Dyrrachium's town his prey.
 This Pompey saw; and swiftly shot before,
 With speedy marches on the sandy shore:
 'Till on Taulantian Petra's top he stay'd, 25
 Shelt'ring the city with his timely aid.
 This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boast,
 The works of labor, and expensive cost.
 Vain prodigality! and labor vain!
 Lost is the lavish'd wealth, and lost the fruitless
 pain! 30

What walls, what tow'rs so'er they rear sublime,
 Must yield to wars, or more destructive time;
 While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortress, made, }
 Where Nature's hand the sure foundation laid, }
 And with her strength the naked town array'd, }
 Shall stand secure against the warrior's rage, 36
 Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
 Guarded; around, by steepy rocks it lies,
 And all access from land, but one, denies.
 No vent'rous vessel there in safety rides, }
 But foaming surges break, and swelling tides }
 Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy sides }

Ver. 25. *Taulantian Petra.*] The Taulantii were a people of Macedonia, possessing the country between Apollonia and Dyrrhachium; and Petra was a mountain, or ridge of shaggy grounds, near the latter of these places.

Ver. 27. *This place.*] Dyrrhachium.

Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmost cliff they flow,
Burst on the lofty domes, and dash the town below. }

Here Caesar's daring heart vast hopes conceives,
And high with war's vindictive pleasures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How, in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill design'd. }
Secret and swift he means the task to try, 54
And runs each distance over with his eye.

Vast heaps of sod and verdant turf are brought,
And stones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling round the work supplies,
And sudden ramparts from their ruins rise. 56
With wondrous strength the stable mound they

rear,
Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hostile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine }

rear.
The hills, resistless, Caesar plains his way, 60
The rough unequal rocks obey.

The gaping trenches lie,
The airy turrets high,
Of land the labors wind,
The forests in the circle bind,
Is a toil the savage kind. }

[Grecian dwelling.] Macedonia, where the
two armies then lay, was always reckoned a part of Greece.

Ver. 60. *Drew out tracks.*] This vast line, which Caesar
drew to inclose Pompey, was fifteen miles in compass; so that
it was impossible for him to man every part of it; and indeed it
was so large, that it was some time before Pompey felt the want
of forage.

Nor ev'n the foe too strictly pent remains,
 At large he forages upon the plains ;
 The vast inclosure gives free leave around,
 Oft to decamp, and shift the various ground. 70
 Here, from far fountains, streams their channels
 trace,
 And while they wander through the tedious space,
 Run many a mile their long extended race :
 While some, quite worn and weary of the way,
 Sink, and are lost, before they reach the sea ; 75
 Ev'n Cæsar's self, when through the works he goes,
 Tires in the midst, and stops to take repose.
 Let Fame no more record the walls of Troy,
 Which Gods alone could build, and Gods destroy ;
 Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have seen " 80
 The labors of the Babylonian queen :
 Behold this large, this spacious tract of ground !
 Like that, which Tigris, or Orontes bound ;
 Behold this land ! that majesty might bring,
 And form a kingdom for an eastern king ; 85
 Behold a Latian chief this land inclose,
 Amidst the tumult of impending foe
 He had the walls arise, and as he
 But ah ! vain pride of pow'r ! ah !
 Ev'n these, these mighty labors are
 A force like this what barriers cou'd
 Seas must have fled, and yielded to

Ver. 81. *The labors of.*] He means the famous walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis.

Ver. 91. *A force like this &c.*] Or rather a diligence, labor, and sweat like this of Cæsar.

The lovers' shores united might have stood,
 Spite of the Hellespont's opposing flood; 94
 While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
 Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd Isthmus ride,
 And . . . give realms from Corinth's walls divide; }
 This pow'r might change unwilling Nature's face,
 Unfix each order, and remove each place.
 Here, as if clos'd within a list, the war 100
 Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
 Here ardent glows the blood, which Fate ordains
 To dye the Libyan and Emathian plains;
 Here the whole rage of civil discord join'd,
 Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd. 105
 Nor yet, while Cæsar his first labors try'd,
 The warlike toil by Pompey 'was describ'd.
 So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
 Safe from the horrid sound, the happy swain }
 Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
 So, Northern Britons never hear the roar 111
 Of seas, that break on the far Cantian shore.
 Soon as the rising ramparts' hostile height,
 And tow'rs advancing, struck his anxious sight,
 Sudden from Petra's safer camp he led, 115
 And ~~while~~ his legions on the hills dispread;

Ver. 94. *The lovers' shores.*] Scyros and Abydos, where Leander and Hero lived. The Ægean and Ionian are the two seas on each side the Isthmus of Corinth.

Ver. 103. *The Libyan.*] Alluding to the war in Africa, supported after Pompey's death by Cato and Juba.

Ver. 112. *The Cantian shore.*] The original is Rutupias - Litorea; the ancient Rutupium, or Rutupia, is Richborough near Sandwich, in Kent.

So, Cæsar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
 More feebly might each various strength defend.
 His camp far o'er the large inclosure reach'd,
 And guarded lines along the front were stretch'd;
 Far as Rome's distance from Aricia's groves, 121
 (Aricia which the chaste Diana loves)
 Far as from Rome old Tiber seeks the sea,
 Did he not wander in his winding way.
 While yet no signals for the fight prepare,
 Unhidden, some the jav'lin dash from far,
 And skirmishing, provoke the ling'ring war. }
 But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs distress,
 And move, the soldiers' ardor to repress.
 Pompey, with secret anxious thought, beheld, 130
 How trampling hoofs the rising grass repell'd;
 Waste lie the russet fields, the gen'rous steed
 Seeks on the naked soil, in vain, to feed:
 Loathing from racks of husky straw he turns,
 And, pining, for the verdant pasture mourns. 135
 No more his limbs their dying load sustain,
 Aiming a stride, he falters in the strain,
 And sinks a ruin on the with'ring plain; }
 Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
 Dissolve his frame, and melt the mass away. 140
 Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
 Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there.

Ver. 119. *His camp.*] Pompey's.

Ver. 121.] *Far as Rome's distance.*] About fifteen miles from Aricia. See the notes upon the former part of the third book.

From Nesis such, the Stygian vapors rise,
 And with contagion taint the purer skies ;
 Such do Typhœus' steamy caves convey, 145
 And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.
 Thence liquid streams the mingling plague receive,
 And deadly potions to the thirsty give ;
 To man the mischief spreads, the fell disease
 In fatal draughts does on his entrails seize. 150
 A rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
 Spreads, like a bark, upon his silken skin.
 Malignant flames his swelling eyes ball up,
 And seem with anguish from the sockets run ;
 Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and 155
 And mark, in crimson streaks, the way ;
 Low droops his head, declining from the light,
 And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
 With winged haste the swift destruction flies,
 And scarce the soldier sickens ere he dies ; 160
 Now falling crowds at once resign their breath,
 And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
 Careless their putrid carcases are spread ;
 And on the earth, their dank unwholesome bed,
 The living rest in common with the dead. }
 Here none the last funeral rites receive ; 166
 To be cast forth the camp, is all their friends can
 give.
 At length kind heav'n their sorrows bad to cease,
 And staid the pestilential foe's increase ;

Ver. 143. *From Nesis.*] Nesis is a little island in the Gulf of Naples, now called Nesita.

Ver. 145. *Typhœus' steamy caves.*] In the island of Icarine.

Fresh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
 While Boreas through the lazy vapor flies,
 And sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank pol-
 luted skies.

Arriving vessels now their freight unload,
 And furnish plenteous harvests from abroad ;
 Now brightly strength, now cheerful health re-
 turns, 175

And life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
~~But~~ ~~Can~~ unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
 Feels not the mischief of the sluggish sky :
 On hills, ~~where~~ he breathes the purer air,
 And ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~no~~ ~~islands~~ ~~nor~~ ~~pois'nous~~ ~~vapors~~, there.
 Yet hunger ~~him~~, an equal plague is found ; 181
 Famine, and meagre want besiege him round :
 The fields, as yet, no hopes of harvest wear,
 Nor yellow stems disclose the bearded ear.

The scatter'd vulgar search around the fields, 185
 And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields ;
 Some strip the trees in ev'ry neighb'ring wood,
 And with the cattle share their grassy food.
 Whate'er the soft'ning flame can pliant make,
 Whate'er the teeth, or lab'ring jaws can break ;
 What flesh, what roots, what herbs soe'er they
 get,

Though new, and strange to human taste as yet,
 At once the greedy soldiers seize and eat.
 What want, what pain soe'er they undergo,
 Still they persist in arms, and close beset the
 foe. 195

At length, impatient longer to be held
 Within the bounds of one appointed field,
 O'er ev'ry bar which might his passage stay,
 Pompey resolves to force his warlike way;
 Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead, 200
 And give his loosen'd legions room to spread.
 Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
 Nor steals a passage, nor declines the fight;
 But bravely dares, disdainful of the foe, 204
 Through the proud tow'rs and ramparts' breach to go.
 Where shining spears, and crested helms are seen,
 Embattled thick to guard the walls within;
 Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
 There Pompey marks a passage for his sword.
 Near to the camp a woody thicket lay
 Close was the shade, nor did the greensword way,
 With smoky clouds of dust, the march betray. }
 Hence, sudden they appear in dread array, 212
 Sudden their wide-extended ranks display;
 At once the foe beholds with wond'ring eyes,
 Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles rise;
 At once the warriors' shouts, and trumpet-sounds }
 surprise.
 Scarce was the sword's destruction needful here,
 So swiftly ran before preventing fear;
 Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some 220
 Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
 Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the slain, }
 Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
 And clouds of flying jav'lines fall in vain. }

Here swift consuming flames the victors throw,
 And ~~while~~ the ram impetuous aims a blow; 226
 Aloft, the nodding turrets feel the stroke,
 And the vast rampart groans beneath the shock.
 And now propitious Fortune seem'd to doom
 Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to Rome;
 High o'er the vanquish'd works his eagles tow'r,
 And vindicates the world from Cæsar's pow'r.

But, (what nor Cæsar, nor his fortune could)
 What not ten thousand warlike bands withstood,
 Scæva resists alone; repels the force, 233
 And stops the rapid victor in his course.
 Scæva! a name erewhile to Fame unknown,
 And first distinguish'd on the Gallic Rhone;
 There seen in hardy deeds of arms to shine,
 He reach'd the honors of the Latian vine. 240
 Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
 Bus'd to blood, and active to fulfil
 The dictates of a lawless tyrant's will;
 Nor virtue's love, nor reason's laws he knew,
 But careless of the right, for hire his sword he
 drew. 245

Thus courage by an impious cause is curst,
 And he that is the bravest, is the worst.
 Soon as he saw his fellows shun the fight,
 And seek their safety in ignoble flight, 249

Ver. 240. *The Latian vine.*] The Vitis, or rod made of a vine, was the badge of the centurion's office, which they bore in their hands, and with which the soldiers used to be corrected for lesser offences.

Whence does, he said, this coward's terror grow,
This shame, unknown to Caesar's arms 'till now ?
Can you, ye slavish herd, thus tamely yield ?
Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody field ?
Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the last, your brave companions lie ; 255
Then blush to think what wretched lives you save,
From what scorn you fly, from what a glorious
grave.

Though sacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation keep you here.
We ! we the weakest, from the rest are chose, 260
To yield a passage to our scornful foes !
Yet, Pompey, yet, thou shalt be yet witness'd,
And stain thy victor's laurel deep in blood.
With pride, 'tis true, with joy I should have
dy'd,

If haply I had fall'n by Caesar's side :
But Fortune has the noble death deny'd.
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fate shalt wait,
Do thou be witness, and applaud my fate. 265
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
A thousand wounds let ev'ry bosom beat,
'Till the keen sword be blunt, be broke the
pointed spear.

And see the clouds of dusty battle rise !
Hark how the shout runs rattling through the skies !
The distant legions catch the sounds from far,
And Caesar listens to the thrund'ring war. 275
He comes, he comes, yet ere his soldier dies,
Like light'ning swift the winged warrior flies :

Haste then to death, to conquest, haste away ;
Well do we fall, for, Cæsar wins the day.

He spoke, and strait, as at the trumpeter's sound,
Rekindled warmth in ev'ry breast was found ; 281
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow soldier's fate,
To see if haply virtue might prevail,
And ev'n, beyond their hopes, do more than greatly
fail. 285

High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With slaughter'd carcasses around him spread ;
With nervous arms uplifting these he throws,
These rolls oppressive, on ascending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie, 290
And all the ready ruins arms supply :
Ev'n his fierce self he seems to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a blow.
Now his tough staff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold assailants back : 295
Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcase falls,
While the clench'd fingers gripe the topmost walls :
Here stones he heaves ; the mass descending full,
Crushes the brain, and shivers the frail skull. 299
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around ;
Infix'd, the flames hiss in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimson
drown'd. }

And now the swelling heaps of slaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortress rose ;

Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung,
 And shot himself amidst the hostile throng: 306
 So daring, fierce with rage, so void of fear,
 Bounds forth the spotted pard, and scorns the hun-
 ter's spear.

The closing-ranks the warrior straight enfold,
 And, compos'd in stiller steely circle, hold: 310
 Undaunted still, around the ring he roams,
 Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
 'Till clogg'd with blood, his sword obeys but ill
 The dictates of its vengeful master's will; 314
 Edgeless it falls, and though it pierces no more,
 Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruises sore.
 Mean-time, on him, the crowding war is bent,
 And darts from ev'ry hand, to him are sent:
 It look'd, as Fortune did in odds delight,
 And had in cruel sport ordain'd the fight; 320
 A wondrous match of war she seem'd to make,
 Her thousands here, and there her one to make;
 As if on knightly terms in lists they ran,
 And jav'lines were but equal to the man.
 A thousand darts upon his buckler ring, 324
 A thousand jav'lines round his temples ring;
 Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
 His steely helm is inward taught to bow.
 The massive arms, fix'd all around, he wears,
 And ev'n his safety in his wounds he bears,
 Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of spears.

Cease, ye Pompeian warriors! cease the strife;
 Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single life;

Your darts, your idle jav'line-cast aside,
 And other arms for Scæva's death provide ; 333
 The fearful ram's resistless horns prepare,
 With all the prodigious vast machines of war ;
 Let dreadful flames, let many rocks be thrown,
 With engines thunder on, and break him down, }
 And win this Cæsar's soldiers like a town. }
 At length, his fate disdaining to delay, 341
 He hurls his shield's neglected aid away,
 Resolves no part what'er from death to hide,
 But stands unguarded now on ev'ry side.
 Incumber'd sore with many a painful wound, 345
 Tardy, and stiff he treads the hostile round ;
 Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowd survey,
 Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.
 Such, by Getulian hunters compass'd in,
 The vast unwieldy elephant is seen : 350
 He charg'd with a steely shower from far,
 As he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd war,
 The distant troop the fight renew,
 And with fresh rage the stubborn foe pursue ;
 Unconquer'd still the mighty savage stands, 355
 And scorns the malice of a thousand hands.
 Not all the wounds a thousand darts can make,
 Though all find place, a single life can take.
 When lo ! address with some successful vow,
 A shaft, sure flying from a Cretan bow, 360
 Beneath the warrior's brow was seen to light,
 And sunk, deep piercing the left orb of sight.

But he (so sage inspir'd, and mad despair)
 Remorseless fell, and senseless of the pain, 364
 Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
 With stringy nerves besmear'd, and wrapp'd
 around,

And stamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.
 So in Panaanian woods the growling bear
 Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's spear,
 Turns on his wound, runs nothing round with
 pain, 370

And catches at the flying shaft in vain,
 Down from his eyeless hollow ran the blood,
 And hideous o'er his mangled visage flow'd;
 Deform'd each awful, each severer gross,
 And veil'd the manly terrors of his face, 376
 The victors raise their joyful voices
 And with loud triumph strike
 Not Cæsar thus a gen'ral joy had
 Though Cæsar's self like Scæva thus
 Anxious, the wounded soldier, in his
 The rising indignation deep repress,
 And thus, in humble vein, his haughty face
 drest:

Here let your rage, ye Romans, cease, be still,
 And lend your fellow-citizen your aid; 384
 No more your darts nor useless jav'lines try,
 These, which I bear, will deaths enow supply,
 Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die.
 Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
 My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet:

'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
 But I renounce that glorious fate for you. 391
 Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
 And quit ev'n *Cæsar*, so I fly from death.

The wretched *Anulus* listen'd to the wile,
 Intent and greedy of the future spoil; 395
 Advancing fondly on, with heedless ease,
 He thought the captive and his arms to seize,
 When, ere he was aware, his thund'ring sword
 Deep in his throat, the ready *Servus* gor'd.
 Warm'd with the slaughter, with fresh rage he burns,
 And vigor with the new success returns. 401

So may they fall (he said) by just deceit,
 Such be their fate, such as this fool has met,
 Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet.
 If you would stop the vengeance of my sword,
 ———— a mercy be your peace implor'd,
 ———— leader kneel, and humbly own
 your lord.

———— meanly dare to fancy, me
 yourselves, and fond of life to be!
 ———— now, add all the names which grace your
 cause, 410

Your rev'rend senate, and your boasted laws,
 Not *Pompey's* self, not all for which you fear,
 Were e'er to you, like death to *Scorva*, dear.
 Thus while he spoke, a rising dust betray'd
Cæsar's legions marching to his aid. 415
 Now *Pompey's* troops with prudence seem to yield,
 And to increasing numbers quit the field;

Dissembling shame, they hide their foul defeat,
 Nor vanquish'd by a single arm, retreat.
 Then fell the warrior, for 'till then he stood ; 420
 His manly mind supply'd the want of blood.
 It seem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
 And courage to oppose, from opposition grew.
 But now, when none were left him to repel,
 Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell. 425
 Straight with officious haste his friends draw near,
 And raising, joy the noble load to bear :
 To rev'rence, and religious awe inclin'd,
 Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
 That God within his mangled breast intrin'd. }
 The wounding weapons, stain'd with Scæva's blood,
 Like sacred relics to the Gods are vow'd ;
 Forth are they drawn from ev'ry part with care,
 And kept to dress the naked God of war.
 Oh ! happy soldier, had thy worth been try'd }
 In pious daring, on thy country's side !
 Oh ! had thy sword Iberian battles known,
 Or purple with Cantabrian slaughter grown ; }
 How had thy name in deathless annals shone !
 But now no Roman Pæan shalt thou sing, 440
 Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
 Nor loudly blest in solemn pomp shalt move,
 Through crowding streets, to Capitolian Jove,
 The laws' defender, and the people's love : }

Ver. 440. *Roman Pæan.*] Pæan was properly the name of
 Apollo, which the Roman soldiers used frequently to repeat in
 their songs of victory, which they sung as they accompanied the
 triumphs of their generals.

Oh hapless victor thou ! oh vainly brave ! 446
 How hast thou fought, to make thyself a slave !

Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
 Nor rests incompass'd round by Cæsar's lines ;
 Once more he means to force his warlike way,
 And, yet retrieve the fortune of the day. 450

So when fierce winds with angry Ocean strive,
 Enll on the beach the beating billows drive ;
 Stable awhile the lofty mounds abide,
 Check the proud surge, and stay the swelling tide ;
 Yet restless still the waves unceasing roll, 455

Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking mole.
 With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
 Where to the shore the jutting wall extends :
 There proves, by land and sea, his various might,
 And wins his passage by the double fight. 460

Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
 And, their close camp for safer fields exchange.
 So, rais'd by melting streams of Alpine snow,
 Beyond his utmost margin swells the Po,
 And loosely late the spreading deluge flow : 465

When e'er the weaker banks oppress retreat,
 And sink beneath the heavy waters' weight,
 Forth gushing at the breach they burst their way,
 And wasteful o'er the drowned country stray :
 Far distant fields and meads they wander o'er, 470
 And visit lands they never know before ;

Here, from its seat the mould'ring earth is torn,
 And by the flood to other masters born ;
 While gathering, there, it heaps the growing soil,
 And loads the peasant with his neighbour's spoil.

Soon as ascending high, arising flame, 476
 To Cæsar's sight, the combat's signal, came,
 Swift to the place approaching near, he found
 The ruin scatter'd by the victor, round,
 And his proud labors humbled to the ground.
 Thence to the hostile camp his eyes he turns,
 Where for their peace, and sleep secure, he
 mourns,
 With rancorous despise, and envious anguish,
 burns.

At length resolv'd (so rage inspir'd his breast)
 He means to break the happy victor's rest; 485
 Once more to kindle up the fatal strife,
 And dash their joys, with hazard of his life.
 Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way,
 (Torquatus near a neighb'ring castle lay)
 But he, by prudent caution taught to yield, 490
 Trusts to his walls, and quits the open field;
 There, safe within himself, he stands his ground,
 And lines the guarded rampart strongly round.
 So when the season from afar descends
 The clouds grow black upon the lowering sky,
 Hear the winds roar, and mark the sun's high,

[Ver. 485. straight to Torquatus.] When Pompey had forced his way through Cæsar's lines, Cæsar, to repair that loss and disgrace of that action, attacked with 30 cohorts a castle of the enemy's, commanded by Torquatus. And new heat the besieged out of the ditch, when Pompey, of their distress, came himself with the 5th legion to their assistance. Cæsar's horse, fearing to be inclosed, fled, which the foot seeing, and that Pompey was not pursued, fled likewise. If Pompey had made as good use of his success here, as Lucan indicates a wise general would have done, this action might have decided the war at once.

But hark! the flutt'ring sheet with timely care,
 And wisely for the coming storm prepare.
 But now the victor, with resistless haste,
 Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had past ; 500
 When swift descending from the rising grounds,
 Pompey with length'ning files the foe surrounds.
 As when in *Ætna's* hollow caves below,
 Round the vast furnace kindling whirlwinds blow ;
 Rous'd in his baleful bow'r the giant roars, 505
 And with a hurst the burning deluge pours ;
 Then pale with horror shrieks the shudd'ring swain,
 To see the fiery ruin spread the plain.
 Nor with less horror *Cæsar's* bands behold
 Huge hostile dusty clouds their rear infold ; 510
 Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,
 Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
 Well, on that day, the world repose had gain'd,
 And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
 Had not the pious chief the rage of war restrain'd. }
 Oh Rome ! how free, how happy hadst thou been !
 Thy own great mistress, and the nations' queen !
 Had *Sylla*, then, thy great avenger stood,
 And dy'd his thirsty sword in traitors' blood. 519
 But oh ! for ever shalt thou now bemoan
 The two extremes, by which thou wert undone, }
 The ruthless father, and too tender son.

Ver. 488. *The giant roars.*] *Enneides*, who was struck with lightning, and laid there by *Jupiter*.

Ver. 518. *Had quite then.*] Though *Lucan* was rather a favourite of *Sylla*, yet see how even he points the cruelty of his victories in the second book.

With fatal pity, Pompey, hast thou spar'd,
 And giv'st the blackest crime the best reward:
 How had that one, one happy day, withheld
 The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
 The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great
 Than some vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
 Nor Afric, then, nor Juba had beseech'd,
 Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghosts' aspen'd; 530
 Cato had, for his country's good, surviv'd,
 And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
 Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
 And Fate had undescried Pharsalia's plain.

But Caesar, weary of th' unlucky land, 535
 Swift to Æmathia leads his shatter'd band;
 While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wise,
 To quit the baffled foe's pursuit advise.
 To Italy they point his open way,
 And bid him make the willing land his prey. 540
 Oh! never, (he replies) shall Pompey come;
 Like Caesar, arm'd and terrible to Rome;
 Nor need I from these sacred walls have fled,
 Could I have born our streets with slaughter'd red,
 And seen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.

Ver. 537. [He replies, &c.] That is, Pompey had not been shatter'd by Juba and Ptolemy were vanquish'd by Caesar in Africa, &c.

The Scipio meant here, is Corn. Scipio, father of Pompey's wife Cornelia, who Julius killed himself on the same occasion in Africa.

Caesar's story is much better known, he will not need an Addition.

Ver. 539. To Æmathia, which is the same as Pharsalia.

Much rather let me pine in Scythia's frost, 546
 Or burn on swarthy Libya's sultry coast;
 No clime, no distant region is too far,
 Where I can banish, with me, fatal war.
 I fled, to bid my country's sorrows cease; 550
 And shall my victories invade her peace?
 Let her but safe and free from arms remain,
 And Cæsar still shall think she wears his chain.

He spoke, and eastward sought the forest wide,
 That rising clothes Candavia's shady side; 555
 Thence to Æmathia took his destin'd way,
 Reserv'd by Fate for the deciding day.

Where Eurus blows, and wint'ry suns arise,
 Thessalia's boundary proud Ossa lies;
 But when the God protracts the longer day, 560
 Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
 Where through the lion's fiery sign he flies,
 Odyrs his leafy groves for shades supplies.
 On Pindus strikes the fady western light,
 When glit'ring Vesper leads the starry night. 565
 Northwest, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
 Their pale fires around the frozen pole.

Ver. 546. Candavia.] A wild mountainous country, full of woods, near the borders of Macedonia and Illyricum.

Ver. 548. Eurus blow.] This chorographical description of Thessaly is mostly taken from Herodotus, and agrees, though not altogether, with the accounts and maps of the learned Cellarius. Ossa lies to the east.

Ver. 560. Pelion's broad back.] This is a literal translation of my author, though according to Cellarius he must be out in his geography, as well as astronomy; for as the days lengthen the sun rises to the northward of the east; whereas Cellarius places Pelion to the southward. For the rest, Odyrs lies to the south, Pindus to W. S. W. and Olympus to the north.

The middle space, a valley low depress'd,
 Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possess'd ;
 While growing still the heavy waters stood, 570
 Nor down through Tempe ran the rushing flood :
 But when Alcides to the task apply'd,
 And cleft a passage through the mountains wide ;
 Gushing at once the thund'ring torrent flow'd, 574
 While Nereus groan'd beneath th' increasing load.
 Then rose (oh that it still a lake had lain !),
 Above the waves Pharsalia's fatal plain,
 Once subject to the great Achilles' reign. }
 Then Phylace was built, whose warriors boast
 Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast ; 580
 Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
 And Dorion, for the Muses' wrath renown'd :
 Then Trachin high, and Melibora stood,
 Where Hercules his fatal shafts bestow'd ;

Ver. 568. *The middle space.*] He does not seem to mean here all that region which the ancient geographers call Thessaly, but the fields of Tempe and Pharsalia, and the neighbouring country, where the principal scene of action in this war lay.

Ver. 572. *But when Alcides.*] It is said Hercules made a passage between Ossa and Olympus, for the river Peneus to run into the sea.

Ver. 579. *Phylace.*] A city in Pithiæ, a province of Thessaly ; where Proteclians reigned, who were the first that landed on the shore of Troy in the famous expedition of the Greeks against that place ; and was killed, according to the tradition of the oracle. Concerning him see Ovid's *Epistola ad Mænem*. lib. 12.

Ver. 581. *Pteleos.*] Or rather Pteleum, a town upon the sea-coast in the same country.

Ver. 582. *Dorion.*] Or Dotion, as Asseus will have it : There is some dispute whether this place be in Macedonia or Thessaly, or Mæonia in the Peloponnese. Lucan is plainly of the first opinion : asserting that he, near this place Pharynus, a Thracian poet, was punished with blindness by the Muses for daring to contend with them.

Ver. 583. *Abidona.*] A city of Phthiotæ.

Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now 585
 A plain, submitted to the lab'ring plough.
 Here stood the town, if there be truth in fable,
 That from Boeotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
 Here sad Agave's wand'ring sense return'd, 589
 Here for her murder'd son the mother mourn'd ;
 With streaming tears she wash'd his ghastly head,
 And on the fun'ral pile the precious relic laid.
 The gushing waters various soon divide,
 And ev'ry river rules a separate tide ;
 The narrow *Æas* runs a limpid flood, 595
 Evenos blazes with the Centaur's blood ;
 That gently mingles with th' Ionian sea,
 While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.

Trachin.] Or *Heraclea*, in the same country: here lived *Philoctetes*, to whom *Hercules* at his death gave his fatal arrows, without which *Troy* could not be taken. *Larissa* and *Argos* were cities in the same country. For the first, see afterwards in Book VIII.

Vers. 588. Boeotian Thebes.] The ancient geographers place a city called *Thebes* in *Boeotia*. When *Agave*, queen of *Thebes* in *Boeotia*, had in her madness killed her son *Pentheus*, and cut off his head, at length recovering her senses, she fled into this opening, and buried her son's head here, and probably gave the name of *Thebes* to the place where she settled.

Vers. 589. The gushing waters.] From the cities that were built by the *Argonauts*, the poet goes on to enumerate the famous rivers of *Thessaly*, which were left in their proper channels, after *Diogenes* Lake was emptied.

Vers. 595. The narrow Æas.] I find no river of this name among the ancient geographers, except one in *Macedonia*, which falls into the *Ionian Sea*. By *Apollonia*: Could indeed makes the river *Æas* meet the *Peneus*, and I suppose *Lucan* follows him.

Vers. 596. Evenos.] This was a river in *Calydonia*, part of *Æolia*, where *Nessus* the Centaur attempting to ravish *Deianira* the wife of *Hercules*, was killed by an arrow.

This river, as likewise *Achelous*, (in the same country) are oddly introduced among the rivers of *Thessaly*. But the poet,

Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
 And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter calls.
 Thick Acheleüs rolls his troubled waves, 601
 And heavily the neighbour isles he laves ;
 While pure Amphrysus winds along the mead,
 Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed :
 Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain, 605
 And watch'd his charge upon the grassy plain.
 Swift to the main his course Sperchios bends,
 And, sounding, to the Malian gulph descends.
 No breezy air near calm Ansauros flies,
 No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise. 610
 Here Phœnix, Melas, and Asopus run,
 And strong Apidanus drives slow Enipeus on.
 A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
 Are mix'd, and lost in Pencus' nobler name :

Ver. 599. *Io's aged father.*] Inachus is yet more remote, being a river of the Peloponnesus, unless we may suppose some river of less note in Thessaly, which took its name from that famous one of the Argives.

For the story of Jupiter ravishing his daughter Io, see Ovid. *Metam.* lib. 1.

Ver. 602. *The neighbour isles.*] The Echinades, near Corin-
th.

Ver. 603. *Amphrysus.*] A river of Thessaly, near which Apollo, when he lay under Jupiter's displeasure for killing the Cyclops, kept sheep for Admetus, king of the country.

Ver. 607. *Sperchios.*] Now called Agrius, a river of Phthiotis. It falls into the Straits Malianus, at the end of the Eur-
pus or Gulph of Negropont.

Ver. 609. *Ansauros.*] This and the following rivers were all of Thessaly, but of no great name.

Ver. 612. *Apidanus.*] The river Apidanus falls into Enipeus.

Ver. 614. *Pencus.*] Was a river of note. He was the father of Daphne, Apollo's mistress.

Bold Titaresus scorns his rule, alone, 615
 And, join'd to Peneus, still himself is known:
 As o'er the land, his haughty waters glide,
 And roll unmingling, a superior tide.
 'Tis said, through secret channels winding forth,
 Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth;
 Thence, proud to be rever'd by Gods on high,
 He scorns to mingle with a mean ally. 622
 When rising grounds uprear'd at length their
 heads,
 And rivers shrink within their oozy beds;
 Bebrycians first are said, with early care, 625
 In furrows deep to sink the shining share.

This passage of Titaresus, or Titaresius, according to Homer, falling into the Peneus, and not mingling with its waters, is taken from that poet, *Ilad*, B. 2.

Ὀρδ' ἔρ' Πηνειῷ συμμίγεται, &c.

Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
 And inn' Peneus rolls his easy tides;
 Yet ~~as the~~ silver surface pure they flow,
 The mixed stream, unmix'd with streams below,
~~Secretly~~ ^{secretly} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~useful~~ ^{useful} From the dark abodes
 Styx pours them forth the dreadful oath of gods,

Pope.

[Var. 625. *Bebrycians*.] I have followed the correction of *Grotius* in this place, but upon second thoughts must confess I ~~think wrong~~, and that it ought rather to be, as most editions have it, *Bebrycians*, from the lake *Bebce*, and town of the same name in *Phthiotis*. The *Bebryces* were a people in *Gallia Narbonensis*. Of the other names which follow there is nothing particular to be remarked, but that they were the first inhabitants of several parts of *Thessaly*. Of the *Minys* only it may be observed, that they were the companions of *Jason* in his famous expedition to *Colchos* in quest of the golden fleece,

The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
 And Dolopes, invade the mellow soil.
 To these the bold *Æolidæ* succeed,
 Magnes, taught to rein the fiery steed,
 And Minys, to explore the deep, decreed. }
 Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace, 632
 The mother cloud disclos'd the Centaurs' race :
 In Pelethronian caves she brought them forth,
 And fill'd the land with many a monstrous birth.
 Here dreadful Monychus first saw the light, 636
 And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might ;
 Here tallest trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
 Which baffled storms had try'd in vain before.
 Here Pholus, of a gentler human breast, 640
 Receiv'd the great Alcides for his guest.
 Here, with brute-fury, lustful Nessus try'd }
 To violate the hero's beauteous bride :
 'Tis justly by the fatal shaft he dy'd.
 This parent land the pious leach confest, 645
 Chiron, of all the double race the best :
 'Midst golden stars he stands refulgent now,
 And threats the scorpion with his beaded bow.

Ver. 632. *Ixion's bold embrace.*] Ixion being in love with Juno, embracing a cloud for her, and begetting the Centaurs upon that cloud, is a known fable.

Ver. 634. *Pelethronian caves.*] Pelethronium was a mountain in Thessaly. Monychus is the name of a Centaur, as likewise are Rhœcus, Pholus, and Nessus. For the latter see the note on ver. 596 of this book.

Ver. 646. *Chiron.*] This Centaur had many good qualities : he understood music and physic, was the tutor of Achilles, and afterwards translated into heaven, made that sign in the Zodiac which we call Sagittarius, or the archer, next to Scorpio.

Wide o'er the world, by tale, the mischief ran,
 And those curst pieces were the bane of man.
 Huge Python, here, in many a scaly fold, 670
 To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd :
 Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
 And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
 Here proud Alæus durst the Gods defy, 674
 And taught his impious brood to scale the sky :
 While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
 With heav'n's bright orbs, and stop the circling
 sphere.

To this curst land, by Fate's appointed doom,
 With one consent the warring leaders come ;
 Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
 To see the terrible event so near. 681
 A few, and but a few, with souls serene,
 Wait the disclosing of the dubious scene.

Ver. 671. *Cyrrha's cave.*] In or near the mountain Parnassus.

Ver. 672. *Pythian games.*] These were instituted to the honor of Apollo upon his killing the serpent Python. See the notes upon Book V.

Ver. 674. *Alæus*] Was the father-in-law or reputed father of Otus and Ephialtes, two of the giants that made war upon Jupiter, his wife Iphimedia being impregnated with these chopping twins by Neptune. These are those called by Virgil *Aloides Geminæ* in the 11th Book. The *Skyll* says,

Etæ & Aloides géminos, immania vultu
Quesere.

Here lie th' Alæan twins (I saw them both)
 Enormous bodies of gigantic growth ;
 Who dar'd in fight the thund'rer to defy,
 Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.

Dryden.

But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
 Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd : 685
 A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
 And born to be his nobler sire's disgrace.

A day shall come, when this inglorious son
 Shall stain the trophies all by Pompey won :
 A thief, and spoiler, shall he live confess'd, 690
 And act those wrongs his father's arms redress'd,
 Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
 He pries into that fate he fears to know ;
 Nor seeks he, with religious vows, to move
 The Delphic Tripod, or Dodonian Jove ; 695
 No priestly augur's arts employ his cares,
 Nor Babylonian seers, who read the stars :
 He nor by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
 Nor any just, though secret rites inquires ; 699
 But horrid altars, and infernal pow'rs,
 Dire mysteries of magic he explores,
 Such as high Heav'n and gracious Jove abhors. }
 He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
 And seeks secret assistance from below.
 The place itself the impious means supplies, 705
 While near Hæmonian hags encamp'd he lies :

Ver. 688. *A day shall come.*] In relation to the piracies suppressed with great glory to himself by Pompey, and after his death renewed and exercised with great rapine by his son Sextus in the Sicilian Seas, after he had lost the battle of Munda in Spain.

Ver. 697. *Nor Babylonian seers.*] The Chaldeans, famous for their skill in astrology.

Ver. 706. *Hæmonian hags.*] Theæval, called likewise Hæmonia, was famous for witches.

All dreadful deeds, all monstrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by falsehood told,
Whate'er transcends belief, and reason's view,
Their art can furnish, and their pow'r makes true.

The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,⁷¹¹
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly use :
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
And list'ning rocks attend the charmer's song.
There, potent and mysterious plants arise, ⁷¹⁵
Plants that compel the Gods, and awe the skies ;
There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice ascends,
Thro' the whole vast expanse, each pow'r attends ;
Ev'n all those sullen deities, who know ⁷²¹
No care of heav'n above, or earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' Assyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian priests, their local Gods detain ;
From ev'ry altar loose at once they fly, ⁷²⁵
And with the stronger foreign call comply.

The coldest hearts Thessalian numbers warm,
And ruthless bosoms own the potent charm ;
With monstrous pow'r they rouse perverse desire,
And kindle into lust the wintry sire : ⁷³⁰
Where noxious cups, and pois'nous philters fail,
More potent spells and mystic verse prevail.

Ver. 724. *Their local Gods.*] Gods who were particularly worshipped in particular places by votaries of their own, who yet durst not refuse to forsake those places when they were called by the Thessalian enchantments.

No draughts so strong the knots of love prepare,
 Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
 Oft, sullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled 735
 From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
 Melt as the thread runs on, and sighing, feel
 The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
 Whene'er the proud enchantress gives command,
 Eternal motion stops her active hand; 740
 No more heav'n's rapid circle-journey on,
 But universal nature stands foredone :
 The lazy God of day forgets to rise,
 And everlasting Night pollutes the skies.
 Jove wonders, to behold her shake the Pole, 745
 And, unconsenting, hears his thunders roll.
 Now, with a word, she hides the sun's bright face,
 And blots the wide æthereal azure space :
 Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing hair,
 And straight the stormy low'ring heav'ns are fair :

Ver. 733 *The knots of love.*] These are little excrescences of flesh upon the forehead of foals, which the mares bite off as soon as they are foaled; and if they are prevented, and those knots cut off, it is said they will not suffer their foals to suck, but hate them, and drive them away. This is mentioned as an ingredient for love-potions in Virgil's 4th *Æneid*.

—*Nascentis equi de fronte remissus,
 Et matri præceptus amor.*

—And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
 Robbing the mother's love. *Dryden.*

Ver. 737. *Melt, as the thread.*] This magical prevalence over hard-hearted men in love-matters, was, by winding or unwinding threads off or upon wheels, and probably uttering some spell over them as they wound or unwound. See Virgil in the 8th *Eclouge*.

At once, she calls the golden light again, 751
The clouds fly swift away, and stops the drizly
rain.-

In stillest calms, she bids the waves run high,
And smooths the deep, though Borcas shakes the
sky; 754

When winds are hush'd, her potent breath prevails,
Wafes on the bark, and fills the flagging sails.

Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
And torrents from the rock suspended hung.

No more the Nile his wonted seasons knows,
And in a line the straight Mæander flows. 760

Arar has rush'd with headlong waters down,
And driv'n unwillingly the sluggish Rhone.

Huge mountains have been levell'd with the plain,
And far from heav'n has tall Olympus lain.

Riphæan crystal has been known to melt, 765
And Scythian snows a sudden summer felt.

No longer prest by Cynthia's moister beam,
Alternate Tethys heaves her swelling stream;

By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
But shun the margin of the guarded shore. 770

The pond'rous earth, by magic numbers strook,
Down to her inmost centre deep has shook;

Ver. 759. *No more the Nile.*] This river increases and decreases always at the same times of the year. See afterwards in the 10th book. The Mæander is famous for its crooked turnings and windings.

The Arar is naturally slow, and the Rhone rapid.

Ver. 764. *Riphæan crystal.*] Ice upon the Riphæan mountains in the extreme northern parts both of Europe and Asia.

Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
 To join the upper, and the nether day ;
 While wond'ring eyes, the dreadful cleft between,
 Another starry firmament have seen. 776
 Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
 Fear the dire hags, and execute their will.
 Lions to them, their nobler rage submit,
 And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet ; 780
 For them, the snake foregoes her wintry hold,
 And on the hoary frost untwines her fold :
 The pois'nous race they strike with stronger death,
 And blasted vipers die by human breath. 784

What law the heav'nly natures thus constrains,
 And binds ev'n Godheads in resistless chains ?
 What wondrous pow'r do charms and herbs imply,
 And force them thus to follow, and to fly ?
 What is it can command them to obey ?
 Does choice incline, or awful terror sway ? 790
 Do secret rites their deities atone,
 Or mystic piety to man unknown ?
 Do strong enchantments all immortals brave ?
 Or is there one determin'd God their slave ? 794
 One, whose command obedient Nature awes,
 Who, subject still himself to magic laws,
 Acts only as a servile second cause ?

Ver. 794. *One determin'd God.*] The poet seems to allude here to that God whom they called Demogorgon, who was the father and creator of all the other Gods : who, though himself was bound in chains in the lowest hell, was yet so terrible to all the others, that they could not bear the very mention of his name ; as appears towards the end of this book. Him Lucan supposes to be subject to the power of magic, as all the other deities of what kind soever were to him.

Magic the starry lamps from heav'n can tear,
 And shoot them gleaming through the dusky air ;
 Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance serene, 800
 And poison with foul spells the silver queen :
 Now pale the ghastly Goddess shrinks with dread,
 And now black smoky fires involve her head ;
 As when Earth's envious interposing shade,
 Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid : 805
 Held by the charming song, she strives in vain,
 And labours with the long pursuing pain ;
 'Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
 On hallow'd herbs she sheds her fatal foam. 809

But these, as arts too gentle, and too good, }
 Nor yet with death, or guilt enough imbru'd, }
 With haughty scorn the fierce Erictho.view'd. }
 New mischief she, new monsters durst explore,
 And dealt in horrors never known before.
 From towns, and hospitable roofs she flies, 815
 And ev'ry dwelling of mankind defies ;
 Through unfrequented deserts lonely roams,
 Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
 Spite of all laws, which Heav'n, or Nature know,
 The rule of Gods above, and man below : 820
 Grateful to hell the living hag descends,
 And sits in black assemblies of the fiends.

Ver. 809. *Her fatal foam.*] The ancients fancied the moon to be drawn down from heaven by witchcraft, when she was eclipsed : and that at those times she shed a sort of venomous juice upon some particular plants, which was of great use in magic.

Ver. 822. *And sits in black assemblies,*] which no living creature, besides herself, could do.

But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist carcase by degrees shall waste,
There, greedily on ev'ry part she flies, 850
Strips the dry nails, and digs the goary eyes.
Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the strangling noose,
And from the cross dead murderers unloose:
Her charms the use of sun-dry'd marrow find,
And husky entrails wither'd in the wind;
Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With cordy sinews oft her jaws are strung,
And thus suspended oft the filthy hag has hung. }
Where-e'er the battle bleeds, and slaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beasts, she hies;
Nor then content to seize the ready prey, 861
From their fell jaws she tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morsel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorse could stop her hand, 865
When human gore her cursed rites demand.
Whether some tender infant yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's side is torn;
Whether her purpose asks some bolder shade,
And by her knife, the ghost she wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood, }
She catches the first gushing of the flood;
All mischief is of use, and ev'ry murder good. }
When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She stands a terrible attendant by; 875
The downy growth from off their cheeks she tears,
Or cuts left-handed some selected hairs.

Oft when in death her gasping kindred lay,
 Some pious office would she feign to pay ; 879
 And while close hov'ring o'er the bed she hung,
 Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quiv'ring tongue ;
 Then, in hoarse murmurs, ere the ghost could go,
 Mutter'd some message to the shades below.

A fame like this around the region spread,
 To prove her pow'r, the younger Pompey led.
 Now half her sable course the night had run, 886
 And low beneath us roll'd the beauteous sun ;
 When the vile youth in silence cross'd the plain,
 Attended by his wonted worthless train.
 Thro' ruins waste and old, long wand'ring round,
 Lonely, upon a rock, the lag they found. 891
 There, as it chanc'd, in sullen mood she sat,
 Pond'ring upon the war's approaching fate :
 At that same hour, she ran new numbers o'er,
 And spells, unheard by hell itself before ; ' 895
 Fearful, lest wav'ring destiny might change,
 And bid the war in distant regions range,
 She charm'd Pharsalia's field with early care,
 To keep the warriors and the slaughter there.
 So may her impious arts in triumph reign, 900
 And rise in the plenty of the slain :
 So, many a royal ghost she may command,
 Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand,
 And rob of many an urn Hesperia's mourning
 land.

Ver. 879. *Some pious office,*] As receiving the last breath of the dying person.

Already she enjoys the dreadful field, 905
 And thinks what spoils the rival chiefs shall yield:
 With what fell rage each corse she shall invade,
 And fly rapacious on the prostrate dead.

To her a lowly suppliant, thus begun
 The noble Pompey's much unworthy son. 910

Hail! mighty mistress of Hæmonian arts,
 To whom stern Fate her dark decrees imparts:
 At thy approving, bids her purpose stand,
 Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
 From thee, my humbler awful hopes presume 915
 To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
 Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
 When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's
 son;

With him, all fortune's am I born to share,
 His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir. 920

Let not blind chance for ever wav'ring stand,
 And awe us with her unresolving hand:
 I own my mind unequal to the weight,
 Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
 Let it be certain what we have to fear, 925

And then—no matter—let the time draw near.
 Oh let thy charms this truth from heav'n's temple,
 Or force the dreadful Stygian Gods to tell.
 Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
 And from herself her fatal purpose know; 930

Ver. 907. The rival chiefs.] Cæsar and Pompey.

Ver. 920. His empire's heir.] I do not know whether the word empire is not a little too strong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal power Pompey was possessed of.

Constrain'd by thee, the phantom shall declare
 Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.
 Nor ever can thy skill divine foresee,
 Through the blind maze of long futurity,
 Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.

Pleas'd that her magic fame diffusely flies, 936
 Thus, with a horrid smile, the hag replies.

Hadst thou, oh noble youth ! my aid implor'd,
 For any less decision of the sword ;
 The Gods, unwilling, should my pow'r confess,
 And crown thy wishes with a full success. 941
 Hadst thou desir'd some single friend to save,
 Long had my charms withheld him from the grave ;
 Or would thy hate some foe this instant doom,
 He dies, though heav'n decrees him years to come.
 But when effects are to their causes chain'd, 946
 From everlasting, mightily, ordain'd ;
 When all things labour for one certain end,
 And on one action centre and depend :
 Then far behind, we own, our arts are cast, 950
 And magic is by Fortune's pow'r surpass'd.

Ver. 938. *Oh noble youth!*] Though Lucan gives Sextus Pompeius a vile character, it is not improper for the mouth that speaks here, to call him noble ; nor for the dead soldier, whom she raises to life afterwards, to do the same.

Ver. 947. *From everlasting.*] I have observed in the life of Lucan, that he was a disciple of Cornutus the stoic philosopher, of which this and many other passages in this poem are proofs. It is true he talks in many places of the wanton and unaccountable disposal of things below by Fortune and the Gods : yet that does not hinder us from supposing all those disposals necessarily pre-ordained. Nay, I have heard it affirmed by a critic, who I think understands this author very well, that wherever he names Fortune he means Fate. How far that may be made good I do not know,

Howe'er, if, yet, thy soul can be content,
 Only to know that undisclos'd event ;
 My potent charms o'er Nature shall prevail,
 And from a thousand mouths extort the tale : 955
 This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks shall tell,
 The thunder of high heav'n, or groans of hell.
 Though, still, more kindly oracles remain,
 Among the recent deaths of yonder plain ;
 Of these a corse our mystic rites shall raise, 960
 As yet unshrunk by Titan's parching blaze :
 So shall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
 But the sad shade shall breathe, distinct in human
 sound.

While yet he spoke, a double darkness spread,
 Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
 While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footsteps }
 tread.

Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er she took her
 way,

And hungry vultures left the mangled prey ;
 The savage race, abash'd, before her yield,
 And while she culls her prophet, quit the field.
 To various carcasses by turns she flies, 971
 And, griping with her gory fingers, tries ;
 Till one of perfect organs can be found,
 And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound,
 Of all the flitting shadows of the slain, 975
 Fate doubts which ghost shall turn to life again.

Ver. 954. *The recent deaths.*] Occasioned by some ship-
 pushes of parties from the two armies.

At her strong bidding (such is her command)
 Armies at once had left the Stygian strand;
 Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,
 And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms. 980
 Among the dreadful carnage strew'd around,
 One, for her purpose fit, at length she found;
 In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,
 And dragg'd the wretched lifeless load along:
 Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she stay'd, 985
 And in a dreary delve her burden laid;
 There evermore the wicked witch delights
 To do her deeds accur'd, and practise hellish rites.

Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,
 Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground; 990
 A downward grove, that never knew to rise,
 Or shoot its leafy honors to the skies,
 From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
 And covers in the cave with dreadful shade;
 Within, dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell, 995
 And filth obscene besmears the baleful cell.
 There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,
 No light but such as magic flames disclose;
 Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there
 In dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air. 1000

Ver. 980. *Stygian Jove.*] Pluto. So Virgil calls Proserpine infernal Jove.

Ver. 990. *Tænarian caverns.*] Tænarus, Tænarum, or Tænarium (for it is written all these several ways) was a promontory of Laconia on Peloponnesus, and near it a town of the same name. The promontory is now called Cape Metapan in the Morea. Here was a cave or deep hole, very famous among the ancients, as being supposed to be one of the mouths of hell, through which Hercules dragged Cerberus up to the light.

There meet the boundaries of life and death,
 The borders of our world, and that beneath;
 Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
 Permit their airy vassals to resort:
 Thence with like ease the sorceress could tell,
 As if descending down, the deeds of hell. 1006
 And now she for the solemn task prepares,
 A mantle patch'd with various threads she wears,
 And binds, with twining snakes, her wilder hairs. }
 All pale, for dread, the dastard youth she spy'd,
 Heartless his mates stood quiv'ring by his side.
 Be bold ! (she cries) dismiss this abject fear ;
 Living, and human, shall the form appear,
 And breathe no sounds but what ev'n you may }
 hear.

How had your vile, your coward souls been quell'd,
 Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld ; 1016
 Heard the loud floods of rolling sulphur roar,
 And burst in thunder on the burning shore ?
 Had you survey'd yon' prison-house of woe,
 And giants bound in adamant below ? 1020
 Seen the vast dog with curling vipers swell,
 Heard screaming furies, at my coming, yell,
 Double their rage, and add new pains to hell ? }

This said ; she runs the mangled carcase o'er,
 And wipes from ev'ry wound the crusty gore ;
 Now with hot blood the frozen breast she warms,
 And with strong lunar dews confirms her charms.

Anon, she mingles ev'ry monstrous birth,
 Which Nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth.
 Nor entrails of the spotted Lynx she lacks, 1030
 Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs ;
 Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with snaky food ;
 Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
 Her store the tardy Remora supplies,
 With stones from eagles warm, and dragons' eyes ;
 Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way, 1036
 And nimbly o'er Arabian desert prey ;
 The viper bred in Erythrean streams,
 To guard in costly shells the growing gems ;
 The slough by Libya's horned serpent cast,
 With ashes by the dying Phoenix plac'd
 On od'rous altars in the fragrant east. }
 To these she joins dire drugs without a name,
 A thousand poisons never known to Fame ;
 Herbs o'er whose leaves the hag her spells had sung,
 And wet with cursed spittle as they sprung ; 1046

Ver. 1032. *Snaky food*] It was an ancient tradition, that deer, when they were grown old, had a power of drawing serpents out of their holes with their breath, which they afterwards killed and eat, and thereby renewed their youth.

Ver 1033. *Fly the food.*] This symptom not only attends upon mad dogs, but those that are bitten by them.

Ver 1034. *Remora.*] A fish that sticks to the bottom of ships, and hinders their way.

Ver. 1035. *With stones.*] What we call eagle-stones, said to be found in the nests of eagles. The eyes of dragons, pulverized and mixed with honey, were said to be used for anointing rhinoceroses, in order to stiffen them for beholding spectres or ghosts.

Ver. 1038. *The viper*] It was reported among the ancients, that in the Red or Erythrean Sea, a viper breeds in the same shell where the pearls grow, but I do not remember to have met any modern confirmation of this piece of natural history.

With ev'ry other mischief most abhor'd,
Which hell, or worse Ærictho, could afford.

At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was
heard,

Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian Gods rever'd.
Her gabbling tongue a mutt'ring tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds :
It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful screeching of the midnight owl ;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar, 1056
The bound of billows beating on the shore ;
The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud :
'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks
Thus into magic verse, and thus the Gods ^{she} speaks.

Ye Furies ! and thou black accursed hell !
Ye woes ! in which the damn'd for ever dwell ;
Chaos, the world, and form's eternal foe !
And thou sole arbiter of all below, 1065
Pluto ! whom ruthless fates a God ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain ;
Ye fair Elysian mansions of the blest,
Where no Thætanian charmer hopes to rest ;
Styx ! and Persephone, compell'd to fly 1070
Thy fruitful mother, and the cheerful sky !
Third Hecate ! by whom my whispers breathe.
My secret purpose to the shadesⁱⁿ beneath ;

Ver. 1064. ¹Chaos,] Ut confusion.

'Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
 In everlasting hunger, still dost wait ! 1075
 And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar !
 For ever lab'ring back from shore to shore ;
 Whence dost thou in weariness complain,
 That I so oft demand thy dead again ; 1079
 Hark, all ye pow'rs ! If e'er your hell rejoice,
 In the lov'd horrors of this impious visit :
 If still with human flesh I have been fed,
 If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled ;
 If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
 Infants, mature, and struggling to be born ; 1085
 Hear and obey ! Nor do I ask a ghost,
 Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast ;
 But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
 And lingers yet before your gloomy gates.
 Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers hear,
 And in his well-known warlike form appear. 1091
 Here let him stand, before his leader's son,
 And say what dire events are drawing on :
 If blood be your delight, let this be done. }

Ver. 1075. *Thou dog.*] This Goddess was called Luna in heaven, Diana upon earth, and Persephone or Proserpine in hell. In the Pagan Theology it was very usual for their Gods to have many names, as well as many offices. This piece of superstition is exactly copied from them by the Papists, in the several employments which are assigned to their saints.

Ver. 1078. *Greedy dog.*] Cerberus

Ver. 1082. *With human flesh I have been fed.*] To make myself more agreeable to you.

Ver. 1090. *These herbs, these numbers hear.*] The original is

Licet has audiat herbas.

Foaming she spoke : then rear'd her hateful head,
 And hard at hand beheld th' attending shade.
 Too well the trembling sprite the ~~scene~~ knew,
 And fear'd to enter into life anew; 1098
 Pain from those mangled limbs it ~~could~~ have not,
 And, loathing, strove that house off ~~gain~~ to shun.
 Ah ! wretch ! to whom the cruel Fates deny
 That privilege of human kind, to die !
 Wroth was the hag at ling'ring death's delay,
 And wonder'd hell could ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~dash~~ ; 1104
 With curling snakes the senseless trunk she beat,
 And curses dire, at ev'ry lash, repeat ;
 With magic numbers cleaves the groining ground,
 And, thus, barks downwards to th' abyss profound.
 Ye fiends hell-born, ye sisters of despair 1109
 Thus ! is it thus my will betomch you here ?
 Still sleep those whips within your ~~fold~~ hands,
 Now drive the loit'ring ghost ~~this~~ ~~where~~ ~~demands~~ ?
 But mark we well ! my charms, in Fate's despite,
 Shall drag you forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light ;
 Through vaults and tombs, where now secure you
 roam, 1115
 My vengeance shall pursue, and chase you home.
 And thou, oh ! Hecate, that ~~don't~~ ~~to~~ ~~rise~~,
 Various and alter'd to ~~imposed~~ eyes,
 No more shalt veil thy horrors in disguise ;
 Still in thy form accused shalt thou dwell, 1120
 Nor change the face that Nature made for hell.

Ver 1114. *To Stygian dogs.*] The Furies As if she would
 say, I will call you by your most detested name.

Each mystery beneath I will display,
 And Stygia's laws shall stand confest to day.
 Thee, Proserpine! thy fatal feast I'll show,
 What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
 And why thy once fond mother leaveth thee now. }
 As my command earth's barrier I'll remove,
 And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove ;
 Fall on his throne the blazing beams shall beat,
 And light abhor'd afflict the gloomy seat. 1180
 Yet, am I yet, ye sultry fends, surpris'd ?
 Or must I call your master to my aid ?
 At whose dread name the trembling Furies quake,
 Hell stands a-shak'd, and earth's foundations shake ?
 Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes, 1185
 And your unrelenting flood defies ?

She said; and, at the word, the frozen blood
 Slowly began to roll its creeping flood ;
 Through the known channels stole the purple tide,
 And warmth, and motion, through the members
 glide ; 1140

Ver. 1124. *The fatal feast.*] The fable of Proserpine's eating the kernel of a pomegranate, and by virtue of that being confined to hell, is a famous story in Ovid. Apollonius in his *epics* upon this place will have it to mean her incestuous and incestuous commerce with her uncle Pluto. He says the word *apple*, supplies, has often an obscene sense, and to prove it quotes that verse in Virgil's *Elegues* :

Ipse ego came lapam tenera luvagine mola.

Ver. 1132. *Your master.*] Demogorgon. See above the note on ver. 794.

Ver. 1136. *Unrelenting flood.*] Styx, by which when the Gods swore, they were bound to observe what they promised.

The nerves are stretch'd, the turgid muscles swell,
 And the heart moves within its secret cell ;
 The haggard eyes their stupid lights disclose,
 And heavy by degrees the corpse arose.
 Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears,
 And death, all-o'er, the livid visage wears ; 1146
 Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly figure stands,
 Nor knows to speak, but at her dread commands,
 When thus the hag: Speak what I wish to know,
 And endless rest attends thy shade below ; 1150
 Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
 No charms shall drag thee back to life again ;
 Such hallow'd wood shall feed thy fun'ral fire,
 Such numbers to thy last repose conspire,
 No sister of our art thy ghost shall wrong, 1155
 Or force thee listen to her potent song.
 Since the dark Gods in mystic tripods dwell,
 Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell ;
 While each event aright and plain is read,
 To ev'ry bold inquirer of the deed : 1160

Ver. 1144. *And heavy by degrees.*] In the translation of this passage I have taken the liberty to vary so far from my author's sense as to make the English quite contrary to the Latin. Lucan says, the corpse did not rise suddenly, but started up at once. I must own, I could not but think the slow heavy manner of rising by degrees, as in the translation, much more solemn and proper for the occasion. I have taken so few liberties of this kind, in comparison of what M. de la Motte the French translator has done, that I hope my readers, if they do not approve of it, will, however, be the more inclinable to pardon what I have altered from the original text.

Ver. 1157. *Since the dark Gods.*] These oracles and prophets are silent or unintelligible, so thou for the honor of necromancy (the art of enquiring by the dead) speak plainly and truly.

Do thou unfold what end these wars shall wait,
Persons, and things, and time, and place relate,
And be the just interpreter of fate.

She spoke, and, as she spoke, a spell she made,
That gave new prescience to th' unknowing shade.

When thus the spectre, weeping all for woe ;
Seek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
I saw not what their dreadful looms ordain,
Too soon recall'd to hated life again ; 1169
Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghost had pass'd
The silent stream, that wafers us all to rest.
All I could learn, was from the loose report
Of wand'ring shades, that to the banks resort.
Uproar, and discord, never known 'till now,
Distract the peaceful realms of death below ; 1175
From blissful plains of sweet Elysium some,
Others from doleful dens, and torments, come ;
While in the face of ev'ry various shade,
The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
In tears lamenting, ghosts of patriots stood, 1180
And mourn'd their country in a falling flood ;
Sad were the Decii, and the Curii seen,
And heavy was the great Camillus' mien :

Vergil's Dæmon's looms.] In which the Fates (or Destinies) spun, or rather wove the fates of mankind.
Ver. 1180. *Lamenting ghosts of patriots.*] For the Decii, Curii, and Camilli, see the notes on Book I. and II. Their sadness upon this occasion foretold Cæsar's success ; whom they looked upon as an enemy to and subverter of the commonwealth they had so gloriously defended. The Scipio mentioned here, is probably Scipio Africanus, who foresees the death of Cæsar. Scipio, Pompey's father-in-law, as Cato the Censor is concerned for his great grandson, Cato of Utica.

On Fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
 And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd; 1185
 The censor sad foresaw his Cato's doom,
 Resolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.
 Of all the shades that haunt the happy field,
 Thee only, Brutus! smiling I beheld; 1189
 Thee, thou first consul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
 From whose just wrath the conscious tyrant fled,
 When Freedom first upreth'd her infant head. }
 Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidst their pains,
 And Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
 There the Cethegus naked race I view'd, 1195
 The Marii fierce, with human gore imbrued,
 The Gracchi, fond of mischief-making laws,
 And Drusi, popular in faction's cause, }
 All clapp'd their hands in horrible applause.
 The crash of brazen fetters rung around, 1200
 And hell's wide caverns trembled with the sound.

Ver 1189 *Thee only, Brutus*] L. Junius Brutus, who drove out the Tarquins. The poet represents him as pleased with the hopes that one of his family was to revenge the cause of Rome by the death of Cæsar.

Thee only,] That is, thee only amongst the just and virtuous, and those who were lovers of their country.

Ver. 1194. *Catiline audacious.*] Catiline and Cethegus were concerned in a famous conspiracy for the destruction of Rome: for these and the Marii see Book II. The Drusi and the Gracchi were tribunes of the people, who had been great sticklers for the Agrarian and Frumentarian laws, by which they would have reduced every man's estate and the provisions for his family to an equality. They were everywhere like the levellers in Oliver Cromwell's time, and were the authors of very dangerous seditions and confusion in the state. See Book I. ver. 403.

No more the bounds of Fate their guilt constrain,
 But proudly they demand th' Elysian plain.
 Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with busy cares,
 New torments for the conquerors prepares ; 1205
 New chains of adamant he forms below,
 And opens all his deep reserves of woe :
 Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in store,
 And flames yet ten times hotter than before.
 But thou, oh noble youth ! ^{in peace} depart, 1210
 And sooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart :
 Sweet is the rest, and blissful is the place,
 That wait thy sire, and his illustrious race.
 Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy date,
 Nor envy the surviving victor's fate ; 1215
 The hour draws near when all alike must yield,
 And death shall mix the fame of ev'ry field,
 Haste then, with glory, to your destin'd end,
 And proudly from your humbler urns descend ;
 Bold in superior virtue shall you come, 1220
 And trample on the demi-gods of Rome.
 Ah ! what shall it import the mighty dead,
 Or by the Nile, or Tiber to be laid ?
 'Tis only for a grave your wars are made. }

Ver. 1204. Dis.] Pluto.

Ver. 1206. For the conquerors.] For Cæsar and those of his party.

Ver. 1212. From your humbler urns.] You of Pompey's race shall not be buried with magnificence, and afterwards decayed, as Cæsar and his descendants may be ; but in the next life you will be infinitely superior to them, more glorious, and more happy.

Ver. 1221. The Nile or Tiber.] Pompey was killed in Egypt, and Cæsar in Rome.

Seek not to know what for thyself remains, 1235
 That shall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
 Prophetic there, thy father's shade shall rise,
 In awful vision to thy wond'ring eyes:
 He shall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,
 Where he may best advise thee to retreat. 1230
 In vain to various climates shall you run,
 In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,
 In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone. }
 Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,
 And all in distant regions shall you die. 1235
 Ah wretched race! to whom the world can yield
 No safer refuge, than Emathia's field,

He said, and with a silent, mournful look,
 A last dismissal from the hag bespoke.
 Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by death's cold
 hand, 1240

Again be subject to the same command;
 But charms and magic herbs must lend their aid,
 And render back to rest the troubled shade.
 A pile of hollow'd wood Erictho builds, 1244
 The soul with joy its mangled carcass yields;
 She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,
 And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.
 Then, while the secret dark their footsteps hide,
 Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, she guides;

Ver. 1236. *That shall be told.*] This passage is a plain proof
 that Lucan intended to carry on his poem much farther than the
 period at which he left it; since he alludes here to the appear-
 ance of Pompey's ghost to his son, which was undoubtedly to be
 introduced in the subsequent part of his story.

And, for the light began to streak the east, 1250
With potent spells the dawning she repress'd ;
Commanded Night's obedient queen to stay,
And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the
 rising day.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, first Pompey's dream, the night before the battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient desire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the speech of each general to his army, and the battle itself: the flight of Pompey; Caesar's behaviour after his victory; and the reproaches against him, and the very country of Thessaly, for being the scene (according to this and other authors) of so many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

LATE, and unwilling, from his wat'ry bed,
Uprear'd the mournful sun his cloudy head ;
He sick'n'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have sought the backward east again :
Full oft he turn'd him from the destin'd race, 5
And wish'd some dark eclipse might veil his radiant
face.

Pompey, mean-while, in pleasing visions past
The night, of all his happy nights the last.
It seem'd, as if, in all his former state,
In his own theatre secure he sat : 10
About his side unnumber'd Romans crowd,
And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd name aloud ;

Ver. 7. Pompey, mean-while.] Plutarch says, 'that the night before the battle Pompey dreamed that as he went into the theatre, the people received him with great applause ; and that he himself adorned the temple of Venus the Victorious with many spoils. This vision partly encouraged and partly disheartened him, fearing lest that adorning a place consecrated to Venus should be performed with spoils taken from himself by Cæsar, who derived his family from that Goddess.'

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA. VOL. II. K

The echoing benches seem to ring around,
 And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.
 Such both himself, and such the people seem, 15
 In the false prospect of the feigning dream ;
 As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,
 He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
 When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress,
 And Spain subdu'd, the conqueror confess ; 20
 When rais'd with honors never known before,
 The consuls' purple, yet a youth, he wore :
 When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,
 To view the triumph of a Roman knight. 24

Perhaps, when our good days no longer last,
 The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past :
 Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
 With contrarieties delude our sight ;
 And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
 Pain they forget, and sure ensuing woes. 30
 Or was it not, that, since the Fates ordain
 Pompey should never see his Rome again,
 One last good office yet they meant to do,
 And gave him in a dream this parting view ?

Oh may no trumpet bid the leader wake ! 35
 Long, let him long the blissful slumber take !
 Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
 Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome ;

Ver. 32. *Yet a youth.*] See the notes upon Cæsar's speech
 at the battle of the First Book.

With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,
And the lost battle live before his eyes. 40

How blest his fellow-citizens had been,
Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have seen ?
Oh ! that the Gods, in pity, would allow
Such long-try'd friends their destiny to know ; 44
So each, to each, might their sad thoughts convey,
And make the most of their last mournful day.

But now, unconscious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he thinks to die : 48

While her fond hopes with confidence presume,
Nothing so terrible from Fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb. }

Had the sad city Fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, fast falling, should her loss bemoan ;
Then should the lusty youth, and fathers hoar, 54
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore ;
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpless train,
As once for godlike Brutus, should complain ;
Their tresses should they tear, their bosoms bear,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful street.

Nor shalt thou, Rome, thy gushing sorrows
keep, 60

Though aw'd by Cæsar, and forbid to weep ;

Ver. 43. *He thinks to die.*] Pompey.

Ver. 49. *Her fond hopes.*] Pompey's country, Rome.

Ver. 57. *As once for Brutus.*] The people of Rome made a solemn mourning of a year for L. Jun. Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins, as for a public and common father.

Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
 He shakes his threat'ning falchion o'er thy head.
 Lamenting crowds the conqueror shall meet,
 And with a peal of groans his triumph greet ; 65
 In sad procession, sighing shall they go,
 And stain his laurels with the streams of woe.

But now, the fainting stage at length gave way,
 And hid their vanquish'd fires in beamy day ;
 When round the leader's tent the legions crowd,
 And, urg'd by Fate, demand the fight aloud. 71
 Wretches ! that long their little life to waste,
 And hurry on those hours that fly too fast !
 Too soon, for thousands, shall the day be done,
 Whose eyes no more shall see the setting sun. 75
 Tumultuous speech, th' impulsive rage contest,
 And Rome's bad genius rose in ev'ry breast.
 With vile disgrace they blot their leader's name,
 Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, slow, and tame, }
 And cry, he sinks beneath his father's fame. }
 Some charge him with ambition's guilty views, 81
 And think 'tis pow'r, and empire, he pursues ;
 That, fearing peace, he practises delay,
 And would, for ever, make the world obey :
 While eastern kings of ling'ring wars complain,
 And wish to view their native realms again. 86
 Thus when the Gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
 Our own rash hands are to the task assign'd ;

Ver. 70. *This leader's tent.*] Pompey's.

Ver. 80. *His father,*] Caesar.

By them ordain'd the fools of fate to be,
 We blindly act the mischiefs they decree ; 90
 We call the battle, we the sword prepare,
 And Rome's destruction is the Roman pray'r.

The gen'ral voice, united, Tully takes,
 And for the rest the sweet persuader speaks ;
 Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd, 95
 With ev'ry Roman grace of language crown'd ;
 Beneath whose rule and government rever'd,
 Fierce Catiline the peaceful axes fear'd :
 But now, detain'd amidst an armed throng,
 Where lost his arts, and useless was his tongue, }
 The orator had born the camp too long.
 He to the vulgar side his pleading draws,
 And thus enforces much their feeble cause.

For all, that Fortune for thy arms has done,
 For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won ; 105
 This only boon her suppliant vows implore,
 That thou wouldst deign to use her aid once more :
 In this, O Pompey ! kings and chiefs unite,
 And, to chastise proud Cæsar, ask the fight.
 Shall he, one man against the world combin'd,
 Protract destruction, and embroil mankind ? 111
 What will the vanquish'd nations murmur'ing say,
 Where once thy conquests cut their winged way ;
 When they behold thy-virtue lazy now,
 And see thee move thus languishing and slow ? 115

Ver. 98. *Fieros Catilina.*] M. Tullius Cicero, the famous orator, was consul at the time of Catiline's conspiracy; and it was by his prudence principally that it was suppressed.

Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great ?
 That stable soul, and confidence in fate ?
 Canst thou the Gods ungratefully mistrust ?
 Or think the senate's sacred cause unjust ?
 Scarce are th' impatient ensigns yet withheld : 120
 Why art thou, thus, to victory compell'd ?
 Dost thou Rome's chief, and ~~us~~ her cause, appear ?
 'Tis her's to choose the field, and she appoints it
 here.

Why is this ardor of the world withstood, 124
 The injur'd world, that thirsts for Cæsar's blood ?
 See ! where the troops with indignation stand,
 Each jav'lin trembling in an eager hand,
 And wait, unwillingly, the last command. }
 Resolve the senate then, and let them know,
 Are they thy servants, or their servant thou ? 130
 Sore sigh'd the list'ning chief, who well could
 Some dire delusion by the Gods decreed ; [read
 He saw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,
 To thwart his purpose, and perplex his mind. 134

Since ~~thus~~ (he cry'd) it is by all decreed, }
 Since my impatient friends and country need }
 My hand to fight, and not my head to lead ; }
~~Pompey~~ no longer shall your fate delay, }
 But let pernicious Fortune take her way, }
 And waste the world on one devoted day. }
 But oh ! be witness thou, my native Rome, 141
 With what a sad fore-boding heart I come ;
 To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
 While thy rash sons compel me to the field,

How easily had Cæsar been subdu'd, 145
 And the blest victory been free from blood !
 But the fond Romans cheap renown disdain,
 They wish for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
 And reeking gore their guilty swords to stain. }
 Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe, 150
 At once the empire of the deep forego ;
 Here by necessity they seem to stand,
 Coop'd up within a corner of the land.
 By famine to the last extremes compell'd,
 They snatch green harvests from th' unripen'd
 field ; 155

And wish we may this only grace afford,
 To let them die, like soldiers, by the sword.
 'Tis true, it seems an earnest of success,
 That thus our bolder youth for action press ;
 But let them try their inmost hearts with care, 160
 And judge betwixt true valor, and rash fear ;
 Let them be sure this eagerness is right,
 And certain fortitude demands the fight.
 In war, in dangers oft it has been known,
 That fear has driv'n the headlong coward on. 165
 Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait,
 With patience, for the proper hour of fate.
 See what a prosperous face our fortunes bear !
 Why should we trust them to the chance of war ?
 Why must we risk the world's uncertain doom,
 And rather choose to fight, than overcome ? 171
 Thou Goddess Chance ! who to my careful hand,
 Hast giv'n this wearisome supreme command ;

If I have, to the task of empire just,
 Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my trust; 175
 Be kind, and to thyself the rule resume,
 And, in the fight, defend the cause of Rome :
 To thy own crowns, the wreath of conquest join;
 Nor let the glory, nor the crime be mine.
 But see ! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey ! fail ; 180
 We fight ; and Cæsar's stronger vows prevail.
 Oh what a scene of guilt this day shall show !
 What crowds shall fall, what nations be laid low !
 Red shall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
 And to the margin swell his foamy flood. 185
 Oh ! if our cause my aid no longer need,
 Oh ! may my bosom be the first to bleed :
 Me let the thrilling jav'lin foremost strike,
 Since death and victory are now alike.
 To-day, with ruin shall my name be join'd, 190
 Or stand the common curse of all mankind ;
 By ev'ry woe the vanquish'd shall be known,
 And ev'ry infamy the victor crown.

He spoke ; and, yielding to th' impetuous crowd,
 The battle to his frantic bands allow'd. 195
 So, when long vex'd by stormy Corus' blast,
 The weary pilot quits the helm at last ;
 He leaves his vessel to the winds to guide,
 And drive unsteady with the tumbling tide.

Ver. 190. *To-day.*] If I conquer, it must be by the slaughter of my fellow-citizens, and consequently I become the object of their hate : if I am conquered, I must be ruined myself.

Ver. 196. *Corus.*] is according to Cællarius his scheme of winds, N. W. and by W. but here it is taken for any wind.

Loud through the camp the rising murmurs
 sound, 200

And one tumultuous hurry runs around ;
 Sudden their busy hearts began to beat,
 And each pale visage wore the marks of fate.
 Anxious, they see the dreadful day is come,
 That must decide the destiny of Rome. 205

'Tis single vast concern employs the host,
 And private fears are in the public lost.
 Should earth be rent, should darkness quench the
 sun,

Should swelling seas above the mountains run,
 Should universal nature's end draw near, 210
 Who could have leisure for himself to fear ?
 With such consent his safety each forgot,
 And Rome, and Pompey, took up ev'ry thought.

And now the warriors all, with busy care, 214
 Whet the dull sword, and point the blunted spear ;
 With tougher nerves they string the bended bow,
 And in full quivers steel shafts bestow ;
 The horseman sees his furniture made fit,
 Sharpens the spur, and burnishes the bit ;
 Fixes the rein, to check or urge his speed, 220
 And animates to fight the snorting steed.
 Such once the busy Gods' employments were,
 If mortal men to Gods we may compare, }
 When Earth's bold sons began their-impious war. }

Ver. 202. Sudden their busy.] It is by no means an improper thought, that though the soldiers were very eager for the battle, they might yet be in some consternation when they perceived it was resolved upon in earnest, especially when so much was to depend upon it.

The Lemnian pow'r, with many a stroke, restor'd
 Blue Neptune's trident, and stern Mars's sword !
 In terrible array the blue-ey'd maid,
 The horrors of her Gorgon shield display'd ;
 Phœbus his once victorious shafts renew'd,
 Disus'd, and rusty with the Python's blood ; 230
 While, with unweary'd toil, the Cyclops strove
 To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.

Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
 What curst even's Thessalia's plains prepare.
 Black storms oppos'd against the warriors lay, 235
 And light'nings thwarted their forbidden way ;
 Full in their eyes the dazzling flashes broke,
 And with amaze their troubled senses strook :
 Tall fiery columns in the skies were seen,
 With wat'ry Typhons interwove between. 240
 Glancing along the bands swift meteors shoot,
 And from the helm the plumy honors cut ;

Ver. 225. *The Lemnian pow'r.*] Vulcan, who kept his shop and forge at Lemnos.

Ver. 233. *Nor wanted then dire omens.*] Most of these portents are related by Valerius Maximus to have happened to Pompey in his march from Dyrrhachium into Thessaly ; and according to him they were so many warnings to avoid a battle with Cæsar.

Ver. 240. *Typhons,*] were what our seamen call water-spouts. Accounts of them are frequently to be met with in voyages, especially in the West-Indian seas. They appear like vast pillars of water moving upon the surface of the sea, and when they break are very dangerous to any ships that are near. I never heard of any in an inland country, though they may possibly be drawn up upon lakes or large rivers by hurricanes.

The standards sticking too fast in the ground, or having been swarn upon them, were omens always reckoned of the worst kind ; of which Livy gives several instances, particularly before the battle of Thrasymene in the second Punic war.

Sudden the flame dissolves the jav'lin's head,
 And liquid runs the shining steely blade.
 Strange to behold! their weapons disappear, 245
 While sulph'rous odour taints the smoking air.
 The standard, as unwilling to be borne,
 With pain from the tenacious earth is torn :
 Anon, black swarms hang clust'ring on its height,
 And press the bearer with unwonted weight. 250
 Big drops of grief each sweating marble wears,
 And Parian Gods, and heroes stand in tears.
 No more th' auspicious victim tamely dies,
 But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
 Breaks off the rites with prodigies prophane, 255
 And bell'wing seeks Emathia's fatal plain.

But who, O Cæsar! who were then thy Gods?
 Whom didst thou summon from their dark abodes?
 The Furies listen'd to thy grateful vows, 259
 And dreadful to the day the pow'rs of hell arose.

Did then the monsters, ~~Some~~ records, appear?
 Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear?
 Some saw the moving mountains meet like foes,
 And rending earth new gaping caves disclose.
 Others beheld 'a sanguine torrent take 265
 Its purple course, through fair Boëbeis' lake;
 Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
 Loud shouts of battle on Pharsalia's field:

Ver. 252. *Parian Gods.*] From the island of Paros came the whitest and finest marble, of which the statues of Gods or great men were usually made. This island was one of the Cyclades in the Ægean Sea, and is now called Paro.

Ver. 253. *Tamely dies.*] This repugnance in the victim to submit to the sacrifice was reckoned very unlucky.

Ver. 266. *Boëbeis lake.*] Not far from Pharsalia in that part of Thessaly called Magnesia.

While others thought they saw the light decay,
 And sudden shades oppress the fainting day ; 270
 Fancy'd wild horrors in each other's face,
 And saw the ghosts of all their bury'd race ;
 Beheld them rise and glare with pale affright,
 And stalk around them, in the new-made night.
 Whate'er the cause, the crowd, by Fate decreed,
 To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed,
 Consenting, to the prodigies agreed ;
 And while they thirst impatient for that blood,
 Bless these nefarious omens all as good.

But wherefore should we wonder, to behold 280
 That death's approach by madness was foretold ?
 Wild are the wand'ring thoughts which last survive ;
 And these had not another day to live.
 These shook for what they saw ; while distant climes,
 Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes. 285
 Where Tyrian Gades sees the setting sun,
 And where Araxes' rapid waters run,
 From the bright orient to the glowing west,
 In ev'ry nation, ev'ry Roman breast
 The terrors of that dreadful day confest.
 Where Aponus first springs in smoky steam, 291
 And full Timavus rolls his nobler stream ;

Ver. 275. *Whate'er the cause.*] These prodigies (the poet says) were agreeable to that horrible disposition of mind which at that time had possessed both parties, and prepared them for imbruing their hands in the blood of their nearest relations and fellow-citizens.

Ver. 291. *Where Aponus.*] Aponus is a fountain famous for medicinal waters near Padua in Italy. Suetonius mentions it, cap. 14. of the life of Tiberius, upon a remarkable occasion.

Timavus is a river in the same country, once a large and very famous one. It is now called Friuli, but is almost dried up and shrunk to nothing.

Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur sat, the skies to view :
'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd) 295
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.
Whether the scer observ'd Jove's fork'd flame,
And mark'd the firmament's discordant frame ;
Or whether, in that gloom of sudden night,
The struggling sun declar'd the dreadful fight :
From the first birth of morning in the skies, 301
Sure never day like this was known to rise ;
In the blue vault, as in a volume spread,
Plain might the Latian destiny be read.

Oh Rome ! oh people, by the Gods assign'd
To be the worthy masters of mankind ! 306
On thee, the heav'ns with all their signals wait,
And suff'ring Nature labors with thy fate.
When thy great names to latest times convey'd,
By Fame, or by my verse immortal made, 310
In free-born nations justly shall prevail,
And rouse their passions with this noblest tale ;
How shall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each past event were yet to come ! 314
How shall their bosoms swell with vast concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn !

Ver. 294. *A learned augur.*] Upon the day when the famous battle of Pharsalia was fought, C. Cornelius, an augur, was then at Padua, and observing his rules of augury, told them that stood by him the very instant when the battle began ; and going again to his art, returned as it were inspired, and cried out aloud, Cæsar, thou hast conquered.

Ev'n then the fav'ring world with thee shall join,
And ev'ry honest heart to Pompey's cause incline.

Descending, now, the bands in just array,
From burnish'd arms reflect the beamy day; 320
In an ill hour they spread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighb'ring moun-
tains gild.

On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The first and fourth selected legions led;
Luckless Domitius, vainly brave in war, 325
Drew forth the right with unauspicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submissive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undistinguish'd took his stand,
Reserv'd to be the chief on Libya's burning sand. }
Near the low marshes and Enipeus' flood, 332
The Pontic horse, and Cappadocian stood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train, }
Liegemen and vassals to the Latian reign,
Possess'd the rising grounds and drier plain. }
Here troops of black Numidians scour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian, and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known
foe. 340

Ver. 324. *Selected legions.*] Some say the first and the third. However, they were two of the best legions. Concerning this disposition of the army there is some dispute, which is not of very great consequence to us. The several commanders here mentioned have been all mentioned before.

Ver. 340. *Well-known foe.*] The commentators suppose, that the Gauls here mentioned to be in Pompey's army were

Go, Pompey ! lead to death th' unnumber'd host,
 Let the whole human race at once be lost.
 Let nations, upon nations, heap the plain,
 And tyranny want subjects for its reign.

Cæsar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
 The spoiling bands of foragers to lead ; 346
 When with a sudden, but a glad surprise,
 The foe descending strook his wond'ring eyes.
 Eager, and burning for unbounded sway,
 Long had he born the tedious war's delay ; 350
 Long had he struggled with protracting time,
 That sav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime :
 At length he sees the wish'd-for day is come,
 To end the strife for liberty, and Rome ;
 Fate's dark mysterious threat'nings to explain, 355
 And ease th' impatience of ambition's pain.
 But when he saw the vast event so nigh,
 Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy ;
 For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,
 And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast. 360

certain Allobroges (Savoyards) who deserted from Cæsar's army with Ægus and Koscellus at the last engagement near Dyrrhachium, mentioned in the Sixth Book just after the story of *Acæva*.

Ver. 341. *Go, Pompey !* Lucan in this, as in many other places, mentions the army of Pompey as very numerous, a vast multitude : whereas the historians hardly give him 50,000 men, and not above 30,000 to Cæsar : and perhaps the poet's imagination was swelled with the thought of that great number of nations, either subject to the Romans, or confederated with them, of which Pompey's army was composed. Plutarch, in Pompey's life, says, Cæsar's army consisted of 22,000 men, and Pompey's of twice that number. He is likewise very particular in the order of the battle.

Though his past fortunes promise now success,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
While these forbid to hope, and those to fear.
At length his wonted confidence returns, 365
With his first fires his daring bosom burns ;
As if secure of victory, he stands,
And fearless thus bespeaks the list'ning bands.

Ye warriors ! who have made your Cæsar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait,
To-day, the Gods, whate'er you wish, afford, 371
And fate attends on the deciding sword.
By your firm aid alone your leader stands,
And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day shall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood. 376
For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bad the triumph wait.
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labors of your arms repay ; 380
Shall give you back to ev'ry joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring, and the tender wife ;
Shall find my vet'ran out a safe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful seat.
The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd,
And conquest shall the juster cause reward. 386
Have you, for me, with sword and fire laid waste
Your country's bleeding bosom, as you past ?
Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
And the last wounds shall wipe the first away,

Whatever factions partial notions are, 391
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
I seek to make you free, and masters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wishes of my own, 395
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame exalt your pow'rs,
Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.
Nor think the task too bloody shall be found,
With easy glory shall our arms be crown'd: 400
Yon host come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of disputants from Grecian schools.
To these, luxurious eastern crowds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a diff'ring kind:
Their own first shouts shall fill each soul with fears,
And their own trumpets shock their tender ears.
Unjustly this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.
On, then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay these soft lazy worthless nations low. 410
Shew Pompey, that subdu'd them, with what ease
Your valor gains such victories as these:
Shew him, if justice still the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.

Ver. 401. *Yon host come learn'd.*] Meaning those supplies that Pompey had drawn out of Greece.

Ver. 408. *Foes of Rome, barbarians*] The nations which Pompey had vanquished in Asia, whom he now drew to his assistance. Nor is it ill reasoned to imagine, that these people should have very little concern for the preservation of the Roman state, but rather be glad to contribute to its ruin: but more particularly it is improbable they should engage, heartily, on that very man's side who had conquered and enslaved them.

From distant Tigris shall Armenians come, 415
To judge between the citizens of Rome ?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
To make the cause of Latian Pompey good ?
Believe me, no. 'To them we're all the same,
They hate alike the whole Ausonian name ; 420
But most those haughty masters whom they know,
Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as, round, my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my tried companions I behold ;
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode, 425
And many a march in partnership have trod.
Is there a soldier to your chief unknown ?
A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own ?
Could I not mark each jav'lin in the sky,
And say from whom the fatal weapons fly ? 430
Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
With joy those omens of success I read,
And see the certain victory decreed ;
I see the purple deluge float the plain, 435
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain ;
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.
But, oh ! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long ; 440
My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the Gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full consent they yield ;
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.

The battle o'er, what boon can I deny? 445
 The treasures of the world before you lie !
 Oh Thessaly ! what stars, what pow'rs divine,
 To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign ?
 Between extremes, to-day, our fortune lies,
 The vilest punishment, and noblest prize. 450
 Consider well the captive's lost estate,
 Chains, racks, and crosses for the vanquish'd wait.
 My limbs are each allotted to its place,
 And my pale head the rostrum's height shall grace :
 But that's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care, 455
 More for my friends than for myself I fear.
 On my good sword securely I rely,
 And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
 But oh ! for you, my anxious soul foresees,
 Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees ; 460
 The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
 And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain.
 Hear, oh ! ye Gods, who in Rome's strugglings
 share,
 Who leave your heav'n, to make our earth your
 care ;
 Hear, and let him, the happy victor, live, 465
 Who shall with mercy use the pow'r you give ;
 Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
 And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.

Ver. 454. *The rostrum's height.*] The public pleading-place.
 Cicero's head and hands were afterwards put up there by M.
 Antony.

Ver. 462. *Septa.*] See the note on this word, Book II. ver.
 307.

Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
 Nor what was then our brave companions' lot ; 470
 When, by advantage of the straiter ground,
 Successful Pompey compass'd us around ;
 When quite disarm'd your useless valor stood,
 'Till his fell sword was satiated with blood. 474
 But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
 And, oh ! remember 'tis your leader's pray'r, }
 Whatever Roman flies before you, spare.
 But while oppos'd, and menacing they stand,
 Let no regard withhold the lifted hand : 479
 Let friendship, kindred, all remorse give place,
 And mangling wounds deform the rev'rend face :
 Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
 And hostile force, by hostile force subdu'd ;
 Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
 Your merit still, to Cæsar, is the same. 485
 Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
 And let our works lie level with the ground ;
 So shall no obstacles our march delay,
 Nor stop, one moment, our victorious way. 489
 Nor spare your camp ; this night we mean to lie,
 In that from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.
 Scarce had he spoke, when sudden at the word,
 They seize the lance, and draw the shining sword :
 At once the turfey fences all lie waste, 494
 And through the breach the crowding legions haste ;

Ver. 469. *Dyrrhachium's fatal field.*] He means the en-
 gagement mentioned in the fifth book.

Regardless all of order and array
They stand, and trust to Fate alone the day.
Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
Had each once known a Pompey for his son ;
Had Cæsar's soul inform'd each private breast,
A fiercer fury could not be express'd. 501

With sad presages, Pompey, now, beheld
His foes advancing o'er the neighb'ring field:
He saw the Gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.
Dire is the omen when the valiant fear, 506
Which yet he strove to hide, with well-dissembled
cheer.

High on his warrior steed, the chief o'erran
The wide array, and thus at length began.

The time to ease your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valor sought in vain ; 511
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome :
For this one last effort exert your pow'r,
Strike home to-day, and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love, 516
Your household Gods, and Rome, your souls can
move ;

Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be fought.
Let none the fav'ring Gods' assistance fear ; 520
They always make the juster cause their care.
The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side : .

Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood. 525
Could heav'n, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not spar'd your Pompéy's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure success, 530
With large advantage, here, our arms possess :
See, in the ranks of ev'ry common band,
Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
Could the great dead revisit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be slain ; 535
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
If men, if multitudes can make us strong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along !
Where-e'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
Where-ever earth, or people, can be found ; 541
To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings inclose,
Within their ample folds our shrinking foes ? 545
Thousands, and thousands, useless may we spare ;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.
Think, from the summit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting matrons call ;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands they sue,
And place their last, their only hopes in you. 551
Imagine kneeling age before you spread,
Each hoary reverend majestic head ;

Imagine, Rome herself your aid implor'd,
 To save her from a proud imperious lord. 555
 Think how the present age, how that to come,
 What multitudes from you expect their doom :
 On your success dependent all rely ;
 These to be born in freedom, those to die. 559
 Think (if there be a thought can move you more,
 A pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)
 Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
 Ev'n me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet.
 Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
 From you our lives and liberties demand ; 565
 Or conquer you, or I to exile born,
 My last dishonorable years shall mourn
 Your long reproach, and my proud father's scorn. }
 From bonds, from infamy, your gen'ral save,
 Nor let this hoary head descend to earth a slave.

Thus while he spoke, the faithful legions
 round, 571

With indignation caught the mournful sound ;
 Falsely, they think, his fears those dangers view,
 But vow to die, ere Cæsar proves them true.
 What diff'ring thoughts the various hosts incite,
 And urge their deadly ardor for the fight ! 576
 Those bold ambition kindles into rage,
 And these their fears for liberty engage.
 How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
 Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race ! 580
 Though all the years to come should roll in peace,
 And future ages bring their whole increase ;

Though Nature all her genial pow'rs employ,
 All shall not yield what these curst hands destroy.
 Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name, 585
 To unbelieving ears, be sold by Fame ;
 Low shall the mighty Latian tow'rs be laid,
 And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head ;
 While yearly magistrates, in turns compell'd
 To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field, 590
 Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
 Who could to such bleak wilds his Latine rites
 assign.

Ev'n now behold ! where waste Hesperia lies,
 Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes ;
 Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand, 595
 The marks of civil Discord's murd'rous hand.
 How is the stock of humankind brought low !
 Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plough.
 Our fathers' fertile fields by slaves are till'd, 599
 And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd :
 Such were the heaps, the millions of the slain, }
 As 'twere the purpose of Emathia's plain, }
 That none for future mischiefs should remain.
 Well may our annals less misfortunes yield,
 Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field ; 605

Ver. 589. *While yearly magistrates.*] Of these *Feria Latine*, or Latin festivals, mention has been made before. They were celebrated at night by the new consuls on the Alban mountain to Jupiter Latiæ; they were instituted by Numa, and portions of meat were then distributed to the people, in memory of a league made between the ancient Romans and the Latins.

Ver. 599. *By slaves are till'd.*] See Book I. ver. 320.

Ver. 605. *Allia's flood.*] Where the Gauls cut off the Roman army, and afterwards sacked the city. This happened on XVI. JUL. SEXTIL. or our 17th of July.

But let Pharsalia's day be still forgot,
 Be raz'd at once from ev'ry Roman thought.
 'Twas there, that Fortune, in her pride, display'd
 The greatness her own mighty hands had made;
 Forth in array the pow'rs of Rome she drew, 610
 And set her subject nations all to view;
 As if she meant to shew the haughty queen,
 Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
 Oh countless loss! that well might have supply'd
 The desolation of all deaths beside. 615
 Though famine with blue pestilence conspire,
 And dreadful earthquakes with destroying fire;
 Pharsalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
 And built again the ruins of mankind.
 Immortal Gods! with what resistless force 620
 Our growing empire ran its rapid course!
 Still ev'ry year with new success was crown'd,
 And conqu'ring chiefs enlarg'd the Latian bound;
 'Till Rome stood mistress of the world confess'd,
 From the gray orient, to the ruddy west: 625
 From pole to pole, her wide dominions run,
 Where-e'er the stars, or brighter Phœbus shone;
 As heav'n and earth were made for her alone. }
 But now, behold, how Fortune tears away
 The gift of ages in one fatal day! 630,
 One day shakes off the vanquish'd Indians' chain,
 And turns the wretched Dæm loose again:

Ver. 630. *The wretched Dæm.*] A people of Scythia near
 the Caspian Sea, part of the present Asiatic Tartars. These wild
 people, when they were subdued by the Roman consuls, were,

No longer shall the victor consul now,
 Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plough;
 Exulting Parthia shall her slaughters boast, 635
 Nor feel the vengeance due to Crassus' ghost.
 While Liberty, long weary'd by our crimes,
 Forsakes us for some better barb'rous climes;
 Beyond the Rhine, and Tanais she flies,
 To snowy mountains, and to frozen skies; 640
 While Rome, who long pursu'd that chiefest good,
 O'er fields of slaughter, and through seas of blood,
 In slavery, her abject state shall mourn,
 Nor dare to hope the Goddess will return.
 Why were we ever free? oh why has heav'n 645
 A short-liv'd transitory blessing giv'n?
 Of thee, first Brutus, justly we complain!
 Why didst thou break thy groaning country's
 chain,
 And end the proud lascivious tyrant's reign?
 Why did thy patriot hand on Rome bestow, 650
 Laws, and her consul's righteous rules to know?
 In servitude more happy had we been,
 Since Romulus first wall'd his Refuge in,

in order to their being civilized, appointed to live (contrary to their native custom) in cities, the circuit or bounds of which the consuls themselves marked out with a plough drawn by a bull and a cow yoked together.

Ver. 653. *His Refuge.*] Romulus at first called his city *Asylum*, or a refuge; and so indeed it was; for all the vagabonds, outlaws, and such sort of people, to resort to. The augury, taken from the appearing of the vultures, was rather relating to the naming than building the city; the two brothers Romulus and Remus contending for that honor, agreed to refer it to the best augury which should appear; accordingly Remus saw six vultures, and Romulus twelve.

Ev'n since the twice six vultures bad him build,
 To this curst period of Pharsalia's field. 655
 Medes and Arabians of the slavish east,
 Beneath eternal bondage may be blest ;
 While, of a diff'ring mold and nature, we,
 From sire to son, accusom'd to be free,
 Feel indignation rising in our blood, 660
 And blush to wear the chains that make them proud.
 Can there be Gods, who rule yon azure sky ?
 Can they behold Emathia from on high,
 And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly ?
 Is it the bus'ness of a thund'ring Jove, 665
 To rive the rocks, and blast the guiltless grove ?
 While Cassius holds the balance in his stead,
 And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
 The sun ran back from Atreus' monstrous feast,
 And his fair beams in murky clouds suppress'd ;
 Why shines he now ? why lends his golden light
 To these worse parricides, this more accursed sight ?
 But chance guides all ; the Gods their task forego,
 And providence no longer reigns below. 674
 Yet are they just, and some revenge afford,
 While their own heav'ns are humbled by the
 sword,
 And the proud victors, like themselves, ador'd :

Ver. 687. While Camps.] Who was one of those that killed Caesar.

Ver. 677. *And the proud victors.*] The succeeding emperors : who were not only deified after they were dead, but had even altars, temples, priests, and sacrifices appointed for them while they were alive.

With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they stand,
 And incense, pray'rs, and sacrifice demand ; 679
 While, trembling, slavish, superstitious Rome,
 Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a tomb.

Now either host the middle plain had pass'd,
 And front to front in threat'ning ranks were plac'd;
 Then ev'ry well-known feature stood to view, 684
 Brothers their brothers, sons their fathers knew.
 Then first they feel the curse of civil hate,
 Mark where their mischiefs are assign'd by Fate, }
 And see from whom themselves destruction wait. }
 Stupid awhile, and at a gaze they stood,
 While creeping horror froze the lazy blood : 690
 Some small remains of piety withstand,
 And stop the jav'lin in the lifted hand ;
 Remorse for one short moment stepp'd between,
 And motionless, as statues, all were seen.
 And oh ! what savage fury could engage, 695
 While ling'ring Cæsar yet suspends his rage ?
 For him, ye Gods ! for Crastinus, whose spear, }
 With impious eagerness, began the war, }
 Some more than common punishment prepare ; }
 Beyond the grave long lasting plagues ordain, 700
 Surviving sense, and never-ceasing pain.

Ver. 697. For Crastinus.] This Crastinus, or Crastinius, (for so he is likewise called) was an old soldier of Cæsar's ; and though he was now Emeritus, or discharged from the service, he engaged voluntarily in this war, and began this famous battle. It is said of him, that before he went on he told his general, that he would ~~not~~ ^{not} deserve his praise dead or alive. Breaking through the enemy's ranks, he was killed by a spear that ran him in at the mouth and out at the neck behind.

Straight, at the fatal signal, all around
A thousand fifes, a thousand clarions sound ;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors strike the vaulted sky. 705
The joining battles shout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders in the vale ;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks, and groaning Pindus mourn ;
From pole to pole the tumult spreads afar, 710
And the world trembles at the distant war.

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various masters bear :
Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound,
And some to err upon the guiltless ground ; 715
While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
But random shafts too scanty death afford,
A civil war is bus'ness for the sword :
Where face to face the parricides may meet, 720
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry dispos'd ;
So crowded was the space, it scarce affords 724
The pow'r to toss their piles, or wield their swords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band ;
In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards ;

Through shields, through mail, the wounding weapons go, 730

And to the heart drive home each deadly blow ;
 Oh rage ill-match'd ! oh much unequal war,
 Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear !
 These, by cold, stupid piety disarm'd ;
 Those, by hot blood, and smoking slaughter warm'd. 735

Nor in suspense uncertain Fortune hung,
 But yields, o'er-master'd by a pow'r too strong, }
 And born by Fate's impetuous stream along. }

From Pompey's ample wings, at length, the horse

Wide o'er the plain extending take their course ;
 Wheeling around the hostile line they wind, 741
 While lightly arm'd the shot succeed behind.

In various ways, the various bands engage,
 And hurl upon the foe the missile rage ;
 There fiery darts, and rocky fragments fly, 745
 And heating bullets whistle through the sky :
 Of feather'd shafts, a cloud thick shading goes,
 From Arah, Mede, and Ituræan bows :
 But driv'n by random aim they seldom wound ;
 At first they hide the heav'n, then strew the ground ;
 While Roman hands unerring mischief send, 751
 And certain deaths on ev'ry pile attend.

Ver. 743. *The various bands*] Of archers, slingers, &c.

Ver. 748. *Ituræan.*] Ituræa was a part of Palestine, said to contain the two tribes of Reuben and Dan. Celsæus places it more north, between the head of the river Jordan and Mount Hermon.

But Cæsar, timely careful, to support
His wav'ring front against the first effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reserve behind, 755
And the strong rear with chosen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careless foe the fight pursue,
A sudden band and stable forth he drew ;
When soon, oh shame ! the loose barbarians yield,
Scatt'ring their broken squadrons o'er the field, 760
And shew, too late, that slaves attempt in vain,
The sacred cause of Freedom to maintain.
The fiery steeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground ; 764
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpless foot are born.
Hence foul confusion, and dismay succeed,
The victors murder, and the vanquish'd bleed :
Their weary hands the tir'd destroyers ply,
Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die. 770
Oh that Emathia's ruthless guilty plain
Had been contented with this only stain ;
With these rude bones had strewn her verdure o'er,
And dy'd her springs with none but Asian gore !
But if so keen her thirst for Roman blood, 775
Let none but Romans make the slaughter good ;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, nor rebellious Gaul :
Let these alone survive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome. 780

Ver. 761. *Æneid.*] Meaning the Asiatics, of whom chiefly Pompey's cavalry was composed.

But fear, on all alike, her pow'rs employ'd,
Did Cæsar's bus'ness, and like Fate destroy'd.

Prevailing still the victors held their course,
'Till Pompey's main reserve oppos'd their force ;
There, in his strength, the chief unshaken stood,
Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good ,
There in suspense th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæsar's fav'ring Goddess doubted long ;
There no proud monarchs led their vassals on,
Nor eastern bands in gorgeous purple shone , 790
There the last force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots struggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty scene affords !
Sires, sons, and brother rush on mutual swords !
There ev'ry sacred bond of nature bleeds , 795
There met the war's worst rage, and Cæsar's blackest
deeds.

But oh ! my Muse, the mournful theme forbear,
And stay thy lamentable numbers here ,
Let not my verse to future times convey
What Rome committed on this dreadful day , 800
In shades and silence hide her crimes from Fame,
And spare thy miserable country's shame

But Cæsar's rage shall with oblivion strive,
And for eternal infamy survive.
From rank to rank, unwear'd, still he flies, 805
And with new fires their fainting wrath supplies.
His greedy eyes each sign of guilt explore,
And mark whose sword is deepest dy'd in gore ;

Observe where pity and remorse prevail,
What arm strikes faintly, and what cheek turns
pale. 810

Or, while he rides the slaughter'd heaps around,
And views some foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the gushing blood restrain,
And strive to keep the parting soul in pain :
As when Bellona drives the world to war, 815
Or Mars comes thund'ring in his Thracian car ;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon shield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field ;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart :
The many shout, arms clash, the wounded cry,
And one promiscuous peal groans upwards to the
Nor furious Cæsar, on Emathia's plains, [sky.
Less terribly the mortal strife sustains ; 824
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath :
Now with his voice, his gesture now, he strives,
Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives :
The weak he strengthens, and confirms the strong,
And hurries war's impetuous stream along. 830
Strike home, he cries, and let your swords erase
Each well-known feature of the kindred face :
Nor waste your fury on the vulgar band ;
See ! where the hoary doting senate stand ;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty shall bleed at ev'ry wound. 836

The curs'd destroyer spoke ; and, at the word,
 The purple nobles sunk beneath the sword :
 The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
 Illustrious names, for love of laws renown'd. 840
 The great Metelli and Torquatus bleed,
 Chiefs worthy, if the state had so decreed,
 And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead. }

Say thou ! thy sinking country's only prop,
 Glory of Rome, and Liberty's last hope ; 845
 What helm, oh Brutus ! could, amidst the crowd,
 Thy sacred undistinguish'd visage shroud ?
 Where fought thy arm that day ? but ah ! forbear !
 Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear ;
 Seek not to hasten on untimely Fate, 850
 But patient for thy own Emathia wait :
 Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
 To day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
 Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
 To make the measure of his crimes complete ;
 As yet he has not ev'ry law defy'd, 856
 Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
 Ere long, thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
 And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword :
 Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall demand,
 And ask the victim at thy righteous hand. 861
 Among huge heaps of the Patrician slain,
 And Latian chiefs, who strew'd that purple plain,

Ver. 851. *Thy own Emathia.*] The fields of Philippi, which, as I have observed before, not only Lucan, but even Virgil and Ovid, confound with Pharsalia. M. Brutus, who was killed at Philippi, fought here as a private soldier.

Recording story has distinguish'd well,
 How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell. 866
 In ev'ry loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
 And dy'd in liberty, the best reward ;
 Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar, ne'er enslav'd,
 Ev'n to the last, the tyrant's pow'r he brav'd :
 Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming wound,
 In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground ; 871
 No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
 For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
 Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
 Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld : 875
 And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
 Forsake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul ?
 Must the war lose that still successful sword,
 And my neglected province want a lord ?
 He spoke ; when lifting slow his closing eyes, 880
 Fearless the dying Roman thus replies :
 Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
 Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met ;
 Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
 And leave my chief still equal to his foe ; 885
 And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
 Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere night.

Ver. 865. *Unfortunate Domitius.*] This is the same Domitius who was made a prisoner at Corfinium, and got at liberty by Cæsar (see the Second Book,) and afterwards vanquished at Munda by M. Brutus, Cæsar's lieutenant. He was designated, by the Pompeian faction, Cæsar's successor in Gaul. The whole passage seems to be the pure effect of Lucan's partiality against Cæsar, and is of a piece with the cruelty he assigns him jointly of both in the battle and afterwards.

Ver. 885. *My chief.*] Pompey. The time of the battle not being then determined.

Dire punishments the righteous Gods decree,
 For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
 In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall know,
 And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below. 891

He said; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
 And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.

But oh! what grief the ruin can deplore!
 What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
 For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep; 896
 No tears suffice, a dying world to weep.

In diff'ring groups, ten thousand deaths arise,
 And horrors manifold the soul surprise.

Here the whole man is open'd at a wound, 900

And gushing bowels pour upon the ground:

Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,

And in his utmost throat receives the sword:

At once, a single blow a third extends;

The fourth a living ~~man~~ dismember'd stands. 905

Some in their breasts ~~the~~ the jav'lin bear,

Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.

Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,

Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.

There horrid brethren, 'on their brethren prey;

One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.

While some detested son, with impious ire,

Lops by the shoulders close his hoary sire:

[Ver. 896. *Dire Punishments.*] I do not know whether this passage is not a little too obscure in the English; the meaning is that Domitian did not doubt but the Gods would punish Caesar severely for the injuries he had done to Rome, to Pompey, and even to himself (Domitian.)

Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cursed deed,
And bastard-born the murderer aread. 915

No private house its loss lamented then,
But count the slain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian streams, and Asiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was giv'n away, 920
And late posterity was lost that day :
A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How shall our miserable sons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign ? 925
Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
The sacred cause of liberty betray ?
Why have our fathers giv'n us up a prey ?
Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves ;
Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves.

'Tis just ; and Fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One struggle for their freedom might afford ;
Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight,
And let them keep, or lose themselves, their right.

But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome deserv'd,
And saw the changing Gods forsake her side. 936
Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
He view'd the universal ruin round,

Ver. 915. *And bastard-born.* Concluding from a criminal an action, that the person killed, could not be the son and true son of the man who killed him.

Ver. 919. *As being longer in coming* stronger than the

Ver. 921. 'Tis just. *I* at our country is just

In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
 And in the fall of thousands felt his own. 940
 Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
 The world one common misery might share :
 But with a gen'rous, great, exalted mind,
 Besought the Gods to pity poor mankind,
 To let him die, and leave the rest behind :
 This hope came smiling to his anxious breast, 945
 For this his earnest vows were thus address'd.
 Spare man, ye Gods ! oh let the nations live !
 Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
 Or if this head suffices not alone, 950
 My wife, my son, your anger shall atone :
 If blood the yet unsated war demand,
 Behold my pledges left in Fortune's hand !
 Ye cruel pow'rs, who urge me with your hate,
 At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight :
 Give then your long-pursuing vengeance o'er, 955
 And spare the world, since I can lose no more.

So saying, the tumultuous field he cross'd,
 And wurd from battle his despairing host :
 Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd, 960
 And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword ;
 Had he not fear'd th' example might succeed,
 And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
 Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
 While his insulting father stood so nigh ? 965
 Fly when he will, the Gods shall still pursue,
 Nor his great soul shall escape the victor's view.

Or else, perhaps, and Fate the thought approv'd,
 For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd :
 Malicious Fortune to his wish agreed, 970
 And gave him in Cornelia's sight to bleed.
 Borne by his winged steed at length away,
 He quits the purple plain, and yields the day,
 Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
 His daring soul supports his lost estate ; 975
 Nor groans his breast, nor swell his eyes with tears,
 But still the same majestic form he wears.
 An awful grief sat decent in his face,
 Such as became his loss, and Rome's disgrace :
 His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame,
 In greatness and misfortune still the same ; 981
 While Fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
 Unchanging sees him leave Pharsalia's field.
 Now, disentangled from unwieldy pow'r,
 O Pompey ! run thy former honors o'er : 985
 At leisure now review the glorious scene,
 And call to mind how mighty thou hast been,
 From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
 And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war ;
 Let the just Gods bear witness on thy side, 990
 Thy cause no more shall by the sword be try'd,
 Whether sad Afric shall her loss bewail,
 Or Munia's plains beneath their burden groan,
 The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own.
 No more, the much-lov'd Pompey's name shall
 charm
 The peaceful world, with one object, to stir :

Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy command,
 But for themselves, the fighting senate stand :
 The war but one distinction shall afford,
 And liberty, or Cæsar, be the word. 1000

Nor oh ! do thou thy vanquish'd lot deplore,
 But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore :
 Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
 And pity Cæsar, for whose sake they flow. 1004
 With what a heart, what triumph shall he come,
 A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome ?
 Tho' misery thy banishment attends,
 Though thou shalt die, by thy false Pharian friends ;
 Yet trust securely to the choice of heav'n,
 And know thy loss was for a blessing giv'n : 1010
 Thoughtflight may seem the warrior's shame and curse ;
 To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.
 And oh ! let ev'ry mark of grief be spar'd.
 May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard ;
 Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore, 1015
 And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of pow'r.
 Mean-while survey th' attending world around,
 Cities by thee possess'd, and monarchs crown'd :
 On Afric or on Asia cast thy eye, 1019
 And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die.
 Larest first the constant chief behold,
 Still great, though flying from the fatal field :

Ver. 1019. Cities by thee possess'd.] The Latin is, *urbes possessione cedes*. He mentions these cities in which he placed the *Pharians* after he had vanquished them at sea.

Ver. 1020. Larest.] Now called Larin, a city of Thessaly, a man of the name Pharius, in whose neighbourhood this battle was fought.

With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
 And, sighing, pour their presents at his feet. 1024
 She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feast :
 Would put on joy to cheer her noble guest ;
 But weeps, and begs to share his woes at least. }
 So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost estate,
 Such faith, such friendship on his ruins wait ;
 With ease Pharsalia's loss might be supply'd,
 While eager nations hasten to his side : 1031
 As if misfortune meant to bless him more,
 Than all his long prosperity before.
 In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquish'd aid ;
 Henceforth to Cæsar be your homage paid,
 Cæsar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead. }
 With that, his courser urging on to flight, 1037
 He vanish'd from the mournful city's sight.
 With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
 And curse the cruel Gods, in fierceness of despair.
 Now in huge lakes Hesperian crimson stood,
 And Cæsar's self grew satiated with blood. 1042
 The great Patricians fall'n, his pity spar'd
 The worthless, unresisting, vulgar herd.
 Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
 And scatt'ring terror spread the wild alarm, 1046
 Straight to the hostile camp his way he bent,
 Careful to seize the hasty fier's tent,
 The leisure of a night, and thinking to prevent. }

Ver. 1046. *The leisure of a night, and thinking to prevent.* Though
 Cæsar a few verses farther, with his soldiers their victory was
 complete, it is plain he did not think it would be so.

Nor reck'd he much the weary soldiers' toil, 1050
 But led them prone, and greedy to the spoil.
 Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
 The glorious recompence attends ye yet :
 Much have you done to-day, for Cæsar's sake ;
 'Tis mine to shew the prey, 'tis yours to take. 1055
 'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd foe has left ;
 'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
 Treasures immense yon wealthy tents enfold,
 The gems of Asia, and Hesperian gold ; 1059
 For you the once great Pompey's store attends,
 With regal spoils of his barbarian friends ;
 Haste then, prevent the foe, and seize that good,
 For which you paid so well with Roman blood.

He said ; and with the rage of rapine stung,
 The multitude tumultuous rush along. 1065
 On swords, and spears, on sires and sons they tread,
 And all remorseless spurn the gory dead.
 What trench can intercept, what fort withstand
 The brutal soldier's rude rapacious hand ;
 When eager to his crime's reward he flies, 1070
 And bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize ?

There, wealth collected from the world around,
 The destin'd recompence of war, they found.
 But oh ! not golden Arimaspus' store,
 Nor all the Tagus, or rich Iber pour, 1075

Pompey's camp ; apprehending that the enemy might recollect themselves during the night, and perhaps make a new stand in their camp next morning.

Ver. 1074. *Arimaspus*,] Or *Arimaspe* was a river in that part of Scythia, now called *Ingrja*, out of which the inhabitants (who were likewise named *Arimaspians*) gathered gold-dust.

Can fill the greedy victor's griping hands :
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands ;
All other spoils they scorn, as worthless prey,
And count their wicked labors robb'd of pay.
Here, in Patrician tents, Plebeians rest, 1080
And regal couches are by ruffians press'd :
There, impious parricides the bed invade,
And sleep, where late their slaughter'd sires were
laid.

Mean-while the battle stands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their slumbers brood.
Astonishment and dread their souls infest, 1086
And'guilt sits painful on each heaving breast.
Arms, blood, and death work in the lab'ring brain ;
They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er
again.

Ascending fiends infect the air around, 1090
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning
ground :

Hence dire affright distracts the warriors' souls, }
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controls, }
Snakes hiss, and livid flame tormenting rolls. }
Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbru'd, 1095
By some pale spectre flies all night pursu'd.
In various forms the ghosts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, the father, and the son :

The Hesperian gold, mentioned before, Ver. 1059. was what had been collected in Spain, which was Pompey's province. I do not know whether I have before observed, that Spain, as well as Italy, was called Hesperia.

To ev'ry wretch his proper phantom fell,
 While Cæsar sleeps the gen'ral care of hell. 1100
 Such were his pangs as mad Orestes felt,
 Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
 Such horrors Pentheus, such Agave knew ;
 He, when his rage first came, and she when hers
 withdrew.

Present and future swords his bosom bears, 1105
 And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
 Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends ;
 To wheels she binds him, and with vultures rends, }
 With racks of conscience, and with whips of }
 fiends.

But soon the visionary horrors pass, 1110
 And his first rage with day resumes its place :
 Again his eyes rejoice, to view the slain,
 And run unwear'd o'er the dreadful plain.
 He bids his train prepare his impious board, 1114
 And feasts amidst the heaps of death abhorr'd.
 There each pale face at leisure he may know,
 And still behold the purple current flow.

Ver. 1101. *Mad Orestes.*] When Orestes had, to revenge his father, killed his mother Clytemnestra, he was haunted with furies, till his sister Iphigenia had purified him, and expiated his crime at the altar of Diana Taurica in Scythia, where she was priestess.

The following verse,

Cum fureret Pentheus ; aut cum desinat Agave.

I take to mean, that Pentheus was not possessed with more horror when he affronted and denied the divinity of Bacchus ; nor his mother Agave, when, recovering from her madness, she found she had killed her son for a wild beast.

He views the woful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
And owns, those Gods he serves, his utmost
wish have crown'd :

Still greedy to possess the curs'd delight, 1121

To glut his soul, and gratify his sight,

The last funeral honors he denies.

And poisons with the stench Emathia's skies.

Not thus the sworn inveterate foe of Rome, 1125

Refus'd the vanquish'd consul's bones a tomb :

His piety the country round beheld,

And bright with fires shone Canne's fatal field.

But Caesar's rage from fiercer motives rose; 1189

These were his countrymen, his worst of foes.

But oh I relent, forget thy hatred past.

And give the wand'ring shades to rest at last.

Nor seek we single honors for the dead.

At once let nations on the pile be laid: 1134

To feed the flame, let heapy forests rise.

Far be it seen to fret the ruddy skies,

And grieve despairing Pompey where he flies.

Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain.

Strews with unbury'd carcasses the plain.

What is it to thy malice, if they burn, 1140

Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?

The forms of matter all, dissolving die,

And lost in nature's blending bosom lie.

Ver. 1129. *Then joy that earth.]* That is, was hid by the dead bodies.

Ver. 1125. Fox of Rome, Hannibal.

Ver. 1126. Fangurch's command.] P. *Emilius* and M. *Mar-*

They were not killed by Hamaikal, and treated with all honors due to their character, though enemies.

Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world, one common lot shall have ;
One last appointed flame, by Fate's decree, 1146
Shall waste yon azure heav'ns, this earth, and sea ;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet know,
High as thy own can soar, these souls shall go ;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below. }
Death is beyond thy Goddess Fortune's pow'r,
And parent earth receives whate'er she bore. 1154
Nor will we mourn those Romans' fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious cov'ring of the sky ;
That starry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns. 1158

But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence ?
Does slaughter strike too strongly on thy sense ?
Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious stream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood polluted steam.
But see, they fly ! the daring warriors yield !
And the dead heaps drive Cæsar from the field !

Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train,
Speed hungry from the far Bistonian plain ; 1166
From Pholoë the tawny lion comes,
And growling bears forsake their darksome homes :
With these, leasns dogs in herds obscene repair,
And ev'ry kind that snuffs the tainted air. 1170
For food, the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erst to warmer Nile had wing'd their way :
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war. 1174

Ne'er were such flocks of vultures seen to fly,
And hide with spreading plumes the crowded sky :
Gorging on limbs in ev'ry tree they sat,
And dropp'd raw morsels down, and gory fat :
Oft their tir'd talons, loos'ning as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head. 1180
But while the slain supply'd too full a feast,
The plenty bred satiety at last ;
The rav'nous feeders riot at their ease,
And single out what dainties best may please.
Part born away, the rest neglected lie, 1185
For noon-day suns, and parching winds to dry ;
Till length of time shall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Egeathia's common clay.

Oh fatal Thessaly ! oh land abhorr'd ! 1186
How have thy fields the hate of heav'n incur'd ;
That thus the Gods to thee destruction doom,
And load thee with the curse of falling Rome !
Still to new crimes, new horrors dost thou haste,
When yet thy former mischiefs scarce were past.
What rolling years, what ages can repay
The multitudes, thy wars have swept away ?
Though tombs and urns their num'rous store should
spread, 1196

And long antiquity yield all her dead ;
Thy guilty plains more slaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all those tombs, and all those urns enfold.

Ver. 1193. *Still to new crimes.*] Meaning the battle of Philippi But of this see before.

Hence bloody spots shall stain thy grassy green,
 And crimson drops on bladed corn be seen :
 Each ploughshare some dead patriot shall molest,
 Disturb his bones, and rob his ghost of rest.
 Oh ! had the guilt of war been all thy own, 1205
 Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone ;
 No mariner his lab'ring bark should moor,
 In hopes of safety, on thy dreadful shore ;
 No swain thy spectre-haunted plain should know,
 Nor turn thy blood-stain'd fallow with his plough :
 No shepherd e'er should drive his flock to feed,
 Where Romans slain enrich the verdant mead :
 All desolate should lie thy land, and waste,
 As in some scorch'd or frozen region plac'd.
 But the great Gods forbid our partial hate 1125
 On Thessaly's distinguish'd land to wait ;
 New blood, and other slaughters they decree,
 And others shall be guilty too, like thee.
 Munda and Mutina shall boast their slain,
 Pachynus' waters share the purple stain,
 And Actium justify Pharsalia's plain.

Ver. 1214. *As in some scorch'd.*] Some uninhabitable part
 of the world.

END OF VOL. III

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THE PHARSALIA,

(Continued from Vol. I.)

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ROWE'S LUCAN.



*with deadly teeth it hung;
Sudden the Soldier shook it from the Wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the Ground.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
 OF
 NICHOLAS ROWE.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
 BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

For Caesar! thou dost bid, that I rehearse
 Thee and thy wars, in no ignoble verse,
 Since, if in aught the Latin Muse excel,
 My name, and thine, immortal, I foretell,
 Whereto our labours shall reward,
 And Lucan flourish like the Grecian bard;
 My Roman arms shall yet time convey
 The tyrant's Camp, and Pharsalia's day. *PUBLISHER, BOOKS*

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THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pharsalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the sea-shore; where he embarks upon a small vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refusal of the Mitylenians' invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coast of Asia. In the way thither he is joined by his son Sextus, and several persons of distinction, who had fled likewise from the late battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the soliciting of supplies from the king of Parthia, and the rest of his allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedra, where great part of the senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the present circumstances of the Commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Egypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whose kings he may expect assistance. In his own opinion he inclines to the

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA. VOL. III. A

THE ARGUMENT.

Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, opposes very warmly; and in consideration of young Ptolemy's personal obligations to Pompey, prefers Egypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey sets sail accordingly for Egypt. Upon his arrival on that coast, the king calls a council, where, at the instigation of Pothinus, a villainous minister, it is resolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achilles, formerly the king's governor, and then general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegade Roman soldier, who had formerly served under Pompey, upon some frivolous pretences, persuades him to quit his ship, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the shore, he treacherously murders him, in the sight of his wife, his son, and the rest of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the sea. The head is fixed upon a spear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the succeeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the shore, brings it to land with some difficulty; and with a few planks that remained from a shipwrecked vessel, burns it. The melancholy description of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective against the Gods, and Fortune, for their unworthy treatment of so great a man, concludes this Book.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

Now through the vale, by great Alcides made,
And the sweet maze of Tempe's pleasing shade,
Cheerless, the flying chief renew'd his speed,
And urg'd, with gory spurs, his fainting steed.
Fall'n from the former greatness of his mind, §
He turns where doubtful paths obscurely wind.
The fellows of his flight increase his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horsemen tread :

Ver. 1. *Now through the vale, by great Alcides made,*] See the notes on the Sixth Book, ver. 572, as likewise Lucan himself in that place.

Ver. 5. *Fall'n from the former greatness.*] This is one of the passages which, if Lucan had lived to give the last hand to this work, I cannot but think he would have altered. The fear that he gives to Pompey on occasion of his flight, is very unlike the character he himself, or indeed any other writer has given him. It is something the more remarkable from a passage in the latter end of the foregoing Book, where he is said to leave the field of battle with great bravery and composure of mind. Though it is very judiciously observed, on comparing that passage and this together, by Martin Lasso de Oropeza, the Spanish translator, that the despair of seeing his wife, which was the occasion of his resolution to leave the field, and survive such a loss as that battle was, in the Fifth Book, might in this place likewise be the reason for the fear and anxiety which he shew'd in his flight.

He starts at ev'ry rustling of the trees, 9
And fears the whispers of each murmur'ing breeze.
He feels not yet, alas ! his lost empire :
And though he flies, believes himself still great ;
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Cæsar's head.
Where-e'er his fear explores untrodden ways, 15
His well-known visage still his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whose gath'ring forces to his aid advance.
With gaze astonish'd, these their chief behold,
And scarce believe what by himself is told. 20
In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune still grieves him with pursuing eyes :
Still aggravates, still urges his disgrace,
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.
His youthful triumph sadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While stung with secret shame, and anxious }
care he burns.
Thus age to sorrows oft the great betrays,
When loss of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment still one end shall have, 30
Lest early misery prevent the grave.
The good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,
And ease once past, becomes the present load :
Then let the wise, in Fortune's kindest hour,
Still keep one safe retreat within his pow'r ; 35
Let Death be near, to guard him from surprise,
And free him, when the fickle Goddess flies.

Now to those shores the hapless Pompey came,
 Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient stream :
 Red with Emathian slaughter ran his flood, 40
 And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
 There a poor bark, whose keel, perhaps might glide
 Safe down some river's smooth descending tide,
 Receiv'd the mighty master of the main,
 Whose spreading navies hide the liquid plain. 45
 In this he braves the winds and stormy sea,
 And to the Lesbian isle directs his way.
 There the kind partner of his ev'ry care,
 His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languish'd there :
 At that sad distance more unhappy far, 50
 Than in the midst of danger, death and war.
 There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
 Foreboding thought a weary burden lay :
 Sad visions haunt her slumbers with affright,
 And Thessaly returns with ev'ry night. 55
 Soon as the ruddy morning paints the skies,
 Swift to the shore the pensive mourner flies ;
 There, lonely sitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
 Her sight she fixes on the seas below ;

Ver. 42. *There a poor bark.*] Lucan mentions this very emphatically, because Pompey had even at that very time a great fleet lying at Corcyra, and in the Bay of Ambrosia.

Plutarch and Appian relate, that Pompey in his flight from Larissa came all along through Tempe to the shore and lodged that night in the cottage of a fisherman. About morning he went to sea in a little boat, and sailing along by the shore, met with a ship of greater burden, of which one Petreus, a Roman, was captain, who, knowing Pompey, took him in, and transported him to Lesbos.

Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound, 60
 And kens each sail that rises in the round :
 Thick beats her heart, as ev'ry prow draws near,
 And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.

At length, behold ! the fatal bark is come !
 See ! the swoln canvas lab'ring with her doom. 65
 Preventing Fame, Misfortune lends him wings,
 And Pompey's self his own sad story brings.
 Now bid thy eyes, thou lost Cornelia, flow,
 And change thy fears to certain sorrows now.
 Swift glides the woeful vessel on to land ; 70
 Forth flies the headlong matron to the strand.

There soon she found what worst the Gods could
 do,
 There soon her dear much-alter'd lord she knew ;
 Though fearful all, and ghastly was his hue. }
 Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown,
 And dust was cast upon his Roman gown. 76
 She saw, and fainting, sunk in sudden night ;
 Grief stopp'd her breath, and shut out loathsome
 light :

The loos'ning nerves no more their force exert,
 And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart : 80
 Death kindly seem'd her wishes to obey,
 And, stretch'd upon the beach, a corse she lay.

But now the mariners the vessel moor,
 And Pompey, landing, views the lonely shore.
 The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
 And reverendly their ruder grief suppress'd, 86

Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
 And raise their wretched mistress from the ground,
 Her lord infolds her with a strict embrace,
 And joins his cheek close to her lifeless face : 90
 At the known touch, her failing sense returns,
 And vital warmth in kindling blushes burns.
 At length, from Virtue thus he seeks relief,
 And kindly chides her violence of grief. 94

Canst thou then sink, thou daughter of the
 great,
 Sprung from the noblest guardians of our state ;
 Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of fate ?
 Whatever deathless monuments of praise
 Thy sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.
 On man alone life's ruder trials wait, 100
 The fields of battle, and the cares of state ;
 While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
 When faithless Fortune quits her husband's side.
 Arm then thy soul, the glorious task to prove,
 And learn, thy miserable lord to love. 105
 Behold me of my pow'r and pomp bereft,
 By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left :
 Oh make that loss thy glory ; and be thou
 The only follower of Pompey now.
 This grief becomes thee not, while I survive ; 110
 War wounds not thee, since I am still alive :

Ver. 95. *Daughter of the great.*] Descended from the Scipio's.

Ver. 98. *Whatever deathless.*] Meaning that his misfortunes gave her the noblest occasion of exerting the greatness of her

These tears a dying husband should deplore,
 And only fall, when Pompey is no more.
 'Tis true, my former greatness all is lost ;
 Who weep for that, no love for me can boast,
 But mourn the loss of what they valu'd most. }

Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron rose ;
 Yet still complaining, thus avow'd her woes.

Ah ! wherefore was I not much rather led,
 A fatal bride, to Cæsar's hated bed ? 120

To thee unlucky, and a curse, I came,
 Unblest by yellow Hymen's holy flame :
 My bleeding Crassus, and his sire stood by,
 And fell Erymnis shook her torch on high. 124

My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
 And urges heav'n to hate the juster cause.

Ah ! my once greatest lord ! ah ! cruel hour :
 Is thy victorious head in Fortune's pow'r ?
 Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
 Why did I wed thee only to undo ? 130

But see, to death my willing neck I bow ;
 Atone the angry Gods by one kind blow.
 Long since, for thee, my life I would have giv'n ;
 Yet, let me, yet, prevent the wrath of heav'n.
 Kill me, and scatter me upon the sea,
 So shall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
 Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey. }

Ver. 125. *The Parthian vengeance*] A like misfortune with that of my first husband, who was killed by the Par-

And thou, where-e'er thy sullen phantom flies,
Oh ! Julia ! let thy rival's blood suffice ;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear, 140
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey spare.

She said, and sunk within his arms again ;
In streams of sorrow melt the mournful train :
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That saw, without a tear, Pharsalia's field. 145

Now to the strand the Mitylenians press'd,
And humbly thus bespoke their noble guest.

If, to succeeding times, our isle shall boast
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coast,
Disdain not, if thy presence now we claim, 150
And fain would consecrate our wars to Fame.
Make thou this place in future story great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
To view with adoration thy retreat. }

This may we plead, in favor of the town ; 155
That while mankind the prosp'rous victor own,
Already, Cæsar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
Some safety too our ambient seas secure ;
Cæsar wants ships, and we defy his pow'r. . 160
Here may Rome's scatter'd fathers well unite,
And arm against a second happier fight.
Our Lesbian youth with ready courage stands,
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.

Ver. 146. *The Mitylenians.*] Mitylene was the chief city of Lesbos.

For gold, whate'er to sacred use is lent, 165
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendship we insist,
Seek not to shun us in thy low estate ;
But let our Lesbos, in thy ruin prove,
As in thy greatness, worthy of thy love. 170
 Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd humankind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear ;
Witness the pledge committed to your care :
Here in security I plac'd my home, 175
My household-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.
I know what ransom might your pardon buy,
And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh ! too long my woes you singly bear ;
I leave you, nor for lands which I prefer, }
But that the world the common load may share. }
Lesbos ! for ever sacred be thy name !
May late posterity thy truth proclaim !
Whether thy fair example spread around,
Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found : 185
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh ! grant, good heav'n ! if there be one alone,
One gracious pow'r so lost a cause to own, 189
Grant, like the Lesbians, I my friends may find ;
Such who, though Cæsar threaten, dare be kind :

Ver. 177. What ransom.] You might deserve greatly of Cæsar, by delivering me up to him.

Who, with the same just hospitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd ; and to the ship his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the sounding shore.
It seem'd as if the nation with her pass'd, 196
And banishment had laid their island waste.
Their second sorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n tho' glad Victory had call'd her thence, 200
And her lord's bidding been the just pretence ;
The Lesbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to their wat'ry bound.
So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face ; 205
In such humility her life she led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding
head, }
As if his fortune were already fled.

Half hid in seas descending Phœbus lay, 209
And upwards half, half downwards shot the day ;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's soul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city in his mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Weary'd at length beneath that load of woes, 215
And those sad scenes his future views disclose,
In conversation for relief he sought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now sits he by the careful pilot's side, 219
And asks what rules their wat'ry journey guide ;

What lights of heav'n his art attends to most,
Bound for the Libyan or the Syrian coast.

To him, intent upon the rolling skies,
The heav'n-instructed shipman thus replies.
Of all yon multitude of golden stars, 225
Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,
The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the constant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the lesser Bear aspires,
And from the topmast gleam its paly fires, 230
Then Bosphorus near neighb'ring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian shore :
But when Calisto's shining son descends,
And the low Cynosure tow'rs ocean bends,
For Syria straight we know the vessel bears, 235
Where first Canopus' southern sign appears.
If still upon the left those stars thou keep,
And passing Pharos, plough the foamy deep,
Then right a-head thy luckless bark shall reach
The Libyan shoals, and Syrts unfaithful beach.
But say, for lo ! on thee attends my hand,
What course dost thou assign ? what seas, what
land ?

Speak, and the helm shall turn at thy command. }

To him, the chief, by doubts uncertain tost ;
Oh fly the Latian and Thessalian coast : 245
Those only lands avoid. For all beside,
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide ;
Let Fortune, where she please, a port provide. }

Till Lesbos did my dearest pledge restore, 249
That thought determin'd me to seek that shore :
All ports, all regions, but those fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.

Scarce had he spoke, when straight the master
veer'd,
And right for Chios, and for Asia steer'd.
The working waves the course inverted feel, 255
And dash and foam beneath the winding keel.
With art like this, on rapid chariots born,
Around the column skilful racers turn :
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther, wide, in distant circles roll. 260

Now day's bright beams the various earth disclose,
And o'er the fading stars the sun arose ;
When Pompey gath'ring to his side beheld
The scatter'd relics of Pharsalia's field.
First from the Lesbian isle his son drew near, 265
And soon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes, yet, disdain to wait
On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low estate.
Proud monarchs, who in eastern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illustrious exile's train. 270
From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cause :

Ver. 254. *Chios.*] Scio, an island in the Archipelago, not far from the coast of Asia : it lies southward from Lesbos.

Ver. 258. *Around the column.*] This was a pillar of marble placed at the end of the course appointed for the chariot races among the ancients ; and to turn nicely and closely round this without touching, was reckoned a piece of great skill and dexterity in the driver.

Thou best (he cries) of all my royal friends !
 Since with our loss Rome's pow'r and empire ends ;
 What yet remains, but that we call from far 275
 The eastern nations, to support the war ?
 Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæsar's side,
 And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
 Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for aid
 From the wild Scythian, and remotest Medæ. 280
 To Parthia's monarch my distress declare,
 And at his throne speak this my humble pray'r.
 If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
 Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
 Now string the Getic and Armenian bow, 285
 And in full quivers feather'd shafts bestow.
 If when o'er Caspian hills my troops I led,
 'Gainst Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
 I sought not once to make your Parthians yield,
 But left them free to range the Persian field. 290
 Beyond th' Assyrian bounds my eagles flew,
 And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew ;
 Ev'n to the utmost east I urg'd my way,
 And, ere the Persian, saw the rising day :
 Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend, 295
 I sought the Parthian, only as my friend.

Ver. 284. *By our altars and your Magi.*] The original says,

——— *Et fœdera nobis
 Priæca manent mihi per Latium jurata comantem
 Per vestros astricta Magos.*

These Magi were priests or philosophers of a particular sect instituted by Zoroaster ; of whom see at large Dr. Prideaux in his *Learned Connection of*, &c. Vol. I.

Yet more ; when Carræ blush'd with Crassus' blood,
And Latium her severest vengeance vow'd ;
When war with Parthia was the common cry,
Who stopp'd the fury of that rage, but I ? 300
If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
Nor let Euphrates' stream the march delay ;
In gratitude, to my assistance come ;
Fight Pompey's cause, and conquer willing Rome.
He said ; the monarch cheerfully obey'd, 305
And straight aside his royal robes he laid ;
Then bid his slaves their humbler vestments bring :
And in that servile veil conceals the king.
Thus majesty gives its proud trappings o'er,
And humbly seeks for safety from the poor. 310
The poor who no disguises need, nor wear ;
Unblest with greatness, and unweary'd with fear.
His princely friend now safe convey'd to land,
The chief o'erpass'd the fam'd Ephesian strand,
Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's smooth deep, 315
And foamy cliffs with rugged Samos keep.

Ver. 299. *When war with Parthia.*] Pompey dissuaded the senate from a war with Parthia, while there was one afoot with Gaul.

Ver. 301. *Zeugma.*] Was a town on the river Euphrates, built by Alexander the Great. Perhaps about the time of this civil war it might be the boundary of the Roman and Parthian dominions. For Carræ, see the notes on the First Book, about the beginning.

Ver. 315. *Icaria.*] Now Nicaria, an island of the Archipelago, north of Patmos, and west of Samos.

Colophon.] Formerly an ancient city on the coast of Ionia, now Alibosco, a village of Natolia.

From Coan shores soft breathes the western wind,
 And Rhodes and Gnidus soon are left behind.
 Then crossing o'er Telmessos' ample bay,
 Right to Pamphylia's coast he cuts his way. 320
 Suspicious of the land, he keeps the main,
 Till poor Phaselis, first, receives his wand'ring train.
 There, free from fears, with ease he may command
 Her citizens, scarce equal to his band. 324
 Nor ling'ring there, his swelling sails are spread,
 Till he discerns proud Taurus' rising head :
 A mighty mass he stands, while down his side
 Descending Dipsas rolls his headlong tide.
 In a slight bark he runs securely o'er
 The pirates' once-infested dreadful shore. 330
 Ah ! when he set the wat'ry empire free,
 And swept the fierce Cilician from the sea,
 Could the successful warrior have forethought
 'Twas for his future safety, then, he fought !
 At length the gath'ring fathers of the state 335
 In full assembly on their leader wait :
 Within Syedra's walls their senate meets,
 Whom, sighing, thus th' illustrious exile greets.

Ver. 317. *Coan shores.*] Co, or Coq, now Stanchie, an island on the coast of Caria.

Ver. 318. *Gnidus,*] or rather Cnidus, a city on the coast of Caria.

Ver. 319. *Telmessos,*] A city on the coast of Lycia.

Ver. 322. *Phaselis,*] A little city on the coast between Lycia and Pamphylia; in the latter of these provinces is Syedra, where Pompey met and consulted with the remains of the senate.

My friends ! who with me fought, who with me
fled,
And now are to me in my country's stead ; 340
Though quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
On this Cilician, naked, foreign strand ;
Though ev'ry mark of Fortune's wrath we bear,
And seem to seek for counsel in despair ;
Preserve your souls undaunted, free and great, 345
And know I am not fall'n intirely yet.
Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
From Afric's dust abandon'd Marius rose,
To seize the Fasces, and insult his foes. 350
My loss is lighter, less is my disgrace ;
Shall I despair to reach my former place ?
Still on the Grecian seas my navies ride,
And many a valiant leader owns my side.
All that Pharsalia's luckless field could do, 355
Was to disperse my forces, not subdue.
Still safe beneath my former fame I stand,
Dear to the world, and lov'd in ev'ry land.
'Tis yours to counsel and determine, whom
We shall apply to in the cause of Rome ; 360
What faithful friend may best assistance bring ;
The Libyan, Parthian, or Egyptian king.
For me, what course my thoughts incline to take,
Here freely, and at large, I mean to speak.

¹ Ver. 348. *Marius rose.*] See before in the Second Book.

Ver. 352. *The Libyan, Parthian, or Egyptian king.*] These were Juba, Phraates, and Ptolemy.

What most dislike me in the Pharian prince, 365
Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd sense :
Virtue, in youth, no stable footing finds,
And constancy is built on manly minds.
Nor, with less danger, may our trust explore
The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor : 370
From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
Still mindful of the vanquish'd town's disgrace ;
From thence Numidian mischiefs he derives,
And Hannibal in his false heart survives :
With pride he saw submissive Varus bow, 375
And joys to hear the Roman pow'r lies low.
To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
Where stars unknown in distant azure burn ;
Where Caspian hills to part the world arise,
And night and day succeed in other skies ; 380
Where rich Assyrian plains Euphrates laves,
And seas discolored roll their ruddy waves.
Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
There rushing squadrons thunder o'er the plain ;
There young and old the bow promiscuous bend,
And fatal shafts with aim unerring send. 386
They first the Macedonian phalanx broke,
And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian stroke ;
They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the field,
And taught aspiring Babylon to yield ; 390

Ver. 375. *Submissos Varus.*] Varus who had sought to
Juba for assistance, was routed by Curo. See the Fourth Book,
towards the end.

Fearless against the Roman pile they stood,
 And triumph'd in our vanquish'd Crassus' blood.
 Nor trust they to the points of piercing darts,
 But furnish death with new improving arts ;
 In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly, 395
 And if they taste the blood, the wounded die.
 Too well their pow'rs, and fav'ring Gods we know, }
 And wish our fate much rather would allow }
 Some other aid against the common foe. }
 With un auspicious succour shall they come, 400
 Nurs'd in the hate and rivalry of Rome.
 With these, the neighb'ring nations round shall arm,
 And the whole east rouse at the dire alarm.
 Should the barbarian race their aid deny, 404
 Yet would I choose in that strange land to die :
 There let our shipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
 Our loss forgotten, and our names unknown :
 Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
 Nor meanly sue to kings, whose crowns I gave :
 From Cæsar free, enjoy my latest hour, 410
 And scorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
 Still, when my thoughts my former days restore,
 With joy, methinks, I run those regions o'er ;
 There, much the better parts of life I prov'd :
 Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd : 415
 Wide o'er Mæotis spread my happy name,
 And Tanais ran conscious of my fame ;

Ver. 409. *Kings, whose crowns I gave.*] Ptolemy, Tigranes,
 &c. but more especially to Ptolemy.

My vanquish'd enemies my conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with laurels I return'd. 419

Approve then, Rome, my present card for thee;
Thine is the gain, whate'er th' event shall be,
What greater boon canst thou from heav'n demand,
Than in thy cause to arm the Parthian's hand?

Barbarians thus shall wage thy civil war,
And those that hate thee, in thy ruin share. 425

When Cæsar and Phraates battle join,
They must revenge, or Crassus' wrongs, or mine.

The leader ceas'd; and straight a murmur'ing
sound

Ran through the disapproving fathers round.
With these, in high pre-eminence, there sat 430

Distinguish'd Lentulus, the consul late:
None with more gen'rous indignation stung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.

Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the subject and the man.

Can then Pharsalia's ruins thus control 436
The former greatness of thy Roman soul?

Must the whole world, our laws and country, yield
To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?

Hast thou no hopes of succour, no retreat, 440
But mean prostration at the Parthian's feet?

Art thou grown weary of our earth and sky,
That thus thou seek'st a fugitive to fly;

New stars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new Gods adore? 445

Wouldst thou before Chaldean altars bend,
 Worship their fires, and on their kings depend?
 Why didst thou draw the world to arms around,
 Why cheat mankind with Liberty's sweet sound,
 Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæsar brave, 450
 When thou canst yield thyself a tyrant's slave?
 Shall Parthia, who with terror shook from far,
 To hear thee nam'd to head the Roman war,
 Who saw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
 From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main; 455
 Shall she, that very Parthia, see thee now,
 A poor, dejected, humble suppliant bow?
 Then haughtily with Rome her greatness mate,
 And scorn thy country for thy grov'ling fate?
 Thy tongue, in eastern languages untaught, 460
 Shall want the words that should explain thy
 thought:

Tears, then, unmanly, must thy suit declare;
 And suppliant hands, uplifted, speak thy pray'r.
 Shall Parthia (shall it to our shame be known)
 Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her
 own? 465

Our war no interfering kings demands,
 Nor shall be trusted to barbarian hands:
 Among ourselves our bonds we will deplore,
 And Rome shall serve the rebel son she bore.

Ver. 447. *Worship their fires.*] The worship of fire, or rather of the Supreme Being and principle of all things under that symbol, was first taught among the eastern nations by Zoroaster and his disciples the Magi.

Ver. 469. *The rebel son.*] Cæsar.

Why wouldst thou bid our foes transgress their
bound, 470

And teach their feet to tread Hesperian ground ?
With ensigns, torn from Crassus, shall they come,
And, with his ravish'd honors, threaten Rome ;
His fate those blood-stain'd eagles shall recal,
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall. 475

Canst thou believe the monarch, who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,
Will bring his succours to thy waining state,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate ?
No eastern courage forms a thought so great. }
In cold laborious climes the wint'ry north 481

Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of soul, and steady in the field ;
While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please, 485
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.

Hete silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds restrain,
Or rushing Tigris cuts the level plain, 490
Swifter than winds along the champaign born, }
At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And distant still, the vain pursuer scorn.

Nor with like ease they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their speed delay.
Whene'er the thicker shades of night arise, 495
Unaim'd the shaft, and unavailing, flies.

Nor are they form'd with constancy to meet
 Those toils, that make the panting soldier sweat :
 To climb the heights, to stem the rapid flood,
 To make the dusty noon-day battle good,
 Horrid with wounds, and crusted o'er in blood.
 Nor war's machines they know, nor have the skill
 To shake the rampire, or the trench to fill : 504
 Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
 Stands, like a fort impregnable, secure.
 Light are their skirmishes, their war is flight,
 And still to wheel their wav'ring troops delight.
 To taint their coward darts is all their care,
 And then to trust them to the fitting air. 510
 Whene'er their bows have spent the feather'd store,
 The mighty business of their war is o'er :
 No manly strokes they try, nor hand to hand
 With cleaving swords in sturdy combat stand.
 With swords the valiant still their foes invade ;
 These call in drugs and poison to their aid. 516
 Are these the pow'rs to whom thou bid'st us fly ?
 Is this the land in which thy bones would lie ?
 Shall these barbarian hands for thee provide
 The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd ? 520
 But be it so ! that death shall bring thee peace,
 That here thy sorrows, and thy toils shall cease.
 Death is what man should wish. But oh ! what fate
 Shall on thy wife, thy sad survivor, wait ! 524
 For her, where, lost with lawless empire reigns,
 Somewhat more terrible than death remains.

Ver. 520. *T* [thy unhappy friend.] To CRASSUS.

Have we not heard, with what abhor'd desires
 The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?
 How their wild monarch, like the bestial race,
 Spreads the pollution of his lewd embrace? 530
 Unw'd by rev'rence of connubial rites,
 In multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
 When gorg'd with feasting, and inflam'd with wine,
 No joys can sate him, and no laws confine;
 Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain, 535
 From sisters and from mothers to abstain.
 The Greek and Roman, with a trembling ear,
 Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear:
 While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
 And boast incestuous titles to the throne. 540
 If crimes like these they can securely brave,
 What laws, what pow'r shall thy Cornelia save?
 Think, how the helpless matron may be led,
 The thousand harlot, to the royal bed. 544
 Though when the tyrant clasps his noble slave,
 And hears to whom her plighted hand she gave,
 Her beauties oft in scorn he shall prefer,
 And choose e' insult the Roman name in her.
 These are the pow'rs to whom thou wouldst sub-
 mit, 549
 And Rome's revenge and Crassus' quite forget.
 Thy cause, preferr'd to his, becomes thy shame,
 And blots, in common, thine and Caesar's name.
 With how much greater glory might you join,
 To drive the Dani, or to free the Rhine? 554

How well your conqu'ring legions might you lead,
 'Gainst the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede ?
 Level proud Babylon's aspiring domes,
 And with their spoils enrich our slaughter'd leaders'
 tombs ?

No longer, Fortune ! let our friendship last,
 Our peace, ill-omen'd with the barb'rous east ; 560
 If civil strife with Cæsar's conquest end,
 To Asia let his prosp'rous arms extend :
 Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
 And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.

There I, there all, his victories may bless, 565
 And Rome herself make vows for his success.

Whene'er thou pass the cold Araxes o'er,
 An aged shade shall greet thee on the shore,
 Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar. }
 And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come 570
 In peace and friendship, to these foes of Rome ?
 Thou ! from whose hand we hop'd revenge in }
 vain,

Poor naked ghosts, a thin unbury'd train,
 That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain ? }
 On ev'ry side new objects shall disclose 575

Some mournful monument of Roman woes ;
 On ev'ry wall fresh marks thou shalt descry,
 Where pale Hesperian heads were fix'd on high ;
 Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
 Shall own his waves in Latian slaughter dy'd. 580

Ver. 582. *An aged shade.*] The ghost of Crassus.

If sights like these thou canst with patience bear,
 What are the horrors which thy soul would fear?
 Ev'n Cæsar's self with joy may be beheld,
 Enthron'd on slaughter in Emathia's field.
 Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain, 585
 Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithless reign;
 Abounding Egypt shall receive thee yet,
 And yield, unquestion'd, a secure retreat.
 By nature strengthen'd with a dang'rous strand,
 Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land. 590
 Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
 She plants her only confidence in Nile.
 Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
 His crown, the largess of thy bounty, wears.
 Nor let unjust suspicions brand his truth; 595
 Cander and innocence still dwell with youth.
 Trust not a pow'r accustom'd to be great,
 And vers'd in wicked policies of state.
 Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
 By int'rest and by craft alone are sway'd,
 And violate with ease the leagues they made: }
 While new ones still make conscience of the trust,
 True to their friends, and to their subjects just.
 He spoke; the list'ning fathers all were mov'd,
 And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
 So much ev'n dying liberty prevail'd, 606
 When Pompey's suffrage, and his counsel fail'd.
 And now Cicilia's coast the fleet forsake,
 And o'er the wat'ry plain for Cyprus make.

Cyprus to Love's ambrosial Goddess dear, 610
 For ever grateful smoke the altars there :
 Indulgent still she hears the Paphian vows,
 And loves the fav'rite seas from whence she rose.
 So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
 When her fond tales the birth of Gods proclaim,
 Unborn, and from eternity the same. }
 The craggy cliffs of Cyprus quickly past, 617
 The chief runs southward o'er the ocean vast.
 Nor views he, through the murky veil of night, }
 The Casian mountain's far distinguish'd height,
 The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light. }
 Haply at length the lab'ring canvas bore
 Full on the farthest bounds of Egypt's shore,
 Where near Pelusium parting Nile descends,
 And in her utmost eastern channel ends. 625
 'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
 Had hung the golden balance of the sky ;
 But ah ! not long such just proportions last,
 The righteous season soon was chang'd and past,
 And spring's encroachment, on the short'ning day,
 Was fully to the wintry nights repaid : 631

Ver. 630. *The Casian mountain's far.* Casium, or rather Casius, was a promontory in the most easterly part of Egypt. At the foot of this mountain, on the sea-shore, was buried Pompey. Lucan says, that Pompey's fleet overhot this promontory, and did not see the light that was always kept on the top of it for the direction of sailors. Pelusium, mentioned just after this, was in Pompey's time a great city. It is now a poor village, and called, *El* am not mistaken, *Belbais* or *Bebeis*.

Ver. 631. *'Twas now the time.* About the middle of September.

When to the chief from shore they made report,
 That, near high Casium, lay the Pharian court.
 This known, he thither turn'd his ready sail,
 The light yet lasting with the fa'ring gale. 635
 The fleet arriv'd, the news flies swiftly round,
 And their new guests the troubled court confound.
 The time was short; howe'er the council met,
 Vile ministers, a monstrous motley set.
 Of these, the chief in honor, and the best, 640
 Was old Achorëus the Memphian priest:
 In Isis and Oairis he believ'd,
 And rev'rend tales, from sire to son receiv'd;
 Could mark the swell of Nile's increasing tide,
 And many in Apis in his time had dy'd; 645
 Yet was his age with gentlest manners fraught,
 Humbly he spoke, and modestly he taught.
 With good intent the pious seer arose,
 And told how much their state to Pompey owes:
 What large amends their monarch ought to make,
 Both for his own, and for his father's sake. 651

Ver. 642. *In Isis and Oairis.*] Of these two Egyptian Deities, see the third book of Herodotus, and other authors, but above all, the learned Selden's *Synagoga de Diis Syris*. It will be sufficient to observe here, that they were husband and wife, and the two chief Gods among the Egyptians.

Apis was a living ox, worshipp'd likewise by the Egyptians: He was only suffered to live such a certain time, and then his own priests put him into the fountain of the sun, and killed him. Upon the death of one, they immediately, with great marks of grief, looked out for another, who was to be of the same race, and marked after the same manner, especially he was to have a white half-moon on the right side.

Ver. 644. *Could mark the swell.*] Of this see at large in the Tenth Book.

But Fate had plac'd a subtler speaker there,
 A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear;
 Pothinius, deep in arts of mischief read,
 Who thus, with false persuasion, blindly lead
 The easy king, to doom his guardian dead.

To strictest justice many ills belong, 657
 And honesty is often in the wrong:
 Chiefly when stubborn rules her zealots push,
 To favor those whom Fortune means to crush. 660
 But thou, oh royal Ptolemy! be wise;
 Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.
 Not earth, from yon high heav'ns which we admire,
 Not from the wat'ry element the fire,
 Are sever'd by distinction half so wide, 665
 As int'rest and integrity divide.

The mighty pow'r of kings no more prevails,
 When justice comes with her deciding scales.
 Freedom for all things, and a lawless sword,
 Alone support an arbitrary lord. 670
 He that is cruel must be bold in ills,
 And find his safety from the blood he spills,
 For piety, and virtue's starving rules,
 To mean retirements let them lead their fools:
 There, may they still ingloriously be good; 675
 None can be safe in courts, who blush at blood.
 Nor let this fugitive despise thy years,
 Or think a name, like his, can cause thy fears:

Ver 657. *Many ills.* Many [inconveniencies and ill consequences, as to what regards the success of things in this world.

Exert thyself, and let him feel thy pow'r,
 And know, that we dare drive him from our shore.
 But if thou wish to lay thy greatness down, 681
 To some more just succession yield thy crown;
 Thy rival sister willingly shall reign,
 And save our Egypt from a foreign chain.
 As now, at first, in neutral peace we lay, 685
 Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæsar's prey.
 Vanquish'd, where-e'er his Fortune has been try'd,
 And driv'n, with scorn, from all the world beside,
 By Cæsar chas'd, and left by his allies,
 To us a baffled vagabond he flies. 690
 The poor remaining senate loath his sight,
 And ruin'd monarchs curse his fatal flight:
 While thousand phantoms from th' unbury'd slain,
 Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
 Disastrous still pursue him in the rear, 695
 And urge his soul with horror and despair.
 To us for refuge now he seeks to run,
 And would once more with Egypt be undone.
 Rouse then, oh! Ptolemy, repress the wrong;
 He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long:
 And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
 The crimes of slaughter, and the woes of war.
 His friendship shewn to thee suspicion draws,
 And makes us seem too guilty of his cause:
 Thy crown bestow'd, the victor may impute; 705
 The senate gave it, but at Pompey's suit.

* Ver. 689. *Repress the wrong.*] The destruction and ruin that Pompey would involve us in.

Nor, Pompey ! thou thyself shall think it hard,
 If from thy aid, by Fate, we are debarr'd.
 We follow where the Gods, constraining, lead ;
 We strike at thine, but wish 'twere Cæsar's head.
 Our weakness this, this Fate's compulsion call ;
 We only yield to him who conquers all.
 Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to spill ;
 Pow'r awes us ; if we can, we must, and will.
 What hopes thy fond mistaking soul betray'd, 715
 To put thy trust in Egypt's feeble aid ?
 Our slothful nation, long disus'd to toil,
 With pain suffice to till their slimy soil,
 Our idle force due modesty should teach,
 Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach. 720
 Shall we resist where Rome was forc'd to yield,
 And make us parties to Pharsalia's field ?
 We mix'd not in the fatal strife before,
 And shall we, when the world has giv'n it o'er? }
 Now! when we know th' avenging victor's pow'r ? }
 Nor do we turn, unpit'ing, from distress ; 726
 We fly not Pompey's woes, but seek success.
 The prudent on the prosp'rous still attends,
 And none but fools choose wretches for their friends.
 He said ; the vile assembly all assent, 730
 And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent.
 Fond of the royalty his slaves bestow'd,
 And by new pow'r of wickedness made proud.

Ver. 732. *Fond of the royalty.*] As if he was pleased that his ministers, who governed and controuled him on all other occasions, would give him leave to exercise his royal power for the commission of so base a murder.

Where Camium high o'erlooks the shoaly
strand,
A bark with armed ruffians straight is mann'd,
And the task trusted to Achilles' hand. }

Can then Egyptian souls thus proudly dare !
Is Rome, ye Gods ! thus fall'n by civil war !
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let such blood by coward hands be spilt ? 740
Some kindred murderer at least afford,
And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy !
Dar'st thou thy hand in such a deed employ ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror, dread
Jove's thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty head ?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd,
And ev'n the vanquish'd world his conquest own'd ;
Had not the rev'rend senate call'd him head,
And Cæsar giv'n fair Julia to his bed, 750
He was a Roman still : a name should be
For ever sacred to a king, like thee.

Ah fool ! thus blindly by thyself undone,
Thou seek'st his ruin, who upheld thy throne :
He only could thy feeble pow'r maintain, 755
Who gave thee first o'er Egypt's realm to reign.

The seamen, now, advancing near to shore,
Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging oar ;
When the false miscreants the navy meet,
And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet. 760
They feign their hospitable land address'd,
With ready friendship, to receive her guest :

Excusing such an inconvenient shore,
 Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar :
 From his tall ship, unequal to the place, 765
 They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.

Had not the Gods, unchangeably, decreed
 Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
 A thousand signs the danger near foretel,
 Seen by his sad presaging friends too well. 770
 Had their low fawning justly been design'd,
 If truth could lodge in an Egyptian mind,
 Their king himself with all his fleet had come,
 To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.
 But thus Fate will'd; and Pompey chose to bear
 A certain death, before uncertain fear. 776

While now, aboard the hostile boat he goes,
 To follow him the frantic matron vows,
 And claims her partnership in all his woes. }
 But oh ! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear ; 780
 Thou and my son remain in safety here.
 Let this old head the danger first explore,
 And prove the faith of yon suspected shore.
 He spoke ; but she, unmov'd at his commands,
 Thus loud exclaiming, stretch'd her eager hands.
 Whither, inhuman ! whither art thou gone ? 786
 Still must I weep our common griefs alone ?
 Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding heart ;
 And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
 Why did thy vessel to my Lesbos turn ? 790
 Why was I from the faithful island born ?

All hands, all shores, alike, forbear,
 Why with the seas thy sorrows share?
 The winds, loud plain'd her fruitless tongue,
 While, eager from the deck on high she hung;
 Trembling with wild astonishment and fear,
 She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,
 Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there. }
 On him his anxious navy all are bent,
 And wait, solicitous, the dire event. 800
 No danger aim'd against his life they doubt;
 Care for his glory only, fills their thought:
 They wish he may not stain his name renown'd,
 By mean submission to the boy he crown'd.
 Just as he enter'd o'er the vessel's side, 805
 Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
 A Roman once in gen'rous warfare bred,
 And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
 But now (what vile dishonor must it bring)
 The ruffian slave of an Egyptian king. 810
 Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
 And ruthless as the savage of the wood.
 Oh Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
 And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
 When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld 815
 This hand of mischief from Pharsalia's field?
 But, thus, thou scatter'st thy destroying swords,
 And ev'ry land thy victims thus affords.
 Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!
 Can Roman hands be to the task decreed!
 Ev'n Cæsar, and his Gods, abhor the deed. }

Say you ! who with the stain of murder brag
 Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
 What monstrous title, yet to speech unknown,
 To latest times shall mark Septimius down ! 825

Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sat,
 Surrounded and abandon'd to his fate.
 Nor long they hold him in their pow'r, aboard,
 Ere ev'ry villain drew his ruthless sword : 829
 The chief perceiv'd their purpose soon, and spread
 His Roman gown with patience, o'er his head :
 And when the curs'd Achilles pierc'd his breast,
 His rising indignation close repress'd.
 No sighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
 Nor tears his still unsully'd glory stain'd : 833
 Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his seat,
 And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
 Mean-while, within his equal parting soul,
 These latest pleasing thoughts revolving roll.
 In this my strongest trial, and my last, 840
 As in some theatre I here am plac'd :
 The faith of Egypt, and my fate, shall be
 A theme for present times, and late posterity.
 Much of my former life was crown'd with praise,
 And honors waited on my early days : 845
 Then, fearless, let me this dread period meet,
 And force the world to own the scene complete.
 Nor grieve, my heart ! by such base hands toiled ;
 Whoever strikes the blow, 'tis Cæsar's deed.

Ver. 822. Say you !] If Brutus who killed Cæsar was a murderer, what is Septimius !

What, though this mangled carcass shall be torn,
 These limbs be tost about for public scorn; 851
 My long prosperity has found its end,
 And death comes opportunely, like a friend :
 It comes, to set me free from Fortune's pow'r,
 And gives, what she can rob me of no more. 855
 My wife and son behold me now, 'tis true ;
 Oh ! may no tears, no groans, my fate pursue !
 My virtue rather let their praise approve,
 Let them admire my death, and my remembrance
 love.

Such constancy in that dread hour remain'd,
 And, to the last, the struggling soul sustain'd. 861

Not so the matron's feeble pow'rs repress'd
 The wild impatience of her frantic breast :
 With ev'ry ~~tear~~ her bleeding heart was torn,
 With wounds much harder to be seen, than born.
 'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him ! (she cries) 866
 My love the sword and ruthless hand supplies.
 'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal isle,
 That cruel Cæsar first might reach the Nile ;
 For Cæsar sure is there ; no hand but his 870
 Has right to such a parricide as this.
 But whether Cæsar, or whoe'er thou art,
 Thou hast mistook the way to Pompey's heart :
 That sacred pledge in my sad bosom lies,
 Thine plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
 Me too, most worthy of thy fury know, 876
 The partner of his arms, and sworn your foe.

Of all our Roman wives, I singly bore
 The camp's fatigue, the sea's tempestuous roar :
 No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd ; 880
 What mighty monarchs durst not do, I dar'd.
 These guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
 And clasp'd him, flying from Pharsalia's field.
 Ah Pompey ! dost thou thus thy faith reward ?
 Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be spar'd ? 885
 But Fate shall many means of death afford,
 Nor want th' assistance of a tyrant's sword.
 And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
 Hence headlong, down amidst the tumbling deep :
 Or to my neck the strangling cordage tie ;
 If there be any friend of Pompey nigh,
 Transfix me, stab me, do but let me die.
 My lord ! my husband !—yet thou art not dead ;
 And see ! Cornelia is a captive led :
 From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain, 895
 Reserv'd to wear th' insulting victor's chain.
 She speaks ; and stiff'ning sunk in cold despair ;
 Her weeping maids the lifeless burden bear ;
 While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
 Spread ev'ry sail, and fly the faithless shore. 900
 Nor agonies, nor livid death disgrace
 The sacred features of the hero's face ;
 In the cold visage, mournfully serene,
 The same indignant majesty was seen ;
 There virtue still unchangeable abode, 905
 And scorn'd the spite of ev'ry partial God.

The bloody business now complete and done,
 New furia, urge the fierce Septimius on.
 He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
 And to full view expos'd the recent dead; 910
 Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
 While yet the quiv'ring muscles life confess'd:
 He drew the dragging body down with haste,
 Then cross a rower's seat the neck he plac'd;
 There, awkward, haggling, he divides the bone, 915
 (The headman's art was then but rudely known.)
 Straight on the spoil his Rharian partner flies,
 And robs the heartless villain of his prize.
 The head, his trophy, proud Achilles bears; }
 Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
 And in the meager mischief poorly shares.
 Caught by the venerable locks, which grow,
 In hoary ringlets, on his gen'rous brow,
 To Egypt's impious king that head they bear,
 That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear. 925
 These sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
 On which the list'ning forum oft has hung;
 That tongue which could the world with ease re-
 strain,
 And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
 That face, in which success came smiling home,
 And doubled ev'ry joy it brought to Rome;
 Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
 And born, for public view, aloft in air.
 The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
 To keep this pledge of his detested deed. 935

His slaves straight drain the serous parts away,
 And arm the wasting flesh against decay ;
 Then drugs and gums through the void vessels pass,
 And for duration fix the stiff'ning mass.

Inglorious boy ! degenerate and base ! 940
 Thou last and worst of the Laguean race !
 Whose feeble throne, ere long, shall be compell'd
 To thy lascivious sister's reign to yield :
 Canst thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
 The rash vain youth of Mæcedon inshrine ; 945
 Can Egypt such stupendous fabrics build ;
 Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd ;
 Canst thou, beneath such monumental pride,
 Thy worthless Ptolemaean fathers hide :
 While the great Pompéy's headless trunk is toss'd
 In scorn, unbury'd, on thy barb'rous coast ? 950
 Was it so much ? could not thy arts suffice,
 To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes ?
 In this, his fortune ever held the same,
 Still wholly kind, or wholly cross the same. 955
 Patient, his long prosperity she bore,
 But kept this death, and this sad day in store.
 No meddling God did e'er his pow'r employ,
 To ease his sorrows, or to damp his joy ;
 Unmingled came the bitter and the sweet, 960
 And all his good and evil was complete.

Ver. 938. *Then drugs and gums.*] That is, Ptolemy ordered it to be embalm'd.

Ver. 949. *Whose feeble throne.*] It was not long before Ptolemy was killed, and his sister Cleopatra reigned alone.

No sooner was he struck by Fortune's hand,
 But, see! he lies unbury'd on the sand;
 Rocks tear him, billows toss him up and down,
 And Pompey by a headless trunk is known. 965

Yet ere proud Cæsar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
 Chance found his mangled foe a fun'ral pile:
 In pity half, and half in scorn, she gave
 A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
 Cordus, a foll'wer long of Pompey's fate, 970
 (His questor in Idalian Cyprus late)

From a close cave, in covert where he lay,
 Swift to the neighb'ring shore betook his way:
 Safe in the shelter of the gloomy shade,
 And by strong ties of pious duty sway'd,
 The fearless youth the wat'ry strand survey'd. }
 'Twas now the thickest darkness of the night,
 And waning Phœbe lent a feeble light;
 Yet soon the glimm'ring Goddess plainly shew'd
 The paler corse amid the dusky flood. 980

The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
 And with strong arms infolds the floating chief.
 Long strove his labor with the tumbling main,
 And dragg'd the sacred burden on with pain.
 Nigh weary now, the waves instruct him well,
 To seize th' advantage of th' alternate swell:

Ver. 970. *Cordus.*] Plutarch says this man's name was *Philep*.

Ver. 971. *Questor.*] A sort of collector or public treasurer. Cyprus is called *Idalian* from a town, grove, or mountain (perhaps these were all these) called *Idalius*, or *Idalis*, as that island, sacred to Venus.

Born on the mounting surge, to shore he flies,
 And on the beach in safety lands his prize.
 There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
 And drops in ev'ry gaping wound a tear : 990
 Then lifting to the gloomy skies his head,
 Thus to the stars, and cruel Gods, he pray'd.

See Fortune ! where thy Pompey lies ! and oh !
 In pity, one, last, little boon bestow.
 He asks no heaps of frankincense to rise, 995
 No eastern odours to perfatme the skies ;
 No Roman necks his patriot corse to bear,
 No rev'rend train of statues to appear ;
 No pageant shows his glories to record, 999
 And tell the triumphs of his conqu'ring sword ;
 No instruments in plaintive notes to sound,
 No legions sad to march in solemn round ;
 A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
 A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
 With some poor hand to tend the homely fire,
 Is all, these wretched relics now require. 1000
 Your wrath, ye pow'rs ! Cornelia's hand denies ;
 Let that, for ev'ry other loss, suffice ;
 She takes not her last leave, she weeps not here,
 And yet she is, ye Gods ! she's too near. 1005

Ver. 995. *He asks no Rites.*] In enumerating what was wanting to Pompey's funeral, the poet takes notice of the chief pieces of magnificence which were usual at the funerals of great men among the Romans. See the learned Dr. Kennet upon this subject, in his *Roman antiquities*, in his chapter of the Roman funerals.

Ver. 1010. *And to this hour.*] As having seen his murder, and now probably being in sight of his mean funeral. Book IX. ver. 95.

Thus while he spoke, he saw where through the
shade

A slender flame its gleamy light display'd ;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd. 1014
He seiz'd the kindled brands ; and oh ! (he said)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless shade ;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyself a better office shalt supply.

If there be sense in souls departed, thine
To my great leader shall her rites resign : 1020
With humble joy shall quit her meaner claim,
And blush to burn, when Pompey wants the flame.

He said : and gath'ring in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighb'ring shore,
There soon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half wash'd into the flood, half resting on the
ground. 1026

With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great Patrician to the sky : 1030
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By some late shipwreck cast upon the strand ;
These pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as best he may.

Now while the blaze began to rise around,
The youth sat mournful by, upon the ground ;
And oh (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Diagrace thy great, majestic, Roman name !

If the rude outrage of the stormy seas 1039
Seem better to thy ghost, than rites like these ;
Yet let thy injur'd shade the wrong forget,
Which duty, and officious zeal commit.
Fate seems itself, in my excuse to plead,
And thy hard Fortune justifies my deed.
I only wish'd, nor is that wish in vain, 1045
To save thee from the monsters of the main ;
From vultures' claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæsar's pow'r.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withstand :
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand- 1050
If e'er the Gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Hesperian land to see,
With me thy exil'd ashes shall return,
And chaste Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Mean-while, a signal shall my care provide, 1055
Some future Roman votary to guide ;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to these thy limbs restore :
Then shall he mark the witness of my stone,
And, taught by me, thy sacred ghost atone. 1060
He spoke ; and straight, with busy, pious hands,
Heap'd on the smoking corse the scatter'd brands.
Slow sunk amidst the fire the waiting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering stars to fade away, 1065
Before the very promise of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfinish'd rites forsook,
And to the covert of his cave betook,

Ah ! why thus rashly would thy fears disclaim
That only deed, which must record thy name ? 1070
Ev'n Caesar's self shall just applause bestow,
And praise the Roman that inters his foe.
Securely tell him where his son is laid,
And he shall give thee back his mangled head.

But soon behold ! the bolder youth returns,
While, half consum'd, the smould'ring carcass
burns : 1076

Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down
The fleshy muscles from the firmer bone,
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, hasty, in a narrow grave ;—1080
Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
To guard it from the breath of scatt'ring winds :
And lest some heedless mariner should come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb ;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps, 1085
' Beneath this stone the once great Pompey sleeps.'
Oh Fortune ! can thy malice swell so high ?
Canst thou with Caesar's ev'ry wish comply ?
Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie ? }

Ver. 1071. *Ev'n Caesar's self.*] Imputing that Caesar would willingly reward the man who should tell him he had buried Pompey, since he might from thence certainly conclude he was dead.

The piety of the person who took so much care to perform these rites of funeral, though but mean ones, to Pompey, is the more insisted on by the poet, because the ancients had nothing in greater horror than to want them. *Virgil* says, that 'the was buried on the banks of Styx

Centum Annos errant, &c. Æn. vi.
An hundred years they wander on the shore ;
At length, the penance done, are wayed o'er.
Dryden.

But oh, forbear ! mistaken man, forbear ! 1090
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there !
Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
Where-e'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies.
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd !
Nor let this stone the partial Gods upbraid. 1095
Shall Hercules all Octa's heights demand,
And Nym's hill, for Bacchus only, stand ;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cause of liberty and Rome ?
If Fate decrees he must in Egypt lie, 1100
Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply :
Yield the wide country to his awful shade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead. }
But if one stone must bear the sacred name, 1105
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the passenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates vanquish'd, and the ocean freed ;
Sertorius taught to yield ; the Alpine war ; 1109
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With these, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And ev'ry nation of the vanquish'd east :
Tell with what loud applause of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheel to Capitolian Jove : 1114
Tell too, the patriot's greatest, best renown, }
Tell how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown. }
But ah ! what markings to the task suffice !
Instead of these, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes ;

Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear, 1120
 The noble mark of many a glorious year ;
 The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
 And ev'n the temples of the Gods found place :
 Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
 And there that name, that Pompey may be found.

Oh fatal land ! what curse can I bestow, 1026
 Equal to those, we to thy mischiefs owe ?
 Well did the wise Cumæan maid, of yore,
 Warn our Hesperian chiefs to shun thy shore.
 Forbid, just heav'n ! your dews to bless the soil,
 And thou withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile !
 Like Egypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
 And her fat earth to sandy deserts turn.
 Have we, with honors, dead Osiris crown'd,
 And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's sound ;
 Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes, 1136
 And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman Gods ;

Ver. 1129. *The trophy'd arch.*] The triumphal arches were erected in honor of successful generals and emperors, and were properly adorned with military trophies. It may likewise be meant by the original, that such arches were built by the spoils gained from the enemies ; but the former sense seems the more obvious.

Ver. 1129. *Warn our Hesperian.*] Cicero mentions a prophecy among the Sibyl's verses, that forbade Roman soldiers, or rather the Roman soldiery in general, to go to Egypt. The Quindecemviri, or fifteen priests, who had the custody of those oracular pieces of poetry, interpreted it to another occasion ; but Lucan applies it aptly enough in this place to Pompey.

Ver. 1136. *Timbrel's sound.*] The Sistrum (which I have here translated *clashed*) was an odd sort of a brazen instrument of music, with loose pieces of the same metal that ran along upon little bars or wires. It was peculiarly dedicated to the worship of Isis and Osiris.

Ver. 1137. *Dogs deform'd.*] Anubis was an Egyptian God, always represented with a dog's head. Little lions, or images, of this kind are frequently to be met with in collections of antiquities.

While, in despite to Pompey's injur'd shade,
Low in her dust his sacred bones are laid?
And thou, oh Rome! by whose forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, stand, 1141
Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy base fear,
Bad thee, at first, the pious task forbear; 1145
Yet now, at least, oh let him now return,
And rest with honor in a Roman urn.
Nor let mistaken superstition dread,
On such occasions, to disturb the dead: 1149
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious task should be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from that tomb,
And bear his ashes in my bosom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful savage make,
Or groaning earth shall from the centre shake;
When blasting dews the rising harvest seize,
Or nations sicken with some dire disease;
The Gods, in mercy to us, shall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accursed land. 1159
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long processions shall the priests appear,
And their great chief the sacred relics bear. }
Or if thou still possess the Pharian shore,
What traveller but shall thy grave explore;

Ver. 1162. *Their great chief.*] The Pontifex Maximus. This was an office of the greatest dignity, and in the time of the emperors always born by themselves.

Whether he tread Syene's burning soil, 1165
 Or visit sultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile :
 Or if the merchant, drawn by hopes of gain,
 Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main ;
 With holy rites thy shade he shall atone,
 And bow before thy venerable stone. 1170
 For who but shall prefer thy tomb, above
 The meaner fane of an Egyptian Jove ?
 Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raise
 Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praise ;
 'Though his proud name on altars may preside, 1175
 And thine be wash'd by ev'ry rolling tide ;
 Thy grave shall the vain pageantry despise,
 Thy grave, where that great God, thy fortune,
 lies.

Ev'n those who kneel not to the Gods above,
 Nor offer sacrifice or pray'r to Jove, 1180
 To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
 And worship where the bury'd thunder lies.

Perhaps Fate wills, in honor to thy fame,
 No marble shall record thy mighty name.
 So may thy dust, ere long, be worn away, 1185
 And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay :
 Perhaps a better age shall come, when none
 Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone ;

Ver. 1179. *Ev'n those who kneel not.*] There has been much disputation among the commentators about this passage. I have followed the sense given by the learned Grotius. Concerning the religion of the Bidental, or covering in and consecrating things and places stricken by thunder, see before the note on Ver. 1036. of the First Book.

When Egypt's boast of Pompey's tomb, shall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove. 1190

Ver. 1189. *When Egypt's boast of Pompey's tomb.*] The Cretans pretended not only to be Jupiter's countrymen, but they likewise shewed his tomb, for which Callimachus brands them as very distinguished and known liars. As for the tomb of Pompey, it is generally said to have been at the fount of Mount Casius, near Pelusium in Egypt. The emperor Adrian not only had a great value for, and brought up many of the ancient statues of this great man, but likewise caused his monument to be magnificently repaired.

Plutarch says, that his ashes were carried to his wife Cornelia, who caused them to be buried at a country-house he had near Alba in Italy.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short account of Cato's gathering up the relics of the battle of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's passion upon the death of her husband. Amongst other things, she informs his son Sextus of his father's last commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occasion the poet describes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the disorders that hap-

THE ARGUMENT.

pened in the camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon addition, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a description of the Syrts, and their dangerous passage by them, follows Cato's speech to encourage the soldiers to march through the deserts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deserts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digression concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's persuasion to Cato to enquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous answer. From thence, after a warm eulogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of serpents in Afric; and this, with the description of the various kinds, and the several deaths of the soldiers by them, is perhaps the most poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Caesar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having shewn him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occasion to speak well of poetry in general, and himself in particular. Caesar upon his arrival on the coast of Egypt, is met by an ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the present (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a seeming grief for the misfortune of so great a man.

Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
 Worthy that lower heav'n and stars to grace,
 Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
 There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heav'nly light,
 Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was
 bright.

New to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
 The stars and moving planets he beheld; 19
 Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
 Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
 And under what a cloud of night we lay.
 But when he saw, how on the shore forlorn
 His headless trunk was cast for public scorn;
 *When he beheld, how envious Fortune, still, 25
 Took pains to use a senseless carcass ill,
 He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
 And pity'd impotent mankind below.
 Then lightly passing o'er Emathia's plain,
 His flying navy scatter'd on the main, 30
 And cruel Cæsar's tents; he fix'd at last
 His residence in Brutus' sacred breast:
 There, brooding o'er his country's wrongs he sat,
 The state's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
 There mournful Rome might still her Pompey
 find, 35
 There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.

He, while in deep suspense the world yet lay,
 Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,

Ver. 37. Etc, while in deep.] When Pompey followed Cæsar into Thessaly, he left Cato with some troops about Dyrrhachium.

Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
Though his companion in the common war. 40
Though, by the senate's just command, they stood
Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharsalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd side.
His helpless country, like an orphan left, 45
Friendless and poor, of all support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands, once more the }
trade of war. } 50
Nor lust of empire did his courage sway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Passions and private int'rest he forgot;
Not for himself, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The swift advancing victor to prevent; 55
Who marching sudden on, to new success,
The scatter'd legions might with ease oppress;
There, with the ruins of Emathia's field,
The flying host, a thousand ships he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had descri'd
The passing fleet, in all its naval pride, 61
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant ocean spread,
Could have believ'd those mighty numbers fled?

With these troops, and as many of those who fled from Pharsalia as he could gather up, Cato passed over from the continent to the island of Corcyra, near which island Pompey's navy then lay, in order to join Pompey.

Malca o'erpast, and the Tænarian shore,
 With swelling sails he for Cythera bore : 65
 Then Crete he saw, and with a Northern wind
 Soon left the fam'd Dictæan isle behind.
 Urg'd by the bold Phycuntine's churlish pride,
 (Their shores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
 The chief reveng'd the wrong, and, as he pass'd,
 Laid their unhospitable city waste. 71
 Thence wafted forward, to the coast he came
 Which took of old from Palinure its name.
 (Nor Italy this monument alone
 Can boast, since Libya's Palinure has shown }
 Her peaceful shores were to the Trojan known.) }
 From hence they soon deserv'd with doubtful pain,
 Another navy on the distant main.
 Anxious they stand, and now expect the foe,
 Now their companions in the public woe : 80

Ver. 64. *Malca*,] A promontory on the southern part of the Peloponnesus (Moria.) It is now called Cape Malio, or St. Angelo.

Cythera is an island not far from Wales, now called Cerigo. It was famous among the ancients for the worship of Venus, hence called Cytheræa.

Ver. 67. *Dictæan isle*,] Crete.

Ver. 68. *Phycuntine's*,] Phycus was a promontory, with a town of the same name, on the coast of Cyrene in Africa.

Ver. 73. *From Palinure its name*,] On the coast of Naples is a promontory still called *Cabo di Palinuro*, from Palinurus, Æneas's pilot, who was drowned, or rather murdered by the people of the country near that place. As for the Libyan Palinurus, the commentators assign it a place as a promontory likewise on the coast of Cyrene, though I do not find it mentioned amongst the ancient geographers. Cæsar's has a lake called Palinurus, and a river of the same name, in the province of Cyrene.

The victor's haste inclines them most to fear ;
 Each vessel seems a hostile face to wear,
 And ev'ry sail they spy, they fancy Cæsar there. }
 But oh those ships a diff'rent burden bore,
 A mournful freight they wafted to the shore : 85
 Sorrows, that tears might, ev'n from Cato, gain,
 And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.

When long the sad Cornelia's pray'rs, in vain,
 Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
 With Sextus long had strove, and long implor'd,
 To wait the relics of her murder'd lord ; 91
 The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge re-
 store,

And waft him bleeding from the faithless shore :
 Still grief and love their various hopes inspire,
 Till she beholds her Pompey's fun'ral fire, 95
 Till on the land she sees th' ignoble flame
 Ascend, unequal to the hero's name :
 Then into just complaints at length she broke,
 And thus with pious indignation spoke.

Oh Fortune ! dost thou then disdain t' afford
 My love's last office to my dearest lord ? 101
 Am I one chaste, one last embrace deny'd ?
 Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold side,
 Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide ? }
 Am I unworthy the sad torch to bear, 105
 To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair ?
 To gather from the shore the noble spoil,
 And place it decent on the fatal pile ?

Shall not his bones and sacred dust be borne,
 In this sad bosom, to their peaceful urn? 110
 Whate'er the last consuming flame shall leave,
 Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
 And to the Gods the precious relics give?
 Perhaps, this last respect which I should show,
 Some vile Egyptian hand does now bestow,
 Injurious to the Roman shade below.
 Happy, my Crassus, were thy bones, which lay
 Expos'd to Parthian birds and beasts of prey!
 Here the last rites the cruel Gods allow,
 And for a curse my Pompey's pile bestow. 120
 For ever will the same sad fate return?
 Sull an unburied husband must I mourn,
 And weep my sorrows o'er an empty urn?
 But why should tombs be built, or urns be made?
 Does grief like mine require their feeble aid? 125
 Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within thy heart,
 And fix'd in ev'ry dearest vital part?
 O'er monuments surviving wives may grieve,
 She ne'er will need them, who disdains to live.
 But oh! behold where yon malignant flames 130
 Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
 From my lov'd lord, his dear remnant, they rise,
 And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;

Ver. 125. *O'er an empty urn.*) The ancients placed so much religion in performing funeral rites for the dead, that though the body was not in their power, they performed all the same ceremonies to it in brass, silver, or iron monuments, which, as it contained nothing, was called Cenotaphium, or an empty sepulchre.

And now they sink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy smoke all eastward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the rising day. }
Me too the winds demand, with fresh'ning gales,
Envious they call, and stretch the swelling sails.
No land on earth seems dear as Egypt now, }
No land that crowns and triumphs did bestow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow. }
That happy Pompey to my thoughts is lost,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coast;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this cursed land: 145
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian shore.
Thou, Sextus, thou shalt prove the chance of war, }
And through the world thy father's ensigns bear; }
Then hear his last command, intrusted to my }
care.

"Whene'er my last, my fatal hour shall come,
"Arm you, my sons, for Liberty and Rome;
"While one shall of our free-born race remain,
"Let him prevent the tyrant Caesar's reign.
"From each free city round, from ev'ry land, 155
"Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
"These are the parties, these the friends he leaves,
"This legacy your dying father gives.
"If for the sea's wide rule your arms you bear, }
"A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there, }
"Heirs of my fame, my sons shall wage my war. }

" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight, 162

" And, like your father, still defend the right.

" To Cato, if for Liberty he stand,

" Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,

" Brave, just, and only worthy to command." }

At length to thee, my Pompey, I am just,

I have surviv'd, and well discharg'd my trust ;

Through chaos now, and the dark realms below,

To follow thee a willing shade I go : 170

If longer with a ling'ring fate I strive,

'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,

'Tis to be curs'd for daring to survive. }

She, who could bear to see thy wounds, and live,

New proofs of love, and fatal grief shall give. 175

Nor need she fly for succor to the sword,

The steepy precipice, and deadly cord ;

She from herself shall find her own relief,

And scorn to die of any death but grief.

So said the matron ; and about her head 180

Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.

Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,

She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below :

There lonely left, at leisure to complain,

She laments her sorrows, and enjoys her pain ; 185

Still fresh tears the living grief would feed,

And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.

In vain the beating surges rage aloud,

And swelling Eurys grumbles in the shroud ;

Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,

Nor all the noisy cries of fear can move ; 191

In sullen peace compos'd for death she lies,
 And waiting, longs to hear the tempest rise;
 Then hopes the seamen's vows shall all be cross,
 Prays for the storm, and wishes to be lost. 198

Soon from the Pharian coast the navy bore,
 And sought through foamy seas the Cyprian shore;
 Soft eastern gales preventing thence alone,
 To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
 With mournful looks from land, (as oft, we know,
 A sad prophetic spirit waits on woe,) 201

Pompey, his brother and the fleet beheld,
 Now near advancing o'er the wat'ry field:
 Straight to the beach with headlong haste he flies:
 Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries: 205
 Do we yet live? stands yet the sov'reign state?
 Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
 Sink we at length before the conqu'ring foe?
 And is the mighty head of Rome laid low? 209

He said; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
 O happy thou! whom lands and seas divide
 From woes, which did to these sad eyes betide.
 These eyes! which of their horror still complain,
 Since they beheld our Godlike father slain.

Nor did his Fate an equal death afford, 215
 Nor suffer'd him to fall by Cæsar's sword.
 Trusting in vain to hospitable Gods,
 He dy'd, oppress'd by vile Egyptian odds:

Ver. 202. *Pompey his brother.*] Cn. Pompeius the elder's brother, who was with Cato.

By the curs'd monarch of Nile's slimy wave
 He fell, a victim to the croton he gave. 220
 Yes, I beheld the dirge, the bloody deed ;
 These eyes beheld our valiant father bleed :
 Amas'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my fear,
 Nor thought th' Egyptian could so greatly dare ;
 But still I look'd, and fancy'd Cæsar there. }
 But oh ! not all his wounds so much did move,
 Pierc'd my sad soul, and struck my filial love,
 As that his venerable head they bear,
 Their wounds, fix'd upon a spear ; 229
 Through every wound, his shows, the vulgar's sport,
 And the loud laughter of the tyrant's court.
 'Tis said, that Ptolemy preserves this prize,
 Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
 The body whether sent, or borne away
 By fowl Egyptian dogs, and birds of prey : 235
 Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
 Or by these wretched flames, we saw, consum'd ;
 Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive :
 That crime unpunish'd, to the Gods we leave, }
 'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.
 Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
 With noble fury, calls aloud to arms ;
 Nor seeks in sighs and helpless tears relief,
 But thus in pious rage express'd his grief.
 Hence all aboard, and haste to put to sea, 245
 Urge on against the winds our adverse way ;
 With me let ev'ry Roman leader go,
 Since civil wars were ne'er so just as now.

Pompey's unbury'd relics ask your aid,
 Call for due rites and honors to be paid. 250
 Let Egypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
 And sooth the ghost with his inglorious blood.
 Not Alexander shall his priests defend;
 Forc'd from his golden shrine he shall descend:
 In Marcotis deep I'll plunge him down, 255
 Deep in the sluggish waves the royal carcass drown.
 From his proud pyramid Amasis torn,
 With his long dynasties my rage shall mourn,
 And floating down their muddy Nile be born. }
 Each stately tomb and monumental state, 260
 For thee, unbury'd Pompey, shall decay.
 Isis, no more, shall draw the cheating crowd,
 Nor God Osiris in his linen shroud,
 Stript of their shrines, with scorn they shall be
 cast,
 To be by ignominious hands defac'd; 265
 Their holy Apis of diviner breed,
 To Pompey's dust a sacrifice shall bleed,
 While burning scythes the flame shall feed. }

Ver. 255. *Amasis*, or *Mutis*, was a famous lake not far from Alexandria. The wine that grew in the neighbouring country, and which took its name from hence, was reckoned excellent; though *Isoson*, in the Tenth Book, speaks despectively of it, in comparison of that which grows in the island of *Micra*.

Ver. 257. *Amasis* was a famous king of Egypt, who succeeded *Apries*, after having dethroned him. His story may be seen at large in the second book of *Herodotus*.

Ver. 258. *Long-dynasties*.] The word *dynasty* is Greek, and signifies lordship or government. It is most peculiarly applied to the Egyptian kings.

Waste shall the land be laid, and never know }
 The tiller's care, nor feel the crooked plough : }
 None shall be left for whom the Nile may flow : }
 Till the Gods banish'd, and the people gone,
 Egypt to Pompey shall be left alone.

He said ; then hasty to revenge he flew,
 And seaward out the ready navy drew ; 275
 But cooler Cato did the youth assuage,
 And praising much, comprest his filial rage.

Mean-time the shores, the seas, and skies around,
 With mournful cries for Pompey's death resound.
 A rare example have their sorrows shown, 280
 Yet in no age beside, nor people known,
 How falling pow'r did with compassion meet,
 And crowds deplor'd the ruins of the great.
 But when the sad Cornelia first appear'd, 284
 When on the deck her mournful head she rear'd,
 Her locks hang ravel'd o'er the matron's face,
 With all the pomp of grief's disorder'd grace ;
 When they beheld her, wasted quite with woe,
 And spent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
 Again they feel their loss, again complain, 290
 And heav'n and earth ring with their cries again.
 Soon as she landed on the friendly strand,
 Her lord's last rites employ her pious hand ;
 With this dear shade she builds a fun'ral pile,
 And decks it proud with many a noble spoil. 295
 There shone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
 There the rich robes which she herself had made, }
 Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erst display'd :

The relics of his past victorious days,
 Now this his latest trophy serve to raise,
 And in one common flame together blaze.
 Such was the weeping matron's pious care :
 The soldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare ;
 To ev'ry valiant friend a pile they build,
 That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharsalia's field : 305
 Stretch'd wide along the shores, the flames extend,
 And grateful to the wand'ring shades, ascend.
 So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
 The wint'ry pastures to their verdant hue, 309
 That flow'rs may rise, and springing grass return,
 With spreading flames the wither'd fields they burn,
 Gargæus then, and lofty Vultur blaze,
 And draw the distant wand'ring swains to gaze ;
 Far are the glittering fires descri'd by night,
 And gild the dusky skies around with light. 315

But oh ! not all the sorrows of the crowd
 That spoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
 That tax'd the Gods, as authors of their woe,
 And charge them with neglect of things below ;
 Not all the marks of the wild people's love, 320
 The hero's soul, like Cato's praise, could move ;
 Few were his words, but from an honest heart,
 Where faction and where favor had no part,
 But truth made up for passion and for art.

We've lost a Roman citizen (he said) 325
 One of the noblest of that name is dead ;

Ver. 312. *Gargæus and Vultur.*] Mountains in Apulia, the latter not far from Venusia, the birth-place of Horace.

Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
Nor by their strictest rules of justice bound, 328
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, transgress'd her law, }
To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
Rome held her freedom still, though he was great;
He sway'd the senate, but they rul'd the state.
When crowds were willing to have worn his chain, }
He chose his private station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundless pow'r he never sought to use,
Nor ask'd, but what the people might refuse : 338
Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his store,
Yet still he gather'd but to give the more, }
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be
poor.
He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,
And lov'd peace best, when he was forc'd to arm ;
Unmov'd with all the glitt'ring pomp of pow'r,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more ;
His chaster household and his frugal board, }
Nor lewdness did, nor luxury afford,
Ev'n in the highest fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honor grown, }
Was venerably round the nations known,
And as Rome's fairest light and brightest glory }
shone.
When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla tost, 352
The commonwealth her ancient freedom lost,

Some shadow yet was left, some shew of pow'r ;
 Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more : 355
 Senate and people all at once are gone,
 Nor need the tyrant blush to mount the throne.
 Oh happy Pompey ! happy in thy fate,
 Happy by falling with the falling state,
 Thy death a benefit the Gods did grant, 360
 Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian swords to
 want.

Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
 Nor liv'st to see thy Julia's father reign ;
 Free death is man's first bliss, the next is to be
 slain. }

Such mercy only, I from Juba crave, 365
 (If Fortune should ordain me Juba's slave)
 To Cæsar let him shew, but shew me dead,
 And keep my carcass, so he takes my head.

He said, and pleas'd the noble shade below,
 More than a thousand orators could do ; 370
 Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
 And Rome's full forum with his praise had rung.

But discord new infects the sullen crowd,
 And now they tell their discontents aloud :

Ver. 356. *Senate and people.*] All those laws that served for the preservation of the senate's just authority, and the people's liberty.

Ver. 364. *To be slain.*] I do not think this is so clearly expressed as it ought to be. The author's meaning is, that next to dying when and how one pleases, is the happiness of being compelled to die by another.

Ver. 365. *I from Juba crave.*] To whom Cato then resolved to join himself.

When Tarchon first his flying ensigns bore, 375
 Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the shore ;
 Him Cato thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
 Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd.

Oh restless author of the roving war,
 Dost thou again piratic arms prepare ? 380
 Pompey, thy terror and thy scourge, is gone,
 And now thou hop'st to rule the seas alone.

He said, and bent his frown upon the rest,
 Of whom one bolder thus the chief address'd, }
 And thus their weariness of war confess'd.

For Pompey's sake (nor thou disdain to hear)
 The civil war we wage, these arms we bear ;
 Him we prefer to peace : but (Cato) now,
 That cause, that master of our arms lies low.
 Let us no more our absent country mourn, 390
 But to our homes and household Gods return ;
 To the chaste arms from whose embrace we fled,
 And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
 For oh ! what period can the war attend,
 Which nor Pharsalia's field nor Pompey's death
 can end ? 395

The better times of flying life are past,
 Let death come gently on in peace at last.

[Ver. 375. When Tarchon.] This Tarchon was a prince of the Cilicians, or perhaps rather a leader of some of the Cilician pirates, who had been formerly vanquished and pardoned by Pompey, and in this civil war came to his assistance. I have followed the common reading of Tarchon, though (according to the opinion of Grotius) this prince or general's name was Tarcondimotus.

Let age at length with providential care
The necessary pile and urn prepare,
All rites, the cruel civil war denies, 400
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquish'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,
Nor are our necks by Fortune now bespoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke; 405
The victor still a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the sov'reign sway;
Cæsar was next, and him we now obey;
With rev'rence be the sacred shade ador'd, 410
But war has giv'n us now another lord :
To Cæsar and superior chance we yield :
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.
Nor shall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes molest the state,
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow }
Fate.

What terms, what safety can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy shall allow ?
Once Pompey's presence justify'd the cause,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws; 420
With him the honors of that cause lie dead,
And all the sanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, then for Rome these arms dost bear,
If still, thy country only be thy care, 424
Seek we the regions where Rome's ensigns fly,
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high :

No matter who to Pompey's pow'r succeds,
We follow where a Roman Consul leads.

This said, he leap'd aboard; the youthful sort
Join in his flight, and haste to leave the port; 430
The senseless crowd their liberty disdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæsar's chain.
Tyrannic pow'r now sudden seem'd to threat
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born state,
Till Cato spoke, and thus deferr'd her fate. }

Did then your vows and servile pray'rs con-
spire . . . 436

Naught but a haughty master to desire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The slaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly, 440
And idly lay your useless armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the shining sword,
Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.
Some mighty chief you want, for whom to sweat; }
Yourselves you know not, or at least forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great: }
Meanly you toil, to give yourselves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The Gods and Fortune do at length afford
A cause most worthy of a Roman sword. 450
At length 'tis safe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your success, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.

Of three who durst the sov'reign pow'r invade, 455
 Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead ;
 And shall the Pharian sword and Parthian bow
 Do more for liberty and Rome, than you ?
 Base as ye are, in vile subjection go,
 And scorn what Ptolemy did ill bestow. 460
 Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
 You durst not stain your hardy hands in blood ;
 Feebly a-while you fought, but soon did yield,
 And fled the first from dire Pharsalia's field ;
 Go then secure, for Cæsar will be good, 465
 Will pardon those who are with ease subdu'd ;
 The pitying victor will in mercy spare
 The wretch, who never durst provoke his war,
 Go, sordid slaves ! one lordly master gone,
 Like heirlooms go from father to the son. 470
 Still to enhance your servile merit more,
 Bear sad Cornelia weeping from the shore ;
 Meanly for hire expose the matron's life,
 Metellus' daughter fell, and Pompey's wife ;
 Take too his sons : let Cæsar find in you 475
 Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
 But let not my devoted life be spar'd,
 The tyrant greatly shall that deed reward ;
 Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
 That all your former wars shall well be paid ; 480

Ver. 456. Two by your.] Crassus and Pompey, who, with Cæsar, composed the first triumvirate.

Ver. 474. Metellus' daughter.] Cornelia was the daughter of Corn. Scipio Metellus.

Kill me, and in my blood do Cæsar right,
'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.

He said, and stopp'd the flying naval pow'r;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the shore.
As when the bees their waxen town forsake, 485
Careless in air their wand'ring way they take,
No more in clust'ring swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain through the various sky;
No more from flow'rs they suck the liquid sweet,
But all their care and industry forget: 490
Then if at length the tinkling brass they hear,
With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear;
Sudden their flow'ry labors they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and sip the balmy dew.
Mean-time, secure on Hybla's fragrant plain, 495
With joy exults the happy shepherd swain;
Proud that his art had thus preserv'd his store,
He scorns to think his homely cottage poor.
With such prevailing force did Cato's care
The fierce impatient soldiers' minds prepare,
To learn obedience, and endure the war. }

And now their minds, unknowing of repose,
With busy toil to exercise he chose;
Still with successive labors are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary marches try'd. 505
Before Cyrene's walls they now sit down;
And here the victor's mercy well was shown,
He takes no vengeance on the captive town;
Patient he spares, and spares the vanquish'd live,
Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.

Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,
 Juba, who borders on the swarthy Moor;
 But nature's boundaries the journey stay,
 The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way;
 Yet led by daring virtue on they press, 515
 Scorn opposition, and still hope success.

When Nature's hand the first formation try'd,
 When seas from lands she did at first divide,
 The Syrts, not quite of sea nor land bereft,
 A mingled mass uncertain still she left; 520
 For nor the land with seas is quite o'er-spread,
 Nor sink the waters deep their oozy bed,
 Nor earth defends its shore, nor lifts aloft its head.
 The site with neither, and with each complica,
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lies; 525
 Or 'tis a sea with shallows bank'd around,
 Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
 Here shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
 And there an inland ocean lags behind. 529
 Thus Nature's purpose by herself destroy'd,
 Is useless to herself and unemploy'd,
 And part of her creation still is void.
 Perhaps, when first the world and time began,
 Her swelling tides and plenteous waters ran;

Ver. 514. *The Syrts.*] The Syrts are two gulphs upon the coast of Africa in the Mediterranean Sea; the first (which is thus here mentioned), called *Syrus Major* (now *Golpha di Solechio*) lies between *Cyrenais* (now the kingdom of Barca) and the river *Clypeus* or *Clypeus*; the other, called *Syrus Minor* (now *Golfo di Capes*) on the coast of Barbary, between *Tanis* and *Tripoli*. They are both very dangerous, as being full of shoals, banks of sand, and rocks.

But long confining on the burning zone, 535
 The sinking seas have felt the neigh'ring sun :
 Still by degrees we see how they decay,
 And scarce resist the thirsty God of day.
 Perhaps, in distant ages, 'twill be found,
 When future suns have run the burning round, }
 These Syrts shall all be dry and solid ground ;
 Small are the depths their scanty waves retain,
 And earth grows daily on the yielding main.
 And now the loaden fleet with active oars
 Divide the liquid plain, and leave the shores, 545
 When cloudy skies a gath'ring storm presage,
 And ~~And~~ from the south began to rage,
 Full from the land the sounding tempest roars,
 Repels the swelling surge, and sweeps the shores ;
 The wind pursues, drives on the rolling sand, 550
 And gives new limits to the growing land.
 'Spite of the seaman's toil the storm prevails ;
 In vain with skilful strength he hands the sails,
 In vain the cordy cables bind them fast,
 At once it rips and rends them from the mast ;
 At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear, 556
 Then whirl and whisk it through the sportive air.
 Some timely for the rising rage prepar'd,
 Furl the loose sheet, and lash it to the yard :

Ver. 544. *And now the loaden.*] Ptolemy says, that Cato took this journey by land, though our author makes him go part by sea, and the rest by land. He brings him as far as the river Triton or Tritonius with the fleet. This river, with a little of the same name, was famous for the birth or first appearance of Talisman-plant. But was from thence called Tritonius.

In vain their care ; sudden the furious blast 560
 Snaps by the board, and bears away the mast ;
 Of tackling, sails, and masts, at once bereft,
 The ship a naked helpless hull is left.
 Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd way,
 And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling sea. 565
 But happier some a steady course maintain,
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper main.
 Their masts they cut, and driving with the tide,
 Safe o'er the surge beneath the tempest ride : 569
 In vain did, from the southern coast, their foe,
 All black with clouds, old stormy Auster blow ;
 Lowly secure amidst the waves they lay,
 Old Ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd them on their
 way.

Some on the shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
 Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the sand. 575
 Now pent amidst the shoals the billows rear,
 Dash on the banks, and scorn the new-made shore :
 Now by the wind driv'n on in heaps they swell,
 The steadfast banks both winds and waves repel :
 Still with united force they rage in vain,
 The sandy piles their station fix'd maintain,
 And lift their heads secure amidst the wat'ry
 plain.

There, 'scap'd from seas, upon the faithless strand,
 With weeping eyes the shipwreck'd seamen stand,
 And cast ashore, look vainly out for land.
 Thus some were lost ; but for the greater part,
 Preserv'd from danger by the pilot's art,

Keep on their course, a happier fate partake,
 And reach in safety the Tritonian lake.
 These waters to the tuneful God are dear, 590
 Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear;
 These Pallas loves, so tells reporting Fame,
 Here first from heav'n to earth the Goddess came,
 (Heav'n's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
 And speaks the nearer Sun's immediate rays) 595
 Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,
 Here in the wat'ry glass her form survey'd,
 And call'd herself from hence, the chaste Tri-
 tonian maid.
 Here Lethe's streams from secret springs below, }
 Rise to the light; here, heavily and slow, }
 The silent dull forgetful waters flow. }
 Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
 Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;
 Long since, the fruit was from the branches torn,
 And now the gardens their lost honors mourn. 605
 Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd,
 Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
 Nor let enquirers the tradition wrong,
 Or dare to question, now, the poet's sacred song.

[Ver. 599. *Here Lethe's streams.*] This is, according to Cel-
 larius, a mistake in geography: he places both this river and the
 Hesperian gardens in the region of Cyrene, on the eastern side
 of the Syrtis Major. This river's taking its rise from hell is a
 known fable. As common likewise is the story of the Hesper-
 ides, and their dragon, who watched the golden apples till their
 orchard was robbed by Heracles, and the pippins carried to
 Eurythous, by whom, at Jove's command, he was put to so
 many pious and hard services.

Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood, 610
 Here under golden boughs low bending stood ;
 On some large tree his folds the serpent wound,
 The fair Hesperian virgins watch'd around,
 And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground. }
 But great Alcides came to end their care, 615
 Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare ;
 Then back returning sought the Argive shore,
 And the bright spoil to proud Eurystheus bore.

These famous regions and the Syrta o'erpast,
 They reach'd the Garamanian coast at last ; 620
 Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
 Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.

But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,
 Ease and a dull unactive life disdain'd.
 His daring virtue urges to go on, 625
 Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown ;
 To march, and prove th' inhospitable ground,
 To shun the Syrta, and lead the soldier round.
 Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea,
 And the declining year forbids the wat'ry way ; 630
 He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
 And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air :
 So haply may they journey on secure,
 Nor burning heats, nor killing frosts endure ; 634

Ver. 620. *The Garamanian coast.* This is another gross fault in geography ; for the Garamantes were an inland people of Libya, that joined on the south to Sabeia. This coast of land is now called by the Arabians, Zaara, or the Desert.

Ver. 624. *To shun the Syrta.* These were the lesser Syrta, round which Cato marched to avoid Parva in Syrticus or Tunis.

But while cool winds the winter's breath supplies,
 With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise,
 And both may join and temper well the skies. }

But ere the toilsome march he undertook,
 The hero thus the list'ning host bespoke :

Fellows in arms ! whose bliss, whose chiefest
 good 640

Is Rome's defence, and Freedom bought with blood ;
 You, who, to die with Liberty, from far
 Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,
 Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,
 For labors many, perilous, and hard. 645

Think through what burning climes, what wilds
 we go, }

No leafy shades the naked deserts know,
 Nor silver streams through flow'ry meadows flow. }
 But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
 And serpents guard th' unhospitable ground. 650

Hard is the way ; but thus our fate demands ;
 Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.
 Let those who, glowing with their country's love,
 Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,
 Nor of return nor safety once debate, 655

But only dare to go, and leave the rest to Fate.
 Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,
 Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes :
 Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,
 Who love the daring for the danger's sake ! 660

Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
 And think it ~~what~~ they owe themselves and Rome.

If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear ;
If life be, more than liberty, his care ; 664
Here, ere we journey farther, let him stay,
Inglorious let him, like a slave, obey,
And seek a master in some safer way.
Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil :
Strike me the first, thou flaming God of day, 670
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray ;
Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,
Meet me the first upon the fatal plain,
In ev'ry pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be first, and teach you how to bear. 675
Who sees me pant for drought, or fainting first,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.
If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,
Me let him curse, me, for the sultry sky. 679
If while the weary soldier marches on,
Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known,
Forsake my cause, and leave me there alone.
The sands, the serpents, thirst, and burning heat,
Are dear to patients, and to virtue sweet ; 684
Virtue, that scorns on cowards' terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease ;
But then she joys, then smiles upon her state,
Then fairest to herself, then most complete,
When glorious danger makes her truly great.
So Libya's plains alone shall wipe away 690
The foul dishonors of Pharsalia's day ;

So shall your courage now, transcend that fear :
 You fled with glory there, to conquer here.

He said : and hardy love of soil inspir'd ;
 And ev'ry breast with Godlike ardor fir'd. 695

Straight, careless of return, without delay
 Through the wide waste he took his pathless way.

Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,
 Receives the hero, fearless of his fate ; 699

Here the good Gods his last of labors doom,
 Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room,
 And his great head be hid, within an humble tomb. }

If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,
 Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim :
 But if we count, as suns descend and rise, 705

If we divide by east and west the skies,
 Then with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,
 And both to make the western half shall join.

Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,
 Of all from Tanais to Nile possess'd,
 And reigns sole empress of the dawning east. }

Of all the Libyan soil, the kindliest found
 Far to the western seas extends its bound ;
 Where cooling gales, where gentle zephyrs fly,
 And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky : 715

And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
 Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'er the plain ;

[Ver. 703. *If this large globe*] The ancients divided the world into three parts, Europe, Asia, and Africa or Libya ; for the whole part is frequently called Libya ; the other division, which was sometimes used, and is here mentioned by Lucan, was into the eastern and western parts.

But from our northern clime, our gentler heav'n,
 Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driv'n ; 719
 All bleak, the God, cold Boreas, spreads his wing,
 And with our winter, gives the Libyan spring.
 No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,
 Nor golden ores disclose their shining spoil :
 Pure is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
 To guilty pride and avarice unknown : 725
 There citron groves, the native riches, grow,
 There cool retreats and fragrant shades bestow,
 And hospitably skreen their guests below.
 Safe by their leafy office, long they stood
 A sacred, old, unviolated wood, 730
 'Till Roman luxury to Afric past,
 And foreign axes laid their honors waste.
 Thus utmost lands are ransack'd, to afford
 The far-fetch'd dainties and the costly board. 734
 But rude and wasteful all those regions lie
 That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
 Their sultry summer sun, and parching sky.
 No harvest, there, the scatter'd grain repays,
 But with'ring dies, and ere it shoots decays : 739
 There never loves to spring the mantling vine,
 Nor wanton ringlets found her elm to twine :
 The thirsty dust prevents the swelling fruit,
 Drinks up the gen'rous juice, and kills the root ;

Ver 723. *No golden ores.*] That which we call the Gold Coast and Guinea, were very little, if at all known to the ancients.

• Ver. 726. *Citron groves.*] See note on Book 6. ver. 312.

Vol. 72. Nazmonen, Akul.] The Nazmonen were a barbarous people that lived near the Syrtis Major.

Nor mountains here, nor stedfast rocks resist, 770
But free he sweeps along the spacious hist.
No stable groves of ancient oaks arise,
To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies :
But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air, }
Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
The whirling dust, like waves in eddies wrought,
Rising aloft, to the mid heav'n is caught ;
There hangs a sullen cloud ; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain. 780
Gazing, the poor inhabitant descries,
Where high above his land and cottage flies ;
Bereft, he sees his lost possessions there,
From earth transported, and now fix'd in air. 784
Not rising flames attempt a bolder flight ;
Like smoke by rising flames uplifted, light }
The sands ascend, and stain the heav'ns with night.
But now, his utmost pow'r and rage to boast,
The stormy God invades the Roman host ;
The soldier yields, unequal to the shock, 790
And staggers at the wind's stupendous stroke.
Amaz'd he sees that earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.
Oh Libya ! were thy pliant surface bound,
And form'd a solid, close compacted ground ; 798
Or hadst thou rocks, whose hollows deep below,
Would draw these ranging winds that loosely blow ;
Their fury, by thy firmer mass oppos'd,
Or in those dark infernal caves inclos'd,

Thy certain ruin would at once complete, 800
 Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy seat :
 But well thy flitting plains have learn'd to yield ;
 Thus, not contending, thou thy place hast held,
 Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'st the field. }
 Helms, spears, and shields, snatch'd from the war-
 like host, 805

Through heav'n's wide regions far away were tost ;
 While distant nations, with religious fear,
 Beheld them as some prodigy in air, }
 And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a war.
 Such hap'ly was the chance, which first did raise
 The pious tale, in priestly Numa's days :
 Such were those shields, and thus they came from
 heav'n,

A sacred charge to young Patricians giv'n ;
 Perhaps, long since, to lawless winds a prey,
 From far barbarians were they forc'd away ; 815
 Thence through long airy journeys safe did come,
 To cheat the crowd with miracles at Rome.

Ver. 812. ~~Such were those shields.~~] In the time of Numa Pompilius there was a buckler found in Rome, such as the Romans called *Ancyle*, which was supposed to be dropped down from heaven. The augurs, who were consulted upon the occasion, pronounced that whosoever that shield should repair, the chief command and empire of the world should be fixed. Upon this Numa gave orders to a workman called *Masturns*, that he should make eleven others exactly like that which came from heaven, to prevent the true one's being stolen. These *Ancyle sacra*, or holy bucklers, were committed to the care of the *Salli*, who were patens of Mars, and always chosen out of the Patricians, or Roman nobility.

Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the stormy south,
 Thus ev'ry way assail'd the Latian youth :
 Each sev'ral method for defence they try, 820
 Now 'wrap their garments tight, now close they
 lie :

Now sinking to the earth, with weight they press,
 Now clasp it to them with a strong embrace,
 Scarce in that posture safe ; the driving blast
 Bears hard, and almost heaves them off at last. 825
 Mean-time a sandy flood comes rolling on,
 And swelling heaps the prostrate legions down ;
 New to the sudden danger, and dismay'd,
 The frighted soldier hasty calls for aid,
 Heaves at the hill, and struggling rears his head. }
 Soon shoots the growing pile, and rear'd on high,
 Lifts up its lofty summit to the sky :
 High sandy walls, like forts, their passage stay,
 And rising mountains intercept their way : 834
 The certain bounds which should their journey
 guide, -

The moving earth and dusty deluge hide ;
 So landmarks sink beneath the flowing tide.
 As through mid seas uncertainly they move,
 Led only by Jove's sacred light above : 839
 Part ev'n of them the Libyan climate denies,
 Forbids their native northern stars to rise,
 And shades the well-known laurel from their eyes. }

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
 To warmer, calmer skies they journey'd on. 844

The slack'ning storms the neighb'ring sun confess,
 The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow less,
 Whilst parching thirst and flinting sweats in-
 crease.

As forward on the weary way they went,
 Panting with drought, and all with labour spent,
 Amidst the desert, desolate and dry, 850
 One chanc'd a little trickling spring to spy :
 Proud of the prize, he drain'd the scanty store,
 And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
 Around, in crowds, the thirsty legions stood,
 Their throats and clammy jaws with dust be-
 strew'd,
 And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure
 view'd.

Around the leader cast his careful look,
 Sternly, the tempting envy'd gift he took,
 Held it, and thus the giver fiercer bespoke :
 And think'st thou then that I want virtue most !
 Am I the meanest of this Roman host ! 861
 Am I the first soft coward that complains !
 That shrinks, unequal to these glorious pains !
 Am I in ease and idleness the first !
 Rather be thou, base as thou art, accus'd,
 Thou that dar'st drink when all beside thee thirst.
 He said ; and wrathful stretching forth his hand,
 Pour'd out the precious draught upon the sand.

Ver. 861. *Pour'd out the precious draught.*] This action of Cato's is not much unlike that of David, when he refused to drink of the water of the wall of Beethlehem, which three men had ventured their lives to fetch. See 1 Chron. xi. 15.

Well did the water thus for all provide,
 Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
 A little thus the gen'ral want supply'd.

}

Now to the sacred temple they draw near,
 Whose only altars Libyan lands revere ;
 There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd, 874
 A form uncouth, stands heav'n's almighty Lord.
 No regal ensigns grace his potent hand,
 Nor shakes he there the lightning's flaming brand ;
 But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
 Belies the God, and Ammon is his name.
 There though he reigns unrivall'd and alone, 880
 O'er the rich neighbours of the torrid zone ;
 Though swartthy Ethiops see to him confin'd,
 With Araby the blest, and wealthy Ind :
 Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are seen,
 To blaze upon his shrines with costly sheen ; 885
 But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,
 Such as, to whom our great fore-fathers bow'd :
 A God of pious times, and days of old,
 That keeps his temples safe from Roman gold. 889

Ver. 872. *Now to the sacred temple.* Lucan has made no scruple of committing here another great fault in geography, for the sake of bringing his great Cato to the temple of Jupiter Hammon. This famous oracle was situate between the less and the greater Catagethum, to the west of Egypt, in what is now called the Desert of Barca, a great way distant from the march Cato was then making in the kingdom of Tunis. The description of the place itself, except that (as I understand him) he places it under the equator, is agreeable to most other ancient authors. It is pretty well known that Jupiter was worshipped in this place under the shape of a ram, (at least the upper part) and there are still to be found among the Egyptian idols in the cabinets of the curious, some with the body of a man and a ram's head.

Here, and here only, through wide Libya's space,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
Here the loose sands by plenteous springs are
bound,

Knit to a mass, and moulded into ground:
Here smiling Nature wears a fertile dress,
And all things here the present God confess. 895
Yet here the sun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically shines:.

Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly shelter yield,
Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches shield;
The rays descend direct, all round embrace, 900
And to a central point the shadow chace.

Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant zodiac in its round:
Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rise, 904
Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the skies;
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor bids the Maid the fishy sign descend.
The Boys and Centaur justly time divide,
And equally their sev'ral seasons guide:
Alike the Crab and wint'ry Goat return, 910
Alike the Lion and the flowing Utn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and scorching zone;

Ver. 904. *Here unoblique.*] Supposing it to lie under the equinoctial; but of our author's astronomical notions I have taken notice in another place.

Northward from them the sun's bright course is
made. 914

And to the southward strikes the leaning shade :

There slow Bootes, with his lazy wain

Descending, seems to reach the wat'ry main.

Of all the lights which high above they see,

No star whate'er from Neptune's waves is free,

The whirling axle drives them round, and
plunges in the sea.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate, 921

Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:

These from the horned God expect relief:

But all give way before the Latian chief.

His host, (as crowds are superstitious still)

Curious of fate, of future good and ill,

And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,

Intrent their leader to the God would go,

And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:

But Labients chief the thought approv'd, 930

And that the common suit to Cato shov'd.

Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,

Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid :

This greatest of the Gods; this mighty Chief,

In each distress shall be a true relief; 935

Shall point the distant dangers from afar,

And teach the future fortunes of the war.

Ver. 919. No star what'er.] Those who live to the southward of the equator, see stars which to the southern pole which never set, as well as we do who live to the northward of it. But this is what the Romans in Lucan's time had no notion of.

To thee, O Cato ! pious ! wise ! and just !
 Their dark decrees the cautious Gods shall trust ;
 To thee, their fore-determin'd will shall tell : 940
 Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it
 well.

Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve ;
 Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
 Enquire betimes, what various chance shall come }
 To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome ; }
 Try to avert, at least thy country's doom. }

Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore :
 Or else, if laws and right shall be no more.
 Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
 To lead us in the wand'ring maze of thought : 950
 Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd, }
 Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd, }
 And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind. }

Full of the God that dwelt within his breast,
 The hero thus by secret mind express'd, 955
 And in-born truths reveal'd ; truths which might
 well

Become ev'n oracles themselves to tell.

Where would thy food, thy vain enquiry go ?
 What mystic fate, what secret would'st thou know ?
 Is it a doubt if death should be my doom, }
 Rather than live till kings and bondage come, }
 Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome ? }
 Or would'st thou know if, what we value here,
 Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care ?

What by old age and length of days we gain, 965
 More than to lengthen out the sense of pain ?
 Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
 The universal malice of mankind, }
 Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind ? }
 If stable Virtue can her ground maintain, 970
 While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain ?
 If Truth and Justice with uprightness dwell,
 And honesty consist in meaning well ?
 If right be independent of success,
 And conquest cannot make it more nor less ? 975
 Are these, my friend, the secrets thou would'st
 know,
 Those doubts for which to oracles we go ?
 'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
 And horned Amathus can no more unfold,
 From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd, 980
 We act the dictates of his mighty mind :
 And though the priests are mute, and temples still,
 God never wants a voice to speak his will.
 When first we from the teeming womb were
 brought, }
 With in-born precepts then our souls were
 fraught, }
 And then the maker his new creatures taught.
 Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
 He gave us all our useful knowledge, then.
 Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind
 Was e'er to Syra and Libyan sands confin'd ? 990

Ver. 989. Canst thou believe ?] I cannot but observe here

That he would choose this waste, this barren
 ground,
 To teach the thin inhabitants around,
 And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd ?
 Is there a place that God would choose to love
 Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heav'n above,
 And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for Jove ?
 Why seek we farther then ? Behold around,
 How all thou see'st does with the God abound,
 Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
 Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
 To juggling priests for oracles repair ; 1001
 One certain hour of death to each decreed,
 My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.
 The coward, and the brave, are doom'd to fall ;
 And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
 So spoke the hero ; and to keep his word, 1006
 Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd ;
 But left the crowd at freedom to believe,
 And take such answers as the priest should give.
 Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand,
 Bearing his arms in his own patient hand ; 1011
 Scorning another's weary neck to press,
 Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease :

how finely our author, in this passage, reprehends the folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local sanctity, as if one part of the world were holier than another, and the ubiquity of the Divine Nature were confined to a particular place : but, thank God, the suppers of pilgrimages is out of fashion in England, or, at least, those who are weak enough to travel from one country to another in search of holiness, are wise enough not to own it amongst us.

The panting soldier at his toil succeeds, 1014
Where no command, but great example leads.
Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes,
And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes ;
Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,
He stands, and sees the cooling draughts go
round. 1019

Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past,
And till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.
If true good men deserve immoral fame,
If virtue, though distress'd, be still the same ;
Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
Their virtues all are his, and all their praise his
due.

Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,
Whoe'er, with Roman blood, such honors brought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,
With death and desolation compass'd round, 1080
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine
war.

His country's father here, O Rome, behold, 1034
Worthy thy temples, priests, and shrines of gold!
If e'er thou break thy lordly master's chain,
If liberty be e'er restor'd again,

Ver. 1023, August 1943, mar.] See the Second Book, vol. 1023.

Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy
Gods. 1039

Now to those sultry regions were they past,
Which Jove to stop enquiring mortals plac'd, }
And as their utmost, southern, limits cast. }
Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,
And only one, amidst the sands, they found.
Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd ; 1045
The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard :
Dry Aspics on the fatal margin stood,
And Dipas' thirsted in the middle flood.
Back from the stream the frightened soldier flies,
Though parch'd, and languishing for drink, he dies :
The chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain, }
Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain, }
My soldier, drink, and dread not death or pain. }
When urg'd to rage, their teeth the serpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix ; 1055
The pest infus'd through ev'ry vein runs round,
Infects the mass, and death is in the wound.
Harmless and safe, no poison here they shed :
He said ; and first the doubtful draught essay'd ;
He, who through all their march, their toil, their
thirst, 1060
Demanded, here alone, to drink the first.

Ver, 1049. *As their utmost, southern, limits.*] The hyperbole is very strong here ; and one would think Cato had penetrated into the very depth and middle of Africa, whereas in all appearance his march could never be very far from the Mediterranean.

Why, plagues, like these, infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown, in various shapes, appear ;
Why, fruitful to destroy the cursed land
Is temper'd thus, by Nature's secret hand ; 1065
Dark and obscure the hidden cause remains,
And still deludes the vain enquirer's pains ;
Unless a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.

Where western waves on farthest Libya beat, }
Warm'd with the setting sun's descending heat, }
Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid seat. }
No leafy shade, with kind protection, shields
The rough, the squalid, unfrequented fields ;
No mark of shepherds, or the ploughman's toil, 1075
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow soil ;
But rude with rocks, the region all around
Its mistress, and her potent visage own'd.
'Twas from this monster to afflict mankind,
That Nature first produc'd the snaky kind : 1080
On her, at first, their forked tongues appear'd ;
From her their dreadful hissings first were heard.
Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung ;
Some backwards to her waist depended long ;
Some with their rising crests her forehead deck ;
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling neck :
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poisons distil around, and drops of livid foam.

None, who beheld the fury, could complain ;
 So swift their fate, preventing death and pain : 1090
 Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
 And motion, sense and life, were lost in stone.
 The soul itself, from sudden flight debarr'd,
 Congealing, in the body's fortune shar'd.
 The dire Eumenides could rage inspire, 1095
 But could no more ; the tuneful Thracian lyre
 Infernal Cerberus did soon assuage,
 Lull'd him to rest, and sooth'd his triple rage ;
 Hydra's sev'n heads the bold Alcides view'd,
 Safely he saw, and what he saw subdu'd ; 1100
 Of these in various terrors each excell'd ;
 But all to this superior fury yield.
 Phorcus and Cæto, next to Neptune he,
 Immortal both, and rulers of the sea, 1104
 This monster's parents, did their offspring dread ;
 And from her sight her sister Gorgons fled,
 Old Ocean's water's, and the liquid air,
 The universal world her pow'r might fear :
 All Nature's beauteous works she could invade,
 Through ev'ry part a lazy numbness shed,
 And over all a stony surface spread. }
 Birds in their flight were stopt, and pond'rous
 grown, 1112
 Forgot their pinions, and fell senseless down.
 Beasts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
 Were tribes of stone and marble nations found.

Ver. 1106. *Her sister Gorgons.*] Sthenio and Euryale.

No living eyes so fell a sight could bear ;
 Her snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were,
 Shot backward from her face, and shrunk away }
 for fear.

By her, a rock Titanian Atlas grew,
 And heav'n by her the giants did subdue ; 1120
 Hard was the fight, and Jove was half dismay'd,
 Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid :
 The heav'nly nation laid aside their fear,
 For soon she finish'd the prodigious war ; 1124
 To mountains turn'd, the monster race remains,
 The trophies of her pow'r on the Phlegræan plains.

To seek this monster, and her fate to prove, }
 The son of Danaë and golden Jove,
 Attempts a flight through airy ways above. }
 The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd ; 1130
 The God assisted with his wings and sword,
 His sword, which late made watchful Argus bleed,
 And Iö from her cruel keeper freed :
 Unwedded Pallas lent a sister's aid ;
 But ask'd, for recompence, Medusa's head. 1138

Ver. 1119. *Titanian Atlas.*] Atlas, King of Mauritania, was of the race of the giants or Titans. See Ovid. *Metam.* lib. 4.

Ver. 1128. *The son of Danaë.*] Perseus.

Ver. 1130. *Cyllenian Hermes.*] Mercury, so called from Cyllene, a mountain in Arcadia, where his mother Maia brought him forth. Among the peculiar goods and properties which belonged to Mercury, were the wings at his head and feet, and the falchion, or crooked sword, called Harpe, which he is here said to lend his brother Perseus. For the story of Argus and Iö, see Ovid. *Metam.* lib. 1.

Eastward she warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his sight;
Then arms his left with her resplendent shield,
And shews how there the foe might be beheld.
Deep slumbers had the drowsy fiend possess'd, 1140
Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:
And yet she slept not whole; one half her snakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid mistress, wakes;
The rest dishevell'd, loosely, round her head,
And o'er her drowsy lids and face were spread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke:
His falt'ring hand the virgin Goddess guides,
And from the monster's neck her snaky head
divides.

But oh! what art, what numbers can express 1150
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
What clouds of poison from her lips arise!
What death, what vast destruction threaten'd in
her eyes!

'Twas somewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herself could bear.
The victor Perseus still had been subdu'd, 1156
Though wary still, with eyes averse he stood;
Had not his heav'nly sister's timely care
Veil'd the dread visage with the hissing hair.
Seiz'd of his prey, heav'nwards, uplifted light,
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight. 1161
Now thoughtful of his course, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to steer;

Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blast
 Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waste. 1165
 For who would not have upwards cast their sight,
 Curious to gaze at such a wondrous sight?
 Therefore by gales of gentle zephyrs born,
 To Libya's coast the hero minds to turn.
 Beneath the sultry line, expos'd it lies 1170
 To deadly planets, and malignant skies.
 Still with his fiery steeds, the God of day
 Drives through that heav'n, and makes his burning
 way.

No land more high erects its lofty head,
 The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade; 1175
 If through the summer signs direct she run,
 Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun
 The envious earth that hides her from the sun. }
 Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field,
 Increase of deaths, and pois'nous harvests yield. 1180
 Where-e'er sublime in air the victor flew,
 The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
 The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew, }
 Still as the putrid gore dropt on the sand, ' 1184
 'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand;
 The glowing climate makes the work complete,
 And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.

Ver. 1174. No (and more high,) Lucan erroneously supposes this part of the earth to rise higher under the equator than in any other part, and to project its shade farthest in eclipses of the moon.

Ver. 1180. *And more harvests yield.* Though it could produce nothing for the good of mankind, it brought forth serpents.

First of those plagues the drowsy Asp appear'd,
 Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd ;
 A larger drop of black congealing blood 1190
 Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
 Of all the serpent race are none so fell,
 None with so many deaths, such plenteous venoms
 swell ;

Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
 And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun ; 1195
 But Nile no more confines them now : what bound
 Can for insatiate avarice be found !

Freighted with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
 And pois'nous Asps are things of price at Rome.

Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhoids unbends, 1200
 And her vast length along the sands extends ;
 Where-e'er she wounds, from ev'ry part the blood
 Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.

Amphibious some do in the Syrta abound,
 And now on land, in waters now are found. 1205
 Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth distain,
 And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.

The spotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
 Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies ;
 Not Theban marbles are so gaily dress'd, 1210
 Nor with such party-colour'd beauties grac'd.

Safe in his earthly hue and dusky skin,
 Th' Atmodytes lurks in the sands unseen :
 The Swimmer there the crystal stream pollutes ;
 And swift, through air, the flying Jav'lin shoots.

Ver. 1204. *The Swimmer.*] The Latin word is *natrix*. I suppose this to be a kind of water-snake,

The Scytale, ere yet the spring returns, 1216
 There casts her coat; and there the Dipsas burns;
 The Amphibæna doubly arm'd appears;
 At either end a threat'ning hand she rears.

Rau'd on his active tail the Pareas stands, 1220
 And, as he passes, furrows up the sands.

The Prester by his foaming jaws is known;
 The Seps invades the flesh and firmer bone,
 Dissolves the mass of man, and melts his fabric }
 down.

The Basilisk, with dreadful hissings heard, 1225
 And from afar by ev'ry serpent fear'd,
 To distance drives the vulgar, and remains
 The lonely monarch of the desert plains.

And you, ye dragons! of the scaly race, 1229
 Whom glitt'ring gold and shining armour grace,

Ver. 1215. *The Jav'lin.*] In the Latin it is *Jaculus*, a sort of serpent which is said to lodge upon trees, and from thence dart itself with great violence and swiftness at its prey.

Ver. 1229. *And you, ye dragons!*] The ancients had a kind of religious veneration for those kind of serpents called *dragons*. Under this form was *Æsculapius* worshipp'd, and Jupiter conversed with Alexander's mother, and Apollo with Augustus Cæsar's. They were reckoned *'Αγροει δαιμόνες* among the Greeks, and good Genii among the Romans. When *Æneas* sacrificed to his father's ghost in the Fifth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, a serpent of this kind appears.

*Diserat hæc & edigit cum lubricus Anguis ab inde,
 Euphem pinguisq; gyros, &c.*

Scarce had he finish'd, when with speckled pride
 A serpent from the tomb began to glide:
 His huge bulk on seven high volutes rais'd,
 Blue was his breadth of back, and streak'd with scaly gold.

In other nations harmless are you found,
 This guardian Genii and protectors own'd ;
 In Afric only are you fatal ; these,
 On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear
 Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
 The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
 Some master of the herd, some mighty bull :
 Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
 By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
 Not elephants are by their larger size 1240
 Secure, but, with the rest, become your prize.
 Resistless in your might, you all invade,
 And for destruction need not poison's aid. 1243

Thus, through a thousand plagues around
 them spread,
 A weary march the hardy soldiers tread,
 Through thirst, through toil and death, by Cato
 led.

Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
 Each moment mourns his friend's untimely fate ;
 While thus, he sees some small, some trivial wound
 Extend a valiant Roman on the ground. 1250

Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
 A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
 More various colours through his body run,
 Than Iris when her bow imbrues the sun :
 Betwixt the rising altars, and around
 The sacred monster shot along the ground :
 With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
 And with his lolling tongue assuag'd the taste :
 Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
 Within the bull's tow'ns retir'd to rest. Dryden

Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
 Who bore the standard, on a Dipsas trode ;
 Backward the wrathful serpent bent her head,
 And fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
 Scarce did some little mark of hurt remain, 1255
 And scarce he found some little sense of pain ;
 Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
 That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there,
 When lo ! unseen, the secret venom spreads,
 And ev'ry nobler part at once invades ; 1260
 Swift flames consume the marrow and the brain,
 And the scorch'd entrails rage with burning pain,
 Upon his heart the thirsty poisons prey,
 And drain the sacred juice of life away. 1264
 No kindly floods of moisture bathe his tongue,
 But cleaving to the parched roof it hung ;
 No trickling drops distil, no dewy sweat,
 To ease his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
 Nor could he weep ; ev'n grief could not supply
 Streams for the mournful office of his eye.
 The never-failing source of tears was dry,
 Frantic he flies, and with a careless hand
 Hurls the neglected Eagle on the sand ;
 Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's com-
 mand.
 For springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
 For springs, in vain, explores the desert round,
 For cooling draughts, which might their aid im-
 part, 1277
 And quench the burning venom in his heart,

Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhône, or Po,
 Or Nile, whose wand'ring streams o'er Egypt
 flow,
 Still would he rage, still with the fever glow.
 The scorching climate to his fate conspires, 1282
 And Libya's sun assists the Dipsas' fires.
 Now ev'ry where for drink, in vain he pries,
 Now to the Syrta and briny seas he flies;
 The briny seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
 Nor yet he knows what secret plague he nurs'd,
 Nor found the poison, but believ'd it thirst. 1288
 Of thirst, and thirst alone, he still complains,
 Raving for thirst, he tears his swelling veins;
 From ev'ry vessel drains a crimson flood,
 And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.
 This Cato saw, and straight, without delay,
 Commands the legions on to urge their way;
 Nor give th' enquiring soldier time to know 1295
 What deadly deeds a fatal thirst could do.
 But soon a fate more sad, with new surprise,
 When the first object turns their wond'ring eyes,
 Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was stung,
 Fix'd to his leg, with deadly teeth, it hung; 1300
 Sudden the soldier shook is from the wound,
 Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.
 Of all the dire destructive serpent race,
 None have so much of death, though none are
 leas, 1304
 For straight, around the part, the skin withdrew,
 The flesh and shrinking sinews backward flew,
 And left the naked bones expos'd to view,

The spreading poisons all the parts confound,
 And the whole body sinks within the wound.
 The brawny thighs no more their muscles boast,
 But melting, all in liquid filth are lost; 1311
 The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
 Mixt in one putrid stream, together flow;
 The firm Peritonæum rent in twain,
 No more the pressing entrails could sustain,
 It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush
 again.

Small relics of the mould'ring mass were left,
 At once of substance, as of form bereft;
 Dissolv'd, the whole in liquid poison ran,
 And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the man. 1320
 Then burst the rigid nerves, the manly breast,
 And all the texture of the heaving chest;
 Resistless way the conqu'ring venom made,
 And secret nature was at once display'd;
 Her sacred privacies all open lie 1325
 To each prophane, enquiring, vulgar eye.
 Then the broad shoulders did the petticoat
 Then o'er the valiant arms and neck is spread;
 Last sunk, the mind's imperial seat, the head.
 So snows dissolv'd by southern breezes run, 1330
 So melts the wax before the noon-day sun.
 Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are
 known

To waste the flesh, yet still they spare the bone:

Ver, 1330. To force the soldiers on.] That is, the fire,

Here none were left, no least remains were seen ;
 No marks to shew that once the man had been.
 Of all the plagues which cumber the Libyan land,
 (If death and mischief may a crown demand)
 Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
 Boast of their power, to force the soul away,
 Yet soul and body both become thy prey.

A fate of different kind Nasidius found, 1341
 A burning Prester gave the deadly wound ;
 And straight a sudden flame began to spread,
 And paint his visage with a glowing red.
 With swift expansion swells the bloated skin,
 Nought but an undistinguish'd mass is seen,
 While the fair human form lies lost within. }
 The puffing poison spreads, and heaves around,
 Till all the man is in the monster drown'd.
 No more the steely plate his breast can stay, 1350
 But yields, and gives the bursting poison way.
 Not water so, when fire the rage supplies,
 Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons rise.
 Nor swells the stretching canvas half so fast,
 When the sails gather all the driving blast,
 Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty mast. }
 The various parts no longer now are known,
 One headless formless heap remains alone ;
 The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feast,
 And leave it deadly to some hungry beast ; 1360
 With horror seiz'd, his sad companions too,
 In haste from the unbury'd carcass flew ;
 Look'd back, but fled again, for still the mon- }
 ster grew,

But fertile Libya still new plagues supplies,
And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes. 1865
Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhoids imprint
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast;
The noble youth, with Virtue's love inspir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share, 1870
With him, each chance of that disastrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious seat,
At once, by secret pipes and channels led, 1874
Rich tinctures gush from ev'ry antique head;
At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the crowd below:
So the warm blood at once from ev'ry part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting
heart. 1879
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray:
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooke out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd, 1886
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

Ver. 1973. In the full theatre.] The public shows at Rome were all exhibited during the presence of the public, or some of the great men. This was done with great magnificence, at which this city of performing the whole place, and the spectators, is a pretty remarkable instance. I knew this person afterwards after a different manner, but I take this word of it to be more easy and more probable.

Lævus, a colder Aspic bit, and straight
 His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
 Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep,
 And lock him fast in everlasting sleep: 1391
 No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
 But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.

Not swifter deaths attend the noxious juice,
 Which dire Sabæan Achonites produce. 1395
 Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
 The fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting Jav'lin shot,
 (For such, the serpent's name has Afric taught)
 And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
 Nor poison, but a wound, the soldier slew. 1401
 No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
 Struck from the sounding sling, compar'd, are

slow,
 And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow.
 A Basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain, 1405
 And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
 Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
 And sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man:
 His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
 Soon he divides it with his shining blade: 1410

Ver. 1394. *Not swifter deaths.*] The literal translation runs thus: Not are those poisons more swift to destroy, which the pophætic Sabæans compose of the tree resembling birch, of which the little Achine (and Achon) magistrates' seats were made. I have taken very few liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this translation; the last circumstance, indeed, of the passage I did not think material enough to be inserted up.

The serpent's force by sad example taught,
With his lost hand, his ransom'd life he bought.

Who that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys ?
Threat'ning, he rears his knotty tail on high ;
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky. }

Or could we the Salpuga's anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread ?
Yet she the fatal threads of life commands, 1420
And quickens oft the Stygian sisters' hands.

Pursu'd by dangers, thus they pass'd away
The restless night, and thus the cheerless day ;
Ev'n earth itself they fear'd, the common bed,
Where each lay down to rest his weary head :
There no kind trees their leafy couches strow, 1426
The sands no turf nor mossy beds bestow
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal soil.
With vital heat they brood upon the ground, 1430
And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
To man's warm breast his snaky foes repair,
And find, ungrateful guests, a shelter there. }

Ver. 1416. The east Orion.] Constituting this Orion story is a very ridiculous fable : that he was engendered by Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury's pining in an ox-hide. He was a giant, and a very impudent one, for he would have ravished Diana ; but a certain scorpion took her part, and stung him to death. Afterwards the still giant and scorpion were both translated to be stars, and made constellations.

Ver. 1418. Salpuga.] A little sort of venomous ant.

LYCAN'S PHARSALIA. VOL. III.

Thence fresh supplies of pois'nous rage return,
And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the soldier said,
Restore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled ;
This grace, at least, ye cruel Gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hostile sword. 1440
The Dipas' here in Cæsar's triumph share,
And fell Cerastæ wage his civil war.

Or let us haste away, press farther on,
Urge our bold passage to the burning zone,
And die by those æthereal flames alone. }

Afric, thy deserts we accuse no more, 1446
Nor blame, oh Nature, thy creating pow'r :
From ~~whence~~ thou wisely didst these wilds divide, }
And for thy ~~monsters~~ ~~here~~ alone provide ; }
A region waste, and void of, all beside.

'Thy prudent care forbade the barren field, 1451
The yellow harvest's ripe increase to yield ;
Man and his labours well thou didst deny,
And badst him from the land of poisons fly.

We, impious we, the bold irruption made ; 1455

We, this the serpent's world, did first invade ;
Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed clime ;
What God so'er, that lonely lov'st to reign,
And dost the commerce of mankind disdain, 1460
Who, to secure thy horrid empire's bound,
Hast fixt the Syru, and torrid realms around ;

Here the wild waves, there the flame's scorching
breath,

And fill'd the dreadful middle space with death.
Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear, 1465

And with Rome's civil rage prophane thee here ;

Ev'n to thy inmost seats we strive to go,

And seek the limits of the world to know.

Perhaps more dire events attend us yet ; 1469

New deaths, new monsters, still we go to meet.

Perhaps to those far seas our journey bends,

Where to the waves the burning sun descends ;

Where, rushing headlong down heav'n's azure
steep,

All red he plunges in the hissing deep. 1474

Low sinks the pole, declining from its height,

And seems to yield beneath the rapid weight.

Nor farther lands from Fame herself are known,
But Mauritania Juba's realms alone.

Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass, 1479

Fate may discover some more dreadful place ;

Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain

To see these serpents, and these sands again.

One joy, at least, do these sad regions give,

Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to live ;

That, by the native plagues, we may perceive

Nor ask we now for Asia's gender day, 1485

Nor now for European suns we pray ;

Thee, Afric, now, thy absence we deplore,

And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.

Ver 1485, The native plagues] The serpents ;

Say, in what part, what climate art thou lost?
 Where have we left Cyrene's happy frost? 1491
 Cold skies, no felt, and frosty winter there,
 While more than summer suns are raging here,
 And break the laws of the well-order'd year.
 Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we pass'd,
 And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
 Grant us, ye Gods, one pleasure ere we die,
 Add to our harder fate this only joy,
 That Cæsar may pursue, and follow where we
 fly.

Impatient, thus the soldier oft complains, 1500
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
 But most the virtues of their matchless chief
 Inspire new strength, to bear with ev'ry grief;
 All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
 On the bare sands expos'd the hero lies; 1505
 In ev'ry place alike, in ev'ry hour,
 Dares his ill fortune, and defies her pow'r,
 Unweary'd still, his common care attends
 On ev'ry fate, and cheers his dying friends:
 With ready haste at each sad call he flies, 1510
 And more than health, or life itself, supplies;
 With virtue's noblest precepts arms their souls,
 And ev'n their sorrows, like his own, controls.
 Where-e'er he comes, no signs of grief are
 shown;
 Nor, as a sign of weakness, they disown,
 And cease to sigh, or breathe one parting groan.
 Still urging on his pious cares, he strove
 The sense of outward evils to remove;

And, by his presence, taught them to disdain
The feeble rage and impotence of pain. 1530

But now, so many toils and dangers past,
Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at last.
Of all who scorching Afric's sun endure,
None like the swarthy Psyllians are secure ; 1534
Skill'd in the lore of pow'ful herbs and charms,
Them, nor the serpent's tooth, nor poison harms :
Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
But nature too their blood has temper'd well, }
And taught with vital force, the venom to repel. }
With healing gifts and privileges grac'd, 1538
Well in the land of serpents were they plac'd ;
Truce with the dreadful tyrant, Death, they have,
And border safely on his realm the grave. .
Such is their confidence in true-born blood, 1544
That oft with asps they prove their doubtful blood :
When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
The new-born infant clears or damns the dame ;
If subject to the wrathful serpent's wound,
The mother's shame is by the danger found ;
But if unhurt, the fearless infant laughs ; 1548
The wife is honest, and the husband safe.
So when Jove's bird on some tall cedar's head,
Has a new race of gen'rous eagles bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the nest they lie,
Wary she turns them to the eastern sky 1552

Ver. 1534. *Psyllians.*] These people were the Psyllians, the Neasmones, and were rather taken by the Romans than when he began his march, than found out by them.

Then if unequal to the God of day,
 Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent ray,
 She spurns them forth, and casts them quite
 away :

But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze, 1549
 Withstand the light, and bear the golden blaze ;
 Tender she broods them, with a parent's love,
 The future servants of her master Jove.

Nor safe themselves, alone, the Psyllians are,
 But to their guests extend their friendly care.
 First, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around
 Circling they pass, then chanting, charm the
 ground,

And chase the serpents with the mystic sound.
 Beyond the farthest tents rich fires they build,
 That healthy medicinal odours yield ;
 There foreign Galbanum dissolving fries, 1560
 And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort
 rise ;

There Tamarisk, which no green leaf adorns,
 And there the spicy Syrian Costos burns.
 There Centaury supplies the wholesome flame,
 That from Thessalian Chiron takes its name ; 1565
 The gummy Larch-tree, and the Thapsos there,
 Wound-wort and Maiden-weed, perfume the air..

Foreign Galbanum.] Foreign to Africa, as being
 in Amonia in Syria.
from Thessalian Chiron.] The virtues of
 were found out by the Centaur Chiron, in
 in physic, and took its name from him,

There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
 With Southern-wood, their odours strong impart,
 The monsters of the land, the serpents fell, 1570
 Fly far away, and shun the hostile smell.

Securely thus they pass the nights away ;
 And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
 The Psyllian artists straight their skill display. }
 Then strives the Leach the pow'r of charms to
 show, 1575

And bravely combats with the deadly foe :
 With spittle, first, he marks the part around,
 And keeps the poison pris'ner in the wound ;
 Then sudden he begins the magic song, 1579
 And rolls the numbers hasty o'er his tongue ;
 Swift he runs on ; nor pauses once for breath,
 To stop the progress of approaching death :
 He fears the cure might suffer, by delay,
 And life be lost, but for a moment's stay. 1584
 Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies,
 By magic numbers chac'd, the mischief flies :
 But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,
 And scorn the potent charmer to obey ;
 With forceful lips he fastens on the wound, 1589
 Drains out, and spits the venom to the ground.
 Thus by long use and oft experience taught,
 He knows from whence his hurt the patient got ;
 He proves the part through which the poison past,
 And knows each various serpent, by the taste.

The warriors thus reliev'd, amidst their pain,
 Held on their passage through the desert plain.

And now the silver empress of the night
 Had lost, and twice regain'd her borrow'd light,
 While Cato, wand'ring o'er the wasteful field,
 Patient in all his labours, she beheld. 1600
 At length condens'd in clods the sands appear,
 And shew a better soil and country near :
 Now from afar thin tufts of trees arise,
 And scatt'ring cottages delight their eyes.
 But when the soldier once beheld again 1605
 The raging lion shake his horrid mane,
 What hopes of better lands his soul possess !
 What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beast !
 Leptis at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,
 There free from storms, and the sun's parching
 ray,
 At ease they pass'd the wint'ry year away.

[Ver. 1598. *Had lost, and twice regain'd.*] That is during the space of two months. The express time of Cato's march is diversely related by Plutarch, Strabo, and Lucan ; the first allowing but seven days for it, the second thirty, and the last, as we see here, two months. This is of no great consequence, since they might fix the beginning of his journey, and reckon his departure, from several places.

[Ver. 1606. *The raging lion.* Some of the commentators upon this verse,

Qui primum secos contra videre Leones,

fancy that it refers to a custom which the natives of this country had to hang up the lions, which they had caught or killed, upon crosses, and that they were these crucified lions which Cato's soldiers were so glad to meet with : but I can see no reason for such a far-fetched interpretation ; the meaning seems to me to be, that by meeting with those beasts, who usually prey upon tame nations, they found they were come into or near an inhabited country.

[Ver. 1607. *Leptis perva, now Leptis in*

When satiate with the joys which slaughter
 yield,
 Retiring Cæsar left Emathia's field ;
 His other cares laid by, he sought alone
 To trace the footsteps of his flying son. 1615
 Led by the guidance of reporting fame,
 First to the Thracian Hellespont he came
 Here young Leander perish'd in the flood,
 And here the tow'r of mournful Hero stood :
 Here, with a narrow stream, the flowing tide, 1620
 Europe, from wealthy Asia, does divide.
 From hence the curious victor passing o'er,
 Admiring, sought the fam'd Sigeæ shore.
 There might he tombs of Græcian chiefs behold,
 Renown'd in sacred verse by bards of old, 1625
 There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,
 Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd :

Ver 1617 *To the Thracian Hellespont*] Cæsar very naturally followed Pompey into Asia, where he had so great an interest

Ver 1623, *Sigeæ shore*.] A promontory now called Cape Janina, in Asia Minor on the Archipelago, over against the island of Tenedos, near the ruins of the ancient Troy. Here were the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus

Rhætum, or *Rhatium*, was a town and promontory likewise thereabouts, where was the tomb of Ajax the son of Telamon

Ver 1625 *Ruins of the walls*] Neptune and Apollo agreed with Laomedon, king of Troy, to build walls round his city, which, when they had performed, and the king refused to pay them according to agreement, Neptune in revenge sent a sea-monster amongst his people, to appease whom the Trojans were forced to expose their daughters to be devoured by him. Among the rest, Hecuba, the king's daughter, being tied to a rock for this purpose, was delivered by Hercules, who killed the monster

There stood old Troy, a venerable name ;
 For ever consecrate to deathless fame. 1629
 Now blasted mossy trunks with branches sear,
 Brambles and weeds, a loathsome forest rear ;
 Where once in palaces of regal state,
 Old Priam, and the Trojan princes, sat.
 Where temples once, on lofty columns born,
 Majestic did the wealthy town adorn, 1635
 All rude, all waste and desolate is lay'd,
 And ev'n the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.
 Here Cæsar did each story'd place survey,
 Here saw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,
 Hesione was bound the monster's prey.
 Here, in the covert of a secret grove, 1641
 The blest Anchises clasp'd the queen of love :
 Here fair Cythere play'd, here stood the cave
 Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave ;
 Here lovely Ganymede to heav'n was born ; 1645
 Each rock, and ev'ry tree, recording tales adorn.
 Here all that does of Xanthus' stream remain,
 Creeps a small brook along the dusty plain.
 Whilst careless and securely on they pass, 1649
 The Phrygian guide forbids to press the grass ;
 This place, he said, for ever sacred keep,
 For here the sacred bones of Hector sleep.

Ver. 1632. *Anchises.*] The father of Æneas.

Ver. 1643. *Cythere.*] The first mistress of Paris, while he was a shepherd, and had not seen Helen. See Ovid's *Epistles*. The story of Ganymede, and indeed most of the rest here mentioned, are known fables.

Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,
 Disjointed stones lay broken and defac'd: 1654
 Here his last fate, he cries, did Priam prove;
 Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.

O Poesy divine! Oh sacred song!
 To thee, bright fame and length of days belong;
 Thou, Goddess! thou eternity canst give,
 And bid secure the mortal hero live. 1660
 Nor, Cæsar, thou disdain, that I rehearse
 Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verse;
 Since, if in ought the Latian Muse excel,
 My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
 Eternity our labours shall reward, 1665
 And Lucan flourish like the Grecian bard;
 My numbers shall to latest times convey
 The tyrant Cæsar, and Pharsalia's day.

When long the chief his wond'ring eyes had
 cast,
 On ancient monuments of ages past; 1670
 Of living turf an altar straight he made,
 Then on the fire rich gums and incense laid,
 And thus, successful in his vows, he pray'd. }
 Ye shades divine! who keep this sacred place,
 And thou, *Æneas*! author of my race, 1675

[*Ver, 1664. Hercæan Jove.*] This altar of Jupiter, Hercules or Penetrals, was consecrated to that God as the keeper of the house and family. He is called Hercules from the Greek word *Ἑρως*, which signifies an inclosure, and this altar was placed accordingly near the wall.

Ye pow'rs, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
 Domestic Gods of Alba, and of Rome,
 Who still preserve your ruin'd country's name,
 And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame :
 And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd ;
 Pallas, who dost thy sacred pledge confide
 To Rome, and in her inmost temple hide ;
 Hear, and auspicious to my vows incline,
 To me, the greatest of the Julian line :
 Prosper my future ways ; and lo ! I vow 1685
 Your ancient state and honours to bestow ;
 Ausonian hands shall Phrygian walls restore,
 And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.
 He said : and hasted to his fleet away,
 Swift to repair the loss of this delay. 1690
 Up sprung the wind, and with a fresh'ning gale,
 The kind north-west fill'd ev'ry swelling sail ;
 Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
 Till Asia's shores and Rhodes no more they view.

Ver. 1676. *Ye pow'rs.*] This invocation is addressed to those Gods whose images Æneas brought with him from Troy, which were placed at Alba by his son Ascanius, and afterwards removed to Rome.

Ver. 1679. *Phrygian flame.*] The fire of Vesta.

Ver. 1681. *Thy sacred pledge.*] The Palladium.

Ver. 1687. *Phrygian walls restore.*] I do not know whether Lucan does not hint in this passage at the design which Augustus Cæsar had to translate the seat of empire from Rome to Troy, and which Mons. Dacier has observed, from Mr. Le Fevre, gave occasion for one of the most beautiful epos in Horace.

Six times the night her sable round had made,
 The seventh now passing on, the chief survey'd }
 High Pharos shining through the gloomy shade ; }
 The coast descry'd, he waits the rising day,
 Then safely to the port directs his way.
 There wide with crowds o'erspread he sees the
 shore, 1700

And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.
 Distrustful of his fate, he gives command
 To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted land ;
 When lo ! a messenger appears, to bring
 A fatal pledge of peace from Egypt's king : 1705
 Hid in a veil, and closely cover'd o'er,
 Pompey's pale visage in his hand he bore.
 An impious orator the tyrant sends,
 Who thus, with fitting words, the monstrous gift
 commends. 1709

Hail ! first and greatest of the Roman name ;
 In pow'r most mighty, most renown'd in fame :
 Hail ! rightly now, the world's unrival'd lord !
 That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
 My king bestows the prize thy arms have sought,
 For which Pharsalia's field, in vain, was fought.

Ver. 1708. *An impious orator.* This villainous ambassador was Theodotus the rhetorician of Chios, the worthy preceptor of such a prince as Ptolemy. He was one of his council, and had been a principal adviser of this barbarous murder. Plutarch says, he was afterwards taken by Brutus in Asia, and by him put to a very cruel death. Appian says, he was crucified by order of Cassius. It is pretty certain that he came to such an end as he had deserved.

No task remains for future labors now ; 1716
 The civil wars are finish'd at a blow.
 To heal Thessalia's ruins, Pompey fled
 To us for succour, and by us lies dead. 1719
 Thee, Cæsar, with this costly pledge we buy,
 Thee to our friendship, with this victim, tie.
 Egypt's proud sceptre freely then receive,
 Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give :
 Accept the treasures which this deed has spar'd ;
 Accept the benefit, without reward. 1725
 Deign, Cæsar ! deign to think my royal lord
 Worthy the aid of thy victorious sword :
 In the first rank of greatness shall he stand ;
 He, who could Pompey's destiny command.
 Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd spoil, 1730
 Because not dearly bought with blood and toil ;
 But think, oh think, what sacred ties were broke,
 How friendship pleaded, and how nature spoke ;
 That Pompey, who restor'd Asiates' crown,
 The father's ancient guest was murder'd by the
 son. 1735
 Then judge thyself, or ask the world and fame,
 If services, like these, deserve a name.
 If Gods and men, for daring deed abhor,
 Think, for that reason, Cæsar owes the more ;
 This blood for thee, though not by thee, was
 spilt. 1740
 Thou hast the benefit, and we the guilt.

Ver. 1724. *Accept the treasures.*] The money which thou,
 O Cæsar, wouldst have given willingly to have this deed done.
 Ver. 1734. *Asiates.*] The surname of young Ptolemy's father,

He said, and straight the horrid gift unveil'd,
 And stedfast to the gazing victor held.
 Chang'd with the face, deform'd with death all
 o'er,
 Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted gore,
 Unlike the Pompey, Cæsar knew before.
 He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal boon, 1747
 Nor started from the dreadful sight too soon.
 Awhile his eyes the murd'rous scene endure,
 Doubting they view; but shun it, when secure.
 At length he stood convinc'd, the deed was done;
 He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless son:
 And straight the ready tears, that staid till now,
 Swift at command with pious semblance flow:
 As if detesting, from the sight he turns, 1755
 And groaning, with a heart triumphant mourns,
 He fears his impious thought should be descry'd,
 And seeks in tears the swelling joy to hide.
 Thus the curst Pharian tyrant's hopes were cross'd,
 Thus all the merit of his gift was lost; 1760
 Thus for the murder Cæsar's thanks were spar'd;
 He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.
 He who, relentless, through Pharsalia rode,
 And on the senate's mangled fathers trode;
 He who, without one pitying sigh, beheld 1765
 The blood and slaughter of that woful field;
 Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthless see,
 But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
 Oh mystery of fortune, and of fate!
 Oh ill consorted piety and hate! 1770

And canst thou, Cæsar, then thy tears afford,
 To the dire object of thy vengeful sword?
 Didst thou, for this, devote his hostile head,
 Pursue him living, to bewail him dead?
 Could not the gentle ties of kindred move? 1775
 Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad Julia's love?
 And weep'st thou now? Dost thou these tears pro-
 vide

To win the friends of Pompey to thy side?
 Perhaps, with secret rage thou dost repine,
 That he should die by any hand but thine: 1780
 Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
 A murder, due to Cæsar's hand alone.
 What secret springs soe'er these currents know,
 They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
 Or didst thou kindly, like a careful friend, 1785
 Pursue him flying, only to defend?
 Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!
 Well was he snatch'd by Fortune from thy hand!
 Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,
 Forbad thy pow'r to save, and spar'd the Roman
 shame. 1790

Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,
 And artful, thus, detains the easy crowd.

Hence from my sight, nor let me see thee more;
 Haste, to thy king his fatal gift restore.
 At Cæsar have you aim'd the deadly blow, 1795
 And wounded Cæsar worse than Pompey now;
 The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
 Have torn away the wraths my sword had won,

That noblest prize this civil war could give,
 The victor's right to bid the vanquish'd live. 1800
 Then tell your king, his gift should be repay'd ;
 I would have sent him Cleopatra's head ;
 But that he wishes to behold her dead. }
 How has he dar'd, this Egypt's petty lord,
 To join his murders to the Roman-sword ? 1805
 Did I, for this, in heat of war, distain,
 With noblest blood Emathia's purple plain, }
 To license Ptolemy's pernicious reign ?
 Did I with Pompey scorn the world to share ?
 And can I an Egyptian partner bear ? 1810
 In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful sound
 Has rous'd the universe to arms around ;
 Vain was the shock of nations, if they own,
 Now, any pow'r on earth but mine alone.
 If hither to your impious shores I came, 1815
 'Twas to assert, at once, my pow'r and fame ;
 Lest the pale fury Envy should have said,
 Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
 Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive ;
 I know the welcome you prepare to give. 1820
 Thessalia's field preserves me from your hate,
 And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
 What ruin, Gods ! attended on my arms,
 What dangers unforeseen ! what waiting harms !
 Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear ;
 See yet a fourth, see Ptolemy appear ! }
 The boy king's vengeance lingers in the rear. }

But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the most we can bestow.
For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine, 1830
And pious cares, the warrior's head inshrine :
Atone with penitence the injur'd shade,
And let his ashes in their urn be laid ;
Pleas'd, let his ghost lamenting Cæsar know,
And feel my presence here, ev'n in the realms
below. 1835

Oh, what a day of joy was lost to Rome,
When hapless Pompey did to Egypt come !
When, to a father and a friend unjust,
He rather chose the Pharian boy to trust. 1839
The wretched world that loss of peace shall rue,
Of peace, which from our friendship might ensue :
But thus the Gods their hard decrees have made ;
In vain, for peace, and for repose I pray'd ;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end, }
That, suppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend, }
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend. }
Then had my labors met their just reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories shar'd ;
Then, jars and enmities all past and gone,
In pleasure had the peaceful years roll'd on ; 1850
All should forgive, to make the joy complete ;
Thou shouldst thy harder fate, and Rome my wars
forget.

Fast falling still the tears, thus spoke the chief,
But found no partner in the specious grief.

Oh ! glorious liberty ! when all shall dare 1855
 A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear !
 Each in his breast the rising sorrow kept,
 And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar wept.

Ver. 1855 *Oh ! glorious liberty !*] This is a very satirical irony. He means that the standers-by durst not shew any sign but that of joy, since Cæsar, though outwardly he seemed to grieve, was in his heart pleased with that execrable action. But this is an instance of Lucan's prejudice against Cæsar, a fault of which I am sorry an author, who seems to have been a lover of his country, should be so often guilty.

THE
TENTH BOOK

OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar, upon his arrival in Egypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his sister Cleopatra; whom, at the instigation of Photinus, and his other evil counsellors, he had deprived of her share in the kingdom, and imprisoned: she finds means to escape, comes privately to Cæsar, and

THE ARGUMENT.

puts herself under his protection. Caesar interposes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the royal palace in Alexandria. At this feast Caesar, who at his first arrival had visited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was curious in that city, enquires of the chief priest Achoreus, and is by him informed of the course of the Nile, its stated increase and decrease, with the several causes that had been till that time assigned for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achilles, to draw the army to Alexandria, and surprise Caesar; this he immediately performs, and besieges the palace. But Caesar, having set the city and many of the Egyptian ships on fire, escapes to the island and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he still kept in his power with him; there having discovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the same time Arsinoë, Ptolemy's younger sister, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, assumed the regal authority, orders Achilles to be killed likewise, and renews the war against Caesar. Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompassed by the enemy, and very near being slain, but at length breaks through, leaps into the sea, and with his usual courage and good fortune swims in safety to his own fleet.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty shore,
Yet red with stains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his still prevailing fortune met,
By impious Egypt's genius hard beset.
The strife was now, if this detested land }
Should own imperial Rome's supreme command, }
Or Cæsar bleed beneath some Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey ! thy diviner shade ;
Came timely to this cruel father's aid ;
Thy influence the deadly sword withstood, 10
Nor suffer'd Nile, again, to blash with Roman
blood.

Safe in the pledge of Pompey, slain so late,
Proud Cæsar enters Alexandria's gate :
Ensigns on high the long procession lead ;
The warrior and his armed train succeed. 25
Mean-while, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his Fates borne in state along :
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And scornfully reject the Roman reign.

Soon saw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
 And found that Pompey fell not for his sake. 21
 Wisely, howe'er, he did his secret fear,
 And held his way, with well dissembled cheer.
 Careless, he runs their Gods and temples o'er,
 The monuments of Macedonian pow'r : 25
 But neither God, nor shrine, nor mystic rite,
 Their city, nor her walls, his soul delight :
 Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
 To search the gloomy mansions of the dead :
 Thither with secret pleasure he descends, 30
 And to the guide's recording tale attends.

There the vain youth who made the world his
 prize,
 That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies.
 When pitying death, at length, had freed mankind,
 To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd : 35
 His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
 With just contempt, around the injur'd world.
 But Fortune spar'd the dead ; and partial Fate,
 For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.
 If e'er our long-lost liberty return, 40
 That carcass is reserv'd for public scorn :

Ver. 25. *Macedonian pow'r.*] Alexandria was built by Alexander the Great.

Ver. 28. *Their caves beneath.*] The Egyptians' embalming their dead, and burying them in these large caves in great numbers together, is very well known. They are what are now called catacombs, and are so frequently visited by travellers.

Ver. 39. *For ages fix'd.*] From the first Ptolemy who succeeded Alexander, to this worthless prince, who murdered Pompey, about 30 years.

Now, it remains a monument confest,
 How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest.
 To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
 The vast ambitious spoiler ow'd his birth : 45
 There, soon, he scorn'd his father's humbler reign,
 And view'd his vanquish'd Athens with disdain.
 Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's resistless force,
 Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful course :
 His ruthless sword laid human nature waste, 50
 And desolation follow'd where he pass'd.
 Red Ganges blush'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
 With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
 Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
 When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys : 55
 Such to mankind, portentous meteors rise,
 Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies.
 Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
 Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand :
 O'er waves unknown he meditates his way, 60
 And seeks the boundless empire of the sea :
 Ev'n to the utmost west he would have gone,
 Where Tethys' lap receives the setting sun ;
 Around each pole his circuit would have made,
 And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head,
 When Nature's hand his wild ambition stay'd. }

Ver. 47. *Vanquish'd Athens.*] Not only Athens, but a good part of Greece had been subdued by his father Philip, partly by force, and partly by fraud.

Ver. 61. *Empire of the sea.*] In this he hints at Alexander's design of discovering the Indian ocean, mentioned by Q. Curtius.

With him, that pow'r his pride had lov'd so well,
 His monstrous universal empire, sell : 68
 No heir, no just successor left behind,
 Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd,
 To tear the world, and scramble for mankind. }
 Yet still he dy'd the master of his fame,
 And Parthia to the last rever'd his name :
 The haughty east from Greece receiv'd her doom,
 With lower homage than she pays to Rome. 75
 Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
 Far as the journeys of the southern sun ;
 In triumph though our conqu'ring eagles fly,
 Where-e'er soft zephyrs fan the western sky ;
 Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield, 80
 And mourn the loss of Carræ's dreadful field :
 Still shall the race untam'd their pride avow,
 And lift those heads aloft which Pella taught to
 bow.

'From Casium now the beardless monarch came,
 To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame. 85
 Th' unwarlike rabble soon the tumult cease,
 And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace ;
 When, veil'd in secrecy, and dark disguise,
 To mighty Cæsar, Cleopatra flies. 89

Ver. 72. *Master of his fame.*] Alexander died in possession of the empire he had acquired, and Parthia, with the rest of the east, acknowledged his power.

Ver. 83. *Pella.*] A city in Macedonia, where Alexander was born, from whence he is often called Pellicen.

Ver. 87. *Their king remains the pledge of peace.*] Cæsar had good reason to doubt the designs of the Alexandrians, and therefore kept their king within his power.

Ver. 88. *When veil'd in secrecy.*] Cleopatra having bribed those guards who had the custody of her person, was brought

Won by persuasive gold, and rich reward,
 Her keeper's hand her prison gates unbarr'd,
 And a light galley for her flight prepar'd. }
 Oh fatal form! thy native Egypt shame!
 Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
 How wert thou doom'd our furies to increase, 95
 And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
 When with an host, from vile Canopus led,
 Thy vengeance aim'd at great Augustus' head;
 When thy shrill timbrel's sound was heard from
 far,
 And Rome herself shook at the coming war; 100
 When doubtful Fortune, near Leucadia's strand,
 Suspended long the world's supreme command, }
 And almost gave it to a woman's hand.
 Such daring courage swells her wanton heart,
 While Roman lovers Roman fires impart: 105
 Glowing alike with greatness and delight,
 She rose still bolder from each guilty night.
 Then blame we hapless Anthony no more,
 Lost and undone by fatal beauty's pow'r;
 If Cæsar, long inur'd to rage and arms, 110
 Submit his stubborn heart to these soft charms;

by Apollodorus, her tutor, wrapt up in a kind of quilt or stowed by night to Cæsar.

Ver. 97. When with an host.] When she joined with M. Antony against Augustus. The loves of Antony and Cleopatra, the battle of Actium, and the consequences of it, are too well known to need any explanation.

Canopus is a city of Egypt, now called Souchir, with a port at the mouth of the west arm of the Nile upon the Mediterranean. In this place it is taken for Egypt itself.

If reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
 And horrid with the blood of thousands slain,
 He sinks lascivious in a lewd embrace,
 While Pompey's ghastly spectre haunts the place;
 If Julia's chastest name he can forget, 116
 And raise her, brethren of a bastard set;
 If indolently he permits, from far,
 Bold Cato to revive the fainting war;
 If he can give away the fruits of blood, 120
 And fight to make a strumpet's title good.

To him, disdainful or to feign a tear,
 Or spread her artfully dishevell'd hair,
 In comely sorrow's decent garb array'd,
 And trusting to her beauty's certain aid,
 In words like these began the Pharian maid. }

If loyal birth and the Laguean name,
 Thy fav'ring pity, greatest Cæsar, claim,
 Redress my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
 And to her state an injur'd queen restore. 130
 Here shed thy juster influence, and rise
 A star auspicious to Egyptian skies.
 Nor is it strange for Pharos to behold
 A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
 No laws our softer sex's pow'rs restrain, 135
 But undistinguish'd equally we reign.

Ver. 119. *Bold Cato to revive.*] While Cæsar was in Egypt, Cato and Scipio were drawing together the remains of Pompey's forces, and forming a new army in Africa.

Ver. 122. *Dishevelled or to sleep.*] Cleopatra was acquainted of the power of her beauty, that she took no pains to get off her affliction, or appear more sorrowful than she really was.

Vouchsafe my royal father's will to read,
 And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed:
 My just pretensions stand recorded there,
 My brother's empire and his bed to share. 140
 Nor would the gentle boy his love refuse,
 Did curs'd Pothinus leave him free to choose;
 But now in vassalage he holds his crown,
 And acts by pow'r and passions not his own.
 Nor is my soul on empire fondly set, 145
 But could with ease my royal rights forget;
 So thou the throne from vile dishonor save,
 Restore the master, and depose the slave.
 What scorn, what pride his haughty bosom swell,
 Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompéy fell! 150
 (Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous Gods avert,
 His sword is levell'd at thy noble heart)
 Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he shall
 dare,
 Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to share.

In vain her words the warrior's ears assail'd, 155
 Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
 From thence resistless eloquence she draws,
 And with the sweet persuasion gains her cause.
 His stubborn heart dissolves in loose delight,
 And grants her suit, for one lascivious night. 160
 Egypt and Cæsar, now, in peace agreed,
 Riot and feasting to the war succeed:

Ver. 161. *Egypt and Cæsar.*] Cæsar had, to all outward appearance, reconciled Ptolemy and his sister,

The wanton queen displays her wealthy store,
 Excess unknown to frugal Rome before.
 Rich, as some fane by lavish ~~sealots~~ rear'd, 165
 For the proud banquet, stood the hall prepar'd :
 Thick golden plates the latent beams enfold,
 And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold :
 Of solid marble all, the walls were made,
 And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd ; 170
 While porphyry and agat, round the court,
 In massy columns, rose a proud support.
 Of solid ebony each post was wrought,
 From swarthy ~~Moroe~~ profusely brought :
 With iv'ry was the entrance crusted o'er, 175
 And polish'd tortoise hid each shining door ;
 While on the cloudy spots enchas'd was seen
 The lively em'rald's never-fading green.
 Within, the royal beds and couches shone,
 Beamy and bright with many a costly stone ; 180
 In glowing purple rich the cov'rings lie ;
 Twice had they drank the noblest Tyrian dye :
 Others, as Pharian artists have the skill
 To mix the party-color'd web at will, 184
 With winding trails of various silks were made,
 Where branching gold set off the rich brocade.
 Around, of ev'ry age, and choicer form,
 Huge crowds, whole nations of attendants swarm ;

Ver. 173. *Of solid ebony.*] The wood-work used only to be covered over with thin pieces of ebony : here it was entirely made of that costly tree.

Ver. 174. *From swarthy Moroe.*] An island formed by the Nile in Ethiopia, from whence ebony was brought. Some editions read *Abenus Mariotica* in this place, but erroneously, for there is no ebony grown near Mariotis in Egypt.

Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair, 189
 The vanquish'd Rhine shew'd Cæsar none so fair :
 Others were seen with swarthy woolly heads,
 Black as eternal night's unchanging shades.
 Here squealing cunuchs, a dismember'd train,
 Lament the loss of genial joys in vain :
 There Nature's noblest work, a youthful band, 195
 In the full pride of blooming manhood stand.
 All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
 The princes round the board recline in state,
 With mighty Cæsar, more than princes great. }
 On iv'ry feet the citron board was wrought, 200
 Richer than those with captive Juba brought.
 With ev'ry wile ambitious beauty tries
 To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
 Her brother's meaner bed and crown she scorns,
 And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns ;
 Collects the mischiefs of her wanton eyes, 206
 And her faint cheeks with deeper roses dies ;
 Amidst the braidings of her flowing hair,
 The spoils of orient rocks and shells appear ;
 Like midnight stars, ten thousand diamonds deck
 The comely rising of her graceful neck : 211
 Of wondrous work, a thin transparent lawn
 O'er each soft breast in decency was drawn ;

Ver. 201. *With captive Juba.*] It should rather be *from vanquish'd Juba*: The original is

—quæque ad Cæsaris ora,

Neo capta virore Juba.

Though it is certain, that after Juba was vanquished he killed himself, and so was never Cæsar's prisoner.

Where still by turns the parting threads withdrew,
 And all the panting bosom rose to view. 215
 Her robe, her ev'ry part, her air, confess
 The pow'r of female skill exhausted in her dress.
 Fantastic madness of unthinking pride,
 To boast that wealth, which prudence strives to
 hide !

In civil wars such treasures to display, 220
 And tempt a soldier with the hopes of prey !
 Had Cæsar not been Cæsar, impious, bold,
 And ready to lay waste the world for gold, }
 But just as all our frugal names of old ; }
 This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know, 225
 Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plough,
 As Cæsar, they had seiz'd the mighty spoil,
 And to enrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
 Now, by a train of slaves, the various feast
 In massy gold magnificent was plac'd : 230
 Whatever earth, or air, or seas afford,
 In vast profusion crowns the lab'ring board.
 For dainties, Egypt ev'ry land explores,
 Nor spares those very Gods her zeal adores.
 The Nile's sweet wave capacious crystals pour,
 And gems of price the grapes delicious store ;

Ver. 226. *Ruder Cincinnatus.*] Quintus Cincinnatus was saluted dictator as he was following the plough in his own field.

Ver. 234. *Nor spares those very Gods.*] The Egyptians worshipped not only several sorts of beasts and birds, but even plants, as leeks and onions.

Ver. 236. *And gems of price.*] Drinking vessels made of precious stones. The Spanish translator renders *Capaces* in this place *Perlas*, pearls ; but that is stretching the Egyptian magnificence a little too far.

No growth of Mareotis' marshy fields,
 But such as Meroë maturer yields ;
 Where the warm sun the racy juice refines,
 And mellows into age the infant wines. 240

With wreaths of Nard the guests their temples
 bind,

And blooming roses of immortal kind ;
 Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
 Recent from near Arabia, where they grow :
 The vig'rous spices breathe their strong perfume,
 And the rich vapour fills the spacious room. 246

Here Cæsar, Pompey's poverty disdain'd,
 And learn'd to waste that world his arms had
 gain'd.

He saw th' Egyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
 And wish'd some fair pretence to seize the prize.
 Sated at length with the prodigious feast, 251

Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd ;
 When Cæsar, curious of some new delight,
 In conversation sought to wear the night :
 Then gently thus address the good old priest, 255
 Reclining decent in his linen vest.

O wise Achoreus ! venerable seer !
 Whose age bespeaks thee heav'n's peculiar care,
 Say from what origin thy nation sprung,
 What boundaries to Egypt's land belong ? 260

Ver. 241. *Nard.*] *Nardum* is an odoriferous shrub bearing leaves, and a kind of ear called *spica nard*. Hence comes our word *spikenard*.

Ver. 242. *Roses of immortal.*] Roses that were in bloom all the year.

What are thy people's customs, and their modes,
 What rites they teach, what forms they give their
 Each ancient sacred mystery explain, [Gods;
 Which monumental sculptures yet retain.
 Divinity disdains to be confin'd, 265
 Fain would be known, and rev'renc'd by mankind.
 'Tis said, thy holy predecessors thought
 Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught :
 And sure the sages of your schools have known
 No soul more form'd for science than my own.
 Fame of my potent rival's slight, 'tis true,
 To this your Pharian shore my journey drew ; }
 Yet know, the love of learning led me too.
 In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
 The stars, the Gods, and heav'ns were still my care.
 Nor shall my skill to fix the rolling year 276
 Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear.
 Long has my curious soul, from early youth,
 Toil'd in the noble search of sacred truth :
 Yet still no views have urg'd my ardor more, 280
 Than Nile's remotest fountain to explore.

Ver. 264. *Monumental sculptures.*] Hieroglyphics carved upon pillars.

Ver. 268. *Cecropian.*] Athenian, from Cecrops king of Athens.

Plato.] This philosopher was, according to Strabo, a considerable time in Egypt, where he was instructed by the priests in their most sacred mysteries.

Ver. 276. *Nor shall my skill.*] Caesar's regulation of the calendar, which we now call the Julian period, is well known.

Ver. 277. *Eudoxus.*] A mathematician of Cnidus in Caria. He was the first who regulated the year according to the revolutions of the moon in Greece. He had been with Plato in Egypt.

Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
 And bids it at revolving periods rise ;
 Shew me that head from whence, since time begun,
 The long succession of his waves has run : 285
 This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
 The sword be sheath'd, and earth be blest with peace.

The warrior spoke ; and thus the seer reply'd :
 Nor shalt thou, mighty Cæsar, be deny'd.
 Our sires forbid all, but themselves, to know,
 And kept with care profaner laymen low : 291
 My soul, I own, more gen'rously inclin'd,
 Would let in daylight to inform the blind.
 Nor would I truth in mysteries restrain,
 But make the Gods, their pow'r, and precepts,
 plain ; 295
 Would teach their miracles, would spread their
 praise,

And well-taught minds to just devotion raise.
 Know then, to all those stars, by nature driv'n }
 In opposition to revolving heav'n, }
 Some one peculiar influence was giv'n. }
 The sun the seasons of the year supplies, 301
 And bids the ev'ning and the morning rise ;
 Commands the planets with superior force,
 And keeps each wand'ring light to his appointed
 course.

Ver. 298. *To all those stars.* The planets, which according to the astronomy of the Romans at that time, were carried round in every 24 hours by the eighth sphere, or *primum mobile*.

Ver. 301. *And keeps each wand'ring light.* That is, drives them back, and makes them become retrograde when they come to their nearest distance to the sun. The other planets

The silver moon o'er briny seas presides, 305
 And heaves huge Ocean with alternate tides.
 Saturn's cold rays in icy clings prevail;
 Mars rules the winds, the storm, and rattling hail;
 Where Jove ascends, the skies are still serene;
 And fruitful Venus is the genial queen: 310
 While ev'ry limpid spring, and falling stream,
 Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
 When in the Crab the humid ruler shines,
 And to the sultry Lion near inclines, 314
 There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent source,
 He strikes the wat'ry stores with pond'rous force;
 Nor can the flood bright Maia's son withstand,
 But heaves, like Ocean at the moon's command;
 His waves ascend, obedient as the seas, 319
 And reach their destin'd height by just degrees.
 Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
 Till Libra's equal scales the days and nights divide.
 Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
 In dreams of Ethiopian snows believ'd: 324
 From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
 When the first swelling of the flood began.
 But ah how vain the thought! no Boreas there.
 In icy bonds constrains the wint'ry year,

which he gives to the rest of the planets, were according to their astronomy at that time.

Ver. 313. *When in the Crab.*] Upon this occasion Lucan enumerates the several different opinions that were then held concerning the increase and decrease of the Nile.

The first he gives is the pressure of the planet Mercury upon the fountains of Nile, which he supposes to lie under the sign of Cancer. The fact is, that the river begins to swell after midsummer, comes to its height in August, and falls again about the autumnal equinox in September.

But sultry southern winds eternal reign,
 And scorching suns the swarthy natives stain. 330
 Yet more, whatever flood the frost congeals,
 Melts as the genial spring's return he feels;
 While Nile's redundant waters never rise,
 Till the hot Dog inflames the summer skies;
 Nor to his banks his shrinking stream confines,
 Till high in heat'n th' autumnal balance shines.
 Unlike his war'ry brethren he presides, 337
 And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
 From dropping seasons no increase he knows,
 Nor feels the fleecy show'rs of melting snows.
 His river swells not idly, ere the land 341
 The timely office of his waves demand;
 But knows his lot, by providence assign'd,
 To cool the season, and refresh mankind.
 Whene'er the Lion sheds his fires around, 345
 And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
 Then, at the pray'r of nations, comes the Nile,
 And kindly tempers up the mould'ring soil.
 Nor from the plains the cov'ring God retreats,
 Till the rude fervor of the skies abates; 350
 Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
 And Meroë projects her length'ning shades.
 Nor let enquiring sceptics ask the cause,
 'Tis Jove's command, and these are nature's laws.

Ver. 334. [Till the hot Dog.] In July.

Ver. 346. Syene's.] See notes on Book II. Ver. 308.

Ver. 352. Meroë projects.] When the sun is no longer visible over Meroë.

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought 353
 By western winds the spreading deluge brought ;
 While at fix'd times, for many a day, they last,
 Possess the skies, and drive a constant blast ;
 Collected clouds united zephyrs bring,
 And shed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
 To heave the flood, and swell th' abounding }
 spring.

Or when the airy brethren's steadfast force
 Resists the rushing current's downward course,
 Backward he rolls indignant, to his head : 364
 While o'er the plains his heapy waves are spread.

Some have believ'd, that spacious channels go
 Through the dark entrails of the earth below ;
 Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,
 And secretly pervade the mighty mass ;
 Through these the sun, when from the north he
 flies, 370

And cuts the glowing Ethiopic skies,
 From distant streams attracts their liquid stores,
 And through Nile's spring th' assembled waters
 pours :

Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, disembogues the load,
 And spews the foamy deluge all abroad. 375

Some still have been too, who long maintain'd,
 That Nile's waves through porous earth are drain'd ;

Ver. 353. Others of old.] The opinion attributed the cause to the western winds, who the way, either by their blowing constantly heaving the streams for many days together, and keeping it from running into the sea as usual, or else by bringing a great quantity of rain from other parts of the world towards the source of the Nile, and augmenting it to overflow.

'Tis thence their saltneſs they no longer keep,
 By ſlow degrees ſtill freſh'ning as they creep;
 Till at a period, Nile receives them all, 320
 And pours them looſely ſpreading, as they fall.

The ſtars, and ſun himſelf, as ſome have ſaid,
 By exhalations from the deep are fed;
 And when the golden rules of the day
 Through Cancer's fiery ſign purſues his way, }
 His beams attract too largely from the ſea;
 The reſuſe of his draughts the nights return,
 And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.

Were I the dictates of my ſoul to tell,
 And ſpeak the reaſons of the wat'ry ſwell, 330
 To providence the taſk I ſhould aſſign,
 And find the cauſe in workmanſhip divine.
 Leſs ſtreams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
 And know the parent earth which brought them
 forth:

While this, as early as the world begun, 338
 Ran thus, and muſt continue thus to run;
 And ſtill, unfathom'd by our ſearch, ſhall own
 No cauſe, but Jove's commanding will alone.

Nor Cæſar, iſ thy ſearch of knowledge ſtrange;
 Well may thy boundleſs ſoul deſire to range, 400
 Well may ſhe ſtrive Nile's fountain to employ;
 Since mighty kings have ſought the ſame beſides;
 Each for the firſt diſcov'ry would be known,
 And hand, to future times, the ſecret down;
 But ſtill their pow'rs were exercis'd in vain, 405
 While latent Nature mock'd their fruitleſs pain,

Philip's great son, whom Memphis still records,
 The chief of her illustrious scepter'd lords,
 Sent, of his own, a choicest number forth, 409
 To trace the wondrous stream's mysterious birth,
 Through Ethiop's plains they journey'd on,
 Till the hot sun oppos'd the burning zone :
 There, by the God's resistless beams repell'd,
 An unbeginning stream they still beheld.
 Fierce came Sesostris from the eastern dawn, 415
 On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn ;
 His lawless will, impatient of a bound,
 Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found :
 But sooner much the tyrant might have known
 Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallic Rhone. 420
 Cambyses too, his daring Persians led,
 Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head ;
 Till sore distress'd and destitute of food,
 He stain'd his hungry jaws with human blood ;
 Till half his host the other half devour'd, 425
 And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden head, thou sacred stream,
 Nor fiction dares to speak, nor poets dream.

Ver. 415. *Fierce came Sesostris.*] This prince is said by Tacitus, and other ancient historians, to have been king of Assyria, as well as Egypt. He had his chariot drawn by kings whom he had conquered. He likewise sent to discover the head of Nile, but in vain.

Ver. 420. *Thy fam'd.*] Speaking to Caesar.

Ver. 421. *Cambyses.*] The story of his conquest of Egypt, his invasion of Ethiopia, and the miseries that he and his army underwent in that expedition by famine, may be found at large in Herodotus. The Ethiopians, into whose country he penetrated, were called *Mimætes*, or long-lived.

Through various nations roll thy waters down,
 By many seen, though still by all unknown
 No land presumes to claim thee for her own.
 For me, my humble tale no more shall tell,
 Than what our just records demonstrate well;
 Than God, who had thee thus mysterious flow,
 Permits the narrow mind of man to know. 436

Far in the south the daring waters rise,
 As in disdain of Cancer's burning skies;
 Thence with a downward course, they seek the
 main,

Direct against the lazy northern wain;
 Unless when, partially, thy winding tide 440
 Turns to the Libyan or Arabian side.
 The distant Seres first behold thee flow;
 Nor yet thy spring the distant Seres know.
 'Midst sooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
 The sooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes: 445
 Nature conceals thy infant streams with care,
 Nor lets thee, but in majesty, appear.
 Upon thy banks astonish'd nations stand,
 Nor dare assign thy rise, to one peculiar land.
 Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run, 450
 Nor take their various seasons from the sun;
 Though high in heav'n the fiery solstice stands,
 Obedient winter comes, at thy command.

Ver. 436. Far in the south.] After giving his guesses that were then assigned for the swell of the Nile, the poet now goes to give an account of its course, as far as was then known. The Seres, whom he mentions as the farthest people from whence this river can be traced, may be supposed to have been a nation of Ethiopia inferior, though I do not find them in Callisthenes.

From pole to pole thy boundless waves extend ;
 None ever knows thy rise, nor one thy end. 455
 By Meret's stream divided groves,
 And winds encircling round her open groves ;
 Of sable hue the costly timbers stand,
 Dark as the swarthy natives of the land :
 Wet, though tall woods in wide abundance spread,
 Their leafy tops afford no friendly shade ; 461
 So vertically shine the solar rays,
 And from the Lion dart the downward blaze.
 From thence, through deserts dry, thou jour-
 ney'st on,
 Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the torrid zone,
 Strong in thyself, collected, full, and one.
 Anon, thy streams are parcell'd o'er the plain,
 Anon the scatter'd currents meet again ;
 Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
 Our fertile Egypt from Arabia's side ; 470
 Thence, with a peaceful, soft descent, they creep,
 And seek, insensibly, the distant deep ;
 Till through ser'ns mouths the famous flood is lost,
 On the last limits of our Æthiopian coast ;

Ver. 455. *One never knows.*] That is, the northern part of the world knows not from whence it comes, nor the southern whither it goes.

Ver. 460. *Where Philæ's gates.*] The original is thus,

*Quæ distant, Arabum populis, Egyptiæ ruris
 Regni claudens Philæ.*

and I have translated it literally; though Philæ, which is an island in the Nile, and at a good distance from the Red Sea, or Gulf of Arabia, is much rather to be looked upon as a boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia, than between Egypt and Arabia. It lies a little above the lesser cataracts.

Where Gaza's isthmus rises, to restrain 475

The Erythrean from the midland main.

Who that beholds thee, Nile ! thus gently flow,

With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,

Can guess thy rage, when rocks resist thy force,

And hurl thee headlong in thy downward course ;

When spouting cataracts thy torrents pour, 481

And nations tremble at the deaf'ning roar ;

When thy proud waves with indignation rise,

And dash their foamy fury to the skies ?

These wonders reedy Abatos can tell, 485

And the tall cliffs that first declare thy swell ;

The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd

Thy parent veins, and for thy spring receiv'd.

From thence huge mountains Nature's hand pro-
vides,

To bank thy too luxurious river's sides ; 490

As in a vale thy current she restrains,

Nor suffers thee to spread the Libyan plains :

At Memphis, first ; free liberty she yields,

And lets thee loose to float the thirsty fields.

In unsuspected peace securely laid, 495

Thus waste they silent night's declining shade.

Mean-while accustom'd furies still infect,

With usual rage, Pothinus' horrid breast ;

Nor can the wulfian's hand from slaughter rest.

Ver. 485. *Abatos.*] This is a rock, or little inaccessible island
in the Nile, over-grown with reeds and bushes. It lies between
Philæ and Elephantine, very near to the before-mentioned
cataracts.

Well may the wretch, distain'd with Pompey's
blood, 500

Think ev'ry other dreadful action good.
Within him still the snaky sisters dwell,
And urge his soul with all the pow'rs of hell.
Can Fortune to such hands such mischief doom,
And let a slave revenge the wrongs of Rome ! 505
Prevent th' example, pre-ordain'd to stand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand !
Forbid it, Gods ! that Cæsar's hallow'd blood,
To Liberty by Fate a victim vow'd,
Should on a less occasion e'er be spilt, 510
And prove a vile Egyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpose with a daring brow ;
Scorns the mean aids of falshood and surprise,
And openly the victor chief defies. 515

Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to succeed,
He trusts that Cæsar must, like Pompey, bleed.

The feeble boy to cur'd Achilles' hand
Had, with his army, giv'n his crown's command ;
To him, by wicked sympathy of mind, 520
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his friends,
Thus, by a trusty slave, Pothinus sends.

While stretch'd at ease the great Achilles lies,
And sleep sits heavy on his slothful eyes, 525
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the dishonest price already paid.

The former rule no longer now we own,
 Usurping Cleopatra wears the crown. 529
 Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her state,
 Nor on the bridals of thy mistress wait?
 To night at large she lavishes her charms,
 And riots in luxurious Cæsar's arms.
 Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
 And reap the refuse of the Roman's bed; 535
 Doubly a bride, then doubly shall she reign,
 While Rome and Egypt wear, by turns, her chain.
 Nor trust thou to thy credit with the boy,
 When arts and eyes, like hers, their pow'rs employ.
 Mark with what ease her fatal charms can mould
 The heart of Cæsar, ruthless, hard, and old? 541
 Were the soft king his thoughtless head to rest,
 But for a night, on her incestuous breast;
 His crown and friends he'd barter for the bliss,
 And give thy head and mine for one lowd kiss;
 On crosses, or in flames, we should deplore 546
 Her beauty's terrible resistless pow'r.
 On both, her sentence is already pass'd,
 She dooms us dead, because we kept her chaste.
 What potent hand shall then assistance bring? 550
 Cæsar's her lover, and her husband king,
 Haste, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
 By that great blood which we in vain have spilt;
 Haste, and let war, let death with thee return,
 And the funeral torch for Myrmæon's burn. 555

Ver. 528. *The former rule.*] The king's authority.

Ver. 530. *Dost thou alone.*] This is meant scornfully and ironically.

Whate'er embrace the hostile charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the luscious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Lathan lord
Abash thy courage, or restrain thy sword;
In the same glorious guilty paths we tread, 560
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him, we seek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to rise.
Witness the stains of yonder blushing wave,
Yon bloody shore, and yon inglorious grave. 565
Why fear we then to bring our wish to pass?
This Cæsar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boast nor birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with some purple monarch claim?
Conscious of Fate's decree, such aid we scorn,
And know we were for mighty mischief born. 571
See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all past offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome shall the deed approve,
And this last merit the first crime remove. 575
Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of pow'r,
Cæsar's a single soldier, and no more.
Think then how easily the task were done,
How soon we may an injur'd world atone;
Finish all wars, appease each Roman shade, 580
By sacrificing one devoted head.
Fearless, ye dread united legions, go;
Rush all, undaunted, on your common foe:
This right, ye Romans! to your country do;
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.

Ver. 584. *This right, ye Romans!*] The army under the

But chief, Achilles I may the praise be thine ;
 Haste thou, ~~and~~ find him on his bed supine,
 Weary with toiling lust, and gorg'd with wine.
 Then strike, and what their Cato's pray'rs demand,
 The Gods shall give to thy more favor'd hand.

Nor fail'd the message, fitted to persuade ; 591
 But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
 No noisy trumpets sound the loud alarm,
 But silently the moving legions arm :
 All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare, 595
 And bustle through the night with busy care.
 The mingled bands who form'd this mungrel host,
 To the disgrace of Rome, were Romans most ;
 A herd, who had they not been lost to shame,
 And long forgetful of their country's name, 600
 Had blush'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head ;
 Yet now were by his meaner vassal led.
 Oh ! mercenary war, thou slave of gold !
 How is thy faithless courage bought and sold !
 For base reward thy hireling hands obey ;
 Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
 And give their country's great revenge away.
 Ah wretched Rome ! for whom thy fate prepares,
 In ev'ry nation, new domestic wars ;
 The fury, that from pale Thessalia fled, 610
 Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.

command of Achilles was composed, as appears a little further, the greatest part, of renegade Romans, and the rest of Egyptians.

Ver. 607. *And give their country's*] That is, they do not kill Cæsar for the wrongs he had done Rome, but at the command of that Egyptian master whom they obey and serve for hire,

What could protecting Egypt more have done,
 Had she receiv'd the boughy victor's son?
 But thus the Gods our sinking state confound,
 Thus tear our mangled empire all around; 616
 In ev'ry land fit instruments employ,
 And suffer ruthless slaughter to destroy.
 Thus ev'n Egyptian parricides presume
 To meddle in the sacred cause of Rome; 619
 Thus, had not Fate those hands of murder ty'd,
 Success had crown'd the vile Achilles' side.
 Nor wanted fit occasion for the deed;
 Timely the traitors to the place succeed,
 While in security the careless guest,
 Ling'ring as yet, his couch supinely prest: 625
 No gate, no guards forbade their open way,
 But all dissolv'd in sleep and surfeits lay;
 With ease the victor at the board had bled,
 And lost in riot his defenceless head;
 But pious caution now checks rage withstands, 630
 And care for Pto. . . holds their hands:
 With reverence a . . . , unknown before,
 They dread to . . . royal master's gore;
 Lest in . . . the murder's night,
 Some . . . on his youth may light. 635
 . . . , not doubting to succeed,
 They hold . . . to defer the deed.
 Gods! what such wretches should so proudly see!
 Can . . . a life to them to take, in . . .

Till dawn of day the warrior stood repriev'd, 640
And Cæsar's Achilles' bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aspiring Casium's eastern head
The rosy light by Lucifer was led;
Swift through the land the piercing beams were
born,

And glowing Egypt felt the kindling morn: 645
When from proud Alexandria's walls, afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.

The dreadful legions shine in just array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.

Conscious, mean-while, of his unequal force, 650
Straight to the palace Cæsar bends his course:

Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit stretching far too wide:

To one fix'd part his little band retreats, 654
There means the walls and tow'rs, and bars the
gates.

There fear, there wrath, by turns, his bosom rent;
He fears, but still with indignation fends.

His daring soul restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge scorns.

The captive lion thus, with gen'rous rage, 660
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites the cage.

Thus, if some pow'r could Malciber control,
And bind him down in Hell's amphy croll,

With fires more fierce, all indignation's glow,
And bellow in the dreadful deep below. 665



He who so lately, with undaunted pride,
 The pow'r of Pompey's arms defy'd,
 With justice and the senate on his side ;
 Who with a cause, which Gods and men must hate,
 Stood up, and struggled for success with Fate ; 670
 Now subject foes and slaves insulting fears,
 And shrinks beneath a show'r of Pharian spears.
 The warrior who diadem'd to be confin'd
 By Tyrian Gades, or the eastern Inde, 674
 Now in a narrow house conceals that head,
 From which the fiercest Scythians once had fled,
 And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread. }
 From room to room irresolute he flies,
 And on some guardian bar, or door relies. 679
 So boys and helpless maids, when towns are won,
 To secret corners for protection run.
 Sell by his side the beardless king he bears,
 Ordain'd to share in ev'ry ill he fears :
 If he must die, he dooms the boy to go,
 Alike devoted to the shades below ; 685
 Resolves his head a victim first shall fall,
 Hurl'd at his slaves from off the lofty wall.

Ver. 674. *Eastern Inde.*] The river Indus.

Tyrian Gades.] The present island and city of Cadix. This is said to have been a colony of the Tyrians.

Ver. 679. *And horrid Moors.*] The original is,

Non Scythæ, non hæc qui ludit in hospite Maurus ;
 Alluding to a piece of cruelty practised among those barbarians,
 to take strangers and set them up for marks to cast their javelins
 at. I cannot think the omission of this circumstance in the
 translation of any great consequence.

So from *Ætæa* fierce *Medea* fled, 688
 Her sword still aim'd at young *Absyrtos*' head;
 Whene'er she sees her vengeful arms draw nigh,
 Ruthless she dooms the wretched boy should die:
 Yet ere these cruel last extremes he proves,
 By gentler steps of peace the Roman moves; -
 He sends an envoy, in the royal name,
 To chide their fury, and the war disclaim. 695
 But impious they, nor Gods nor kings regard;
 Nor universal laws, by all rever'd:
 No right of sacred characters they know,
 But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
 To death the messenger of peace pursue, 700
 And in his blood their horrid hands imbue.
 Such are the palms which curs'd *Egyptians*
 claim,
 Such prodigies exalt their nation's name,
 Nor purple *Thessaly's* destructive shore,
 Nor dire *Pharnaces*, nor the *Libyan Moor*, 705
 Nor ev'ry barb'rous land, in ev'ry age,
 Equal a soft *Egyptian* cunning's rage.

Ver 688 *So from Ætæa*] When *Medea*, after betraying the golden fleece to her lover *Jason*, fled away with him, she is said to have carried her young brother *Absyrtos* with her, and killing him to have scattered his limbs up and down, to retard the pursuit and revenge of her father *Ætæa*.

Ver 703 *Such prodigies*] As the murder of ambassadors; whose person and characters are sacred amongst the most barbarous nations.

Ver 705 *Nor dire Pharnaces*] Alluding to the wars which *Cæsar* waged, after the death of *Pompey*, with *Juba* in *Africa*, and with *Pharnaces*, the son of *Mithridates* in *Asia*.

Incessant still the roar of war prevails,
While the wild host the royal pile assails. 709
Void of device, no thund'ring arms they bring,
Nor kindling flames with spreading mischief fling:
Bell'wing, around they run with fruitless pain,
Heave at the doors, and thrust and strive in vain:
More than a wall, great Cæsar's fortune stands,
And mocks the madness of their feeble hands. 715

On one proud side, the lefty fabric stood
Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
There, fill'd with armed bands, their parks draw
near,

But find the same defending Cæsar there:
To ev'ry part the ready warrior flies, 720
And with new rage the fainting fight supplies;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor seems to be invaded, but t'invade.
Against the ships Phalaric darts he aims;
Each dart with pitch and livid sulphur flames. 725
The spreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous sides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the top-mast rides:
Planks, yards, and cordage feed the dreadful blaze;
The drowning vessel hisses in the seas; 729
While floating arms and men, promiscuous strow'd,
Hide the whole surface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells destruction on their fleet alone,
But, driv'n by winds, invades the neighb'ring town:
On rapid wings the sheeted flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the red'ning air. 735

Not much unlike; the shooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight sky.

Soon as the crowd behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the siege they turn.
But Cæsar, prone to vigilance and haste, 740
To snatch the just occasion ere it pass'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving shade,
A safe retreat to Pharos timely made.
In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
An isle it stood, encompass'd by the main; 745
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide seas the safer port confines.
Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to the foe denies:
In close restraint the captive town is held, 750
While free behind he views the wat'ry field.
There safe, with curs'd Pothinus in his pow'r,
Cæsar defers the villain's doom no more.
Yet ah! by means too gentle he expires; 754
No gashing knives he feels, no scorching fires:
Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
Nor pendent on the horrid cross are born:

Ver. 738. *Their city burn.*] In this fire was burnt the famous library of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

Ver. 744. *Holy Proteus.*] This prophetic prince reigned in Egypt in the time of the Trojan war.

Ver. 753. *Cæsar defers.*] Cæsar, as is observed before, kept not only the king, but Pothinus in his power, and transported them into the island of Pharos; where finding, by intercepting some messengers of Pothinus, that he kept correspondence with Achilles, and prompted him still to attack Cæsar, he put him to death.

Beneath the sword the wretch resigns his breath,
And dies too gloriously by Pompey's death.

Mean-while, by wily Geryonelle convey'd, 760
Arinoë, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
Assumes the sceptre of supreme command:
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herself the sole Laguean heir. 765

Then, since he dares dispute her right to reign,
She dooms the fierce Achilles to be slain.
With just remorse, repenting Fortune paid
This second victim to her Pompey's shade.
But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all 770
The race of Lægos doom'd at once to fall,
Not hecatombs of tyrants shall suffice,
Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies.

Nor yet the ~~stage~~ of war was hush'd in peace,
Nor would that ~~stage~~, with him who rais'd it,
cease. 775

A second cunith to the task succeeds,
And Geryonelle the pow'r of Egypt leads:
He cheers the drooping Pharians with success,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new distress.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
As annals might to latest times record,
And consecrate to Fame the warrior's sword. }

Ver. 768. *By wily Geryonelle.*] This was likewise an eunuch, and tutor to Arinoë, Ptolemy's younger sister, whom, in the absence of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, he set up for queen of Egypt; and after he had killed Achilles, made himself general, and continued the siege against Cæsar.

Ver. 775. *With him who rais'd it.*] Achilles.

While to their barks his faithful band descends,
 Cæsar the mole's contracted space defends. 784
 Part from the crowded key aboard were pass'd,
 The careful chief remain'd among the last ;
 When sudden, Egypt's furious pow'rs unite,
 And fix on him alone th' unequal fight.
 By land the num'rous foot, by sea the fleet,
 At once surround him, and prevent retreat. 790
 No means for safety, or escape remain,
 To fight, or fly, were equally in vain :
 A vulgar period on his wars attends,
 And his ambitious life obscurely ends.
 No seas of gore, no mountains of the slain, 795
 Renown the fight on some distinguish'd plain :
 But meanly in a tumult must he die,
 And over-borne by crowds, inglorious lie :
 No room was left to fall as Cæsar should,
 So little were the hopes, his foes and fate allow'd.
 At once the place and danger he surveys, 801
 The rising mound, and the near neighb'ring seas :
 Some fainting struggling doubts as yet remains :
 Can he, perhaps, his navy still regain ?
 Or, shall he die, and end th' uncertain pain ?

Ver. 785. *While to their barks.*] This famous action of Cæsar
 is not very clearly related. To me the fact seems to have been
 thus ; that while Cæsar was embarking those few forces that
 were with him, in order probably to quit Phærgæ, and rejoin his
 own fleet, the Egyptians, under the command of Ganymede,
 sallied by the way of the Mole, and attacked him with the fury
 here mentioned.

At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
 His own brave Scæva to his thought returns ;
 Scæva, who in the breach undaunted stood,
 And singly made the dreadful battle good ;
 Whose arm advancing Pompey's host repell'd, 810
 And, coop'd within a wall, the captive leader held.
 Strong in his soul the glorious image rose,
 And taught him, sudden, to disdain his foes ;
 The force oppos'd in equal scales to weigh,
 Himself was Cæsar, and Egyptians they ; 815
 To trust that fortune, and those Gods, once more,
 That never fail'd his daring hopes before.
 Threat'ning, aloft his flaming blade he shook,
 And through the throng his course resistless took :
 Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly, 820
 While mingling screams and groans ascend the sky.
 So winds, imprison'd, force their furious way,
 Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy sea.
 Just on the margin of the mound he stay'd,
 And for a moment, thence, the flood survey'd :
 Fortune divine ! be present now, be cry'd ; 825
 And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
 Th' obedient deep, at Fortune's high command,
 Receiv'd the mighty master of the land ;

Ver. 807. *His own brave Scæva.*] See this story in the Sixth Book.

Ver. 811. *And coop'd within a wall.*] This is the last line of the translation ; the death of Lucan having left his work thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows to the end of this book is a supplement of my own, in which I have only endeavoured to finish the relation of this very remarkable action, with bringing Cæsar in safety to his own fleet, with the circumstances in which all authors who have writ on this subject agree.

Her servile waves officious Tethys spread, 830
To raise with proud support his awful head.
And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile,
Should pride themselves in ought of Cæsar's spoil,
In his left hand, above the water's pow'r,
Papers and scrolls of high import he bore ; 835
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of Ambition's ruthless sword :
Safe in his right, the deadly steel he held,
And plough'd, with many a stroke, the liquid field ;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciously retain 840
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train ;
Th' incumber'd folds the curling surface sweep,
Come slow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from ev'ry Pharian prow,
A thousand hands a thousand jav'lines throw ; 845
The thrilling points dip bloodless in the waves,
While he their idle wrath securely braves.
So when some mighty serpent of the main
Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
Whether he range voracious for the prey, 850
Or to the sunny shore directs his way,
Him, if by chance the fisher's view from far,
With flying darts they wage a distant war :
But the fell monster, unappall'd with dread,
Above the seas exerts his pois'nous head ; 855
He rears his livid crest, and kindling eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble foe defies ;
His swelling breast a foamy path divides,
And, careless, o'er the spurning flock he glides,

Some lesser muse, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads, 861
In heav'n's high court, would feign the queen of
love,

Kneeling, in tears, before the throne of Jove,
Imploring, sad, th' Almighty Father's grace,
For the dear offspring of her Julian race. 865

While to the just recording Roman's eyes,
Far other forms, and other Gods arise ;
The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
And Nemesis the shield of safety spreads ;
Justice and Fate the floating chief convey, 870

And Rome's glad genius wafers him on his way ;
Freedom and law the Pharian darts withstand,
And save him for avenging Brutus' hand.

His friends, unknowing what the Gods decree,
With joy receive him from the swelling sea ; 875
In peals on peals their shouts triumphant rise,
Roll o'er the distant flood, and thunder to the skies.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE PUBLISHER has been induced to pay minute attention to collating THIS work with the most esteemed editions, because numerous errors were detected in former editions, in the course of preparing for the press *a Collection of the British Poets and Translations*, and which errors would have been undiscovered and uncorrected, had not this useful plan in both works been pursued. "The version of Lucan," says Dr. Johnson, "is one of the greatest productions of English poetry; for there is, perhaps, none that so completely exhibits the spirit of the original." He adds, "The *Pharsalia* of Rowe deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read, will be more esteemed."

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